CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

CURRY-CLIPPINGER

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

When all the novelists and spinners of elaborate fictions have been read and judged, we shall find that the peasant and the nurse are still unsurpassed as mere narrators. They are the guardians of that treasury of legend which comes to us from the very childhood of nations; they and their tales are the abstract and brief chronicles, not of an age merely, but of the whole race of man. It is theirs to keep alive the great art of telling stories as a thing wholly apart from and independent of the art of writing stories, and to pass on their art to children and to children's children. They abide in a realm of their own, in blessed isolation from that world of professional authors and their milk-and-water books "for children."

—C. B. TINKER, "In Praise of Nursery Lore," *The Unpopular Review*, October-December, 1916.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

A TEXTBOOK OF SOURCES FOR TEACHERS AND TEACHER-TRAINING CLASSES

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTIONS,
NOTES, AND BIBLIOGRAPHIES

BY

CHARLES MADISON CURRY
AND
ERLE ELSWORTH CLIPPINGER
Professors of Literature in the Indiana State Normal School

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Bailey, Carolyn Sherman, *For the Story-Teller.*
Bryant, Sarah Cone, *How to Tell Stories to Children.* *Stories to Tell to Children.* [Introduction.]
Cather, Katherine D., *Educating by Story-Telling.*
Cowles, Julia D., *The Art of Story-Telling.*
Cross, Allen, and Statler, Nellie M., *Story-Telling for Upper Grades.*
Forbush, William B., *Manual of Stories.*
Horne, H. H., *Story-Telling, Questioning, and Studying.*
Keyes, Angela M., *Stories and Story-Telling.*
Kready, Laura F., *A Study of Fairy Tales.* [Chap. iii, "The Telling of Fairy Tales."]
Lindsay, Maud, *The Story-Teller for Little Children.*
Lyman, Edna, *Story Telling: What to Tell and How to Tell It.*
McMurry, Charles A., *Special Method in Reading in the Grades.*
Moore, Annie C., Article "Story-Telling," *Cyclopedia of Education.* [Ed. Monroe.]
Partridge, Emelyn N., and George E., *Story-Telling in the School and Home.*
Shedlock, Marie L., *The Art of the Story-Teller.*
St. John, Edward Porter, *Stories and Story-Telling in Moral and Religious Education.*
Wiltse, Sara E., *The Place of the Story in Early Education.*
Wyche, Richard Thomas, *Some Great Stories and How to Tell Them.*

V. ON DRAMATIZATION

Briggs, T. H., and Coffman, L. D., *Reading in Public Schools.* [Chap. x, "Dramatic Reading," and chap. xxiii, "Dramatics."]
Curtis, Elnora W., *The Dramatic Instinct in Education.*
Finlay-Johnson, Harriet, *The Dramatic Method of Teaching.*
Gesell, Arnold L., and Beatrice C., *The Normal Child and Primary Education.* [Chapter on "Dramatic Expression."]
Herts, Alice M., *The Children's Educational Theatre.*
Nixon, Lillian E., *Fairy Tales a Child Can Read and Act.*

VI. THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN

Moulton, Richard Green, *A Short Introduction to the Literature of the Bible.*

The simplest and best discussion for teachers of the Bible as literature. The books that follow are good sources for story material from the Bible.

Baldwin, James, *Old Stories from the East.*

Hodges, George, *The Garden of Eden. The Castle of Zion. When the King Came.*
Houghton, Louise Seymour, *Telling Bible Stories.*
Moulton, Richard Green, *Bible Stories: Old Testament. Bible Stories: New Testament.* [Two volumes of *The Modern Reader's Bible for Children.* The only variations from the text are by omissions.]
Olcott, Frances Jenkins, *Bible Stories to Read and Tell.*
Smith, Nora Archibald, *Old, Old Tales from the Old, Old Book.*
Stewart, Mary, "*Tell Me a True Story.*"

VII. SOME INTERPRETATIONS OF CHILDHOOD

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey, *The Story of a Bad Boy.*
Du Bois, Patterson, *Beckonings from Little Hands.*
Gilson, Roy Rolfe, *In the Morning Glow.*
Grahame, Kenneth, *Dream Days. The Golden Age.*
Howells, William Dean, *A Boy's Town.*
Kelly, Myra, *Little Citizens.*
Larcom, Lucy, *A New England Girlhood.*
Loti, Pierre, *The Story of a Child.*
Martin, George Madden, *Emmy Lou, Her Book and Heart.*
Masters, Edgar Lee, *Mitch Miller.*
Pater, Walter, *The Child in the House.*
Shute, Henry A., *The Real Diary of a Real Boy.*
Smith, William Hawley, *The Evolution of Dodd.*
Stuart, Ruth McEnery, *Sonny.*
Walpole, Hugh, *Jeremy.*
Warner, Charles Dudley, *On Being a Boy.*
White, William Allen, *The Court of Boyville.*

VIII. SOCIAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL BACKGROUND

Addams, Jane, *Youth and Our City Streets.*
Adler, Felix, *The Moral Instruction of Children.*
Antin, Mary, *The Promised Land.*
Cabot, Ella Lyman, *The Seven Ages of Childhood.*
Dawson, George E., *The Child and His Religion.*
Engleman, J. O., *Moral Education.*
Griggs, Edward Howard, *Moral Education.*
Hall, G. Stanley, *Youth.*
Henderson, C. Hanford, *Education and the Larger Life.*
Hoyt, Franklin Chase, *Quicksands of Youth.*
Oppenheim, Nathan, *The Development of the Child.*
Puffer, J. Adams, *The Boy and His Gang.*

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

SECTION I. PREFACE AND GENERAL INTRODUCTION

THE PREFACE

This book is primarily a handbook for teachers in the grades and for students preparing to teach in the grades. Although it does not ignore problems of grading and presentation, the chief purpose is to acquaint teachers and prospective teachers with standard literature of the various kinds suitable for use in the classroom and to give them information regarding books and authors to aid them in directing the selection of books by and for children.

In discussing the early training of children in literature with large classes of young people preparing for teaching in the grades, the compilers found themselves face to face with two difficulties. In the first place, only a limited number of these prospective teachers were in any real sense acquainted with what may be called the basic traditional material. Rhymes, fables, myths, stories were so vaguely and indistinctly held in mind that they were practically of no great value. It was therefore not possible to assume much real acquaintance with the material needed for use with children, and the securing of such an acquaintance seemed the first essential. After all is said, a discussion of ways and means must follow such a mastery of basic material.

In the second place, there was the difficulty of finding in any compact form a body of material sufficient in extent and wide enough in its range to serve as a satisfactory basis for such a course. No doubt the ideal way would be to send the student to the many authoritative volumes covering the various fields dealt with in this collection. But with large classes and a limited amount of time such a plan was hardly practicable. The young teacher cannot be much of a specialist in any of the various fields of knowledge with the elements of which he is expected to acquaint children. The principles of economy demand that the brief courses which specifically prepare for teaching should be such as will make the work in the schoolroom most helpful and least wasteful from the very beginning. Hence this attempt to collect in one volume what may somewhat roughly be spoken of as material for a minimum basic course in Children's Literature.

The important thing about this book, then, is the actual literary material included in it. The notes and suggestions scattered throughout are aimed to direct attention to this material either in the way of pointing out the sources of it, or helping in the understanding and appreciation of it, or suggesting some ways of presenting it most effectively to children.

In the case of folk material, an effort has been made to present reliable versions of the stories used. Many of the folk stories, for instance, appear in dozens of collections and in dozens of forms, according to the artistic or pedagogic biases of the various compilers. As a rule the most accessible stories are found in versions written down to the supposed needs of children, and intended to be read by the children themselves. Even if we grant the teacher the right to make extensive modifications, it is still reasonable to insist that some correct traditional form be used as the starting point. Such a plan insures a mastery of one's material. The sources of the versions used in this text are pointed out in order that teachers who wish to do so may extend their acquaintance to other folk material by referring to the various collections mentioned.

Such a book as this must necessarily be selective. No doubt omissions will be noted of poems or stories that many teachers deem indispensable. Others will find selections included that to their minds are questionable. The editors can only plead in extenuation that they have included what they have found by experience to offer a sound basis for discussing with training classes the nature of this basic material and the form in which it should be presented to children. To accomplish these ends it has sometimes seemed well to give parallel versions, and occasionally to give a version that will necessitate the discussion of such subjects as the use of dialect, the inclusion of items of terror or horror, and the soundness of the ethical appeal. These various problems are indicated in the notes accompanying individual selections.

The editorial apparatus does not constitute a treatise on literary criticism, or a manual of mythology or folklore, or a "pedagogy" of children's literature as such, or anything like an exhaustive bibliography of the fields of study touched upon. It aims at the very modest purpose of immediate and practical utility. It hopes to fill a place as a sort of first aid for the inexperienced teacher, and as soon as the teacher gets some real grasp of the elements of the problem this book must yield to the more elaborate and well-knit discussions of specialists in the various subjects treated. The bibliographical references throughout are intended to offer help in this forward step. These bibliographies are, in all cases, frankly selective. As a rule most of the books mentioned are books now in print. In the bibliographies connected with the sections of traditional material some of the more important works in the field of scholarship are named in each case for the benefit of those who may be working where such books are available in institutional or public libraries. Titles of books are printed in italics, while titles of poems, separate stories, and selections are printed in roman type inclosed in quotation marks.

The grouping of material is in no sense a hard and fast one. Those who work in literary fields understand the pitfalls that beset one who attempts such a classification. Only a general grouping under headings used in the ordinary popular sense has been made. Fine distinctions are beside the mark in such a book as this. Popular literature was not made for classification, but for higher purposes, and anything that draws attention from the pleasure-giving and spirit-invigorating qualities of the literature itself should be avoided. Hence, the classifications adopted are as simple and unobtrusive as possible.

Finally, the editors make no pretense to original scholarship. They have not attempted to extend the limits of human knowledge, but to point out pleasant paths leading to the limitless domains of literature. They have tried to reflect accurately the best practices and theories, or to point out how teachers may get at the best.

Their obligations to others are too extended to be noted in a preface, but will be apparent on every page of the text. Their most important lessons have come from the reactions secured from hundreds of teachers who have been under their tuition.

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GENERAL INTRODUCTION

I. LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN

The beginnings. During the eighteenth century the peoples of Europe and America turned their attention in a remarkable way to a consideration of the worth and rights of the individual. In America this so-called democratic movement culminated in the Declaration of Independence in 1776. The most dramatic manifestation of the movement in Europe was the French Revolution of 1789, but every country of Europe was thrilled and changed by the new thought. Every important democratic movement leads to an awakened interest in the welfare of children, for they are among the weak and helpless. This great movement of the eighteenth century brought such a remarkable change of thought regarding children as to mark the beginning of a new kind of literature, known as literature for children.

Today we think of Andersen, Stevenson, Mrs. Ewing, and scores of others as writers of literature for children. Such writers did not exist before the democratic movement of the eighteenth century. It is true that a few short books and articles had been written for children as early as the fifteenth century, but they were written to teach children to be obedient and respectful to parents and masters or to instruct them in the customs of the church—they were not written primarily to entertain children and give them pleasure. Within the last century and a half, too, many authors have collected and retold for children innumerable traditional stories from all parts of the earth—traditional fairy stories, romantic stories of the Middle Ages, legends, and myths.

The child's inheritance. As has been indicated, children's literature is of two kinds: first, the traditional kind that grew up among the folk of long ago in the forms of rhyme, myth, fairy tale, fable, legend, and romantic hero story; and, second, the kind that has been produced in modern times by individual authors. The first, the traditional kind, was produced by early civilization and by the childlike peasantry of long ago. The best of the stories produced by the childhood of the race have been bequeathed to the children of today, and to deprive children of the pleasure they would get from this inheritance of folklore seems as unjust as to deprive them of traditional games, which also help to make the first years of a person's life, the period of childhood, the period of imaginative play. The second kind of children's literature, that produced in modern times by individual authors, has likewise been bequeathed to children. Some of it is so new that its worth has not been determined, but some of it has passed the test of the classics. The best of both kinds is as priceless as is the classical literature for adults. The world would not sell Shakespeare; yet one may well doubt that Shakespeare is worth as much to humanity as is Mother Goose. To evaluate truly the worth of such classics is impossible; but we may be assured that the child who has learned to appreciate the pleasures and the beauties of Mother Goose is the one most likely to appreciate the pleasures and the beauties of Shakespeare when the proper time comes.

The true purpose of education is to bring the child into his inheritance. For many years educators have talked about the use of literature *in* the grades as one means of accomplishing this purpose. The results of attempts to teach literature in the grades have sometimes been disappointing because often the literature used has not been *for* the grades; that is, it has not been children's literature. In other cases the attempts have failed because the literature has not been presented as literature—it has, for example, been presented as reading lessons or composition assignments. Students preparing to teach in the grades have been studying textbooks from which literature for children has been excluded, regardless of its artistic worth. Consequently many teachers have not been prepared to teach literature in the grades. Often they have assumed that the reading lesson would develop in the pupil an appreciation of good literature, not realizing that the reading lesson may cause pupils to dislike literature, especially poetry, unless it is supplemented by appropriate work in children's literature. If the student reads thoughtfully the literary selections in the following sections of this book, he probably will realize that children's literature is also literature for adults, and that it is not only the child's inheritance, but also the inheritance of humanity.

The fact that literature for children is likely to have a strong interest for adults is strikingly suggested in a few sentences in John Macy's *A Child's Guide to Reading:*

> When "juveniles" are really good, parents read them after children have gone to bed. I do not know whether *Tom Brown at Rugby* is catalogued by the careful librarian as a book for boys, but I am sure it is a book for men. I dare say that a good many pairs of eyes that have passed over the pages of Mr. John T. Trowbridge and Elijah Kellogg and Louisa M. Alcott have been old enough to wear spectacles. And if Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin ever thought that in *Timothy's Quest* and *Rebecca* she was writing books especially for the young, adult readers have long since claimed her for their own. I have enjoyed Mr. A. S. Pier's tales of the boys at St. Timothy's, though he planned them for younger readers. We are told on good authority that *St. Nicholas* and *The Youth's Companion* appear in households where there are no children, and they give a considerable portion of their space to serial stories written for young people. Between good "juveniles" and good books for grown persons there is not much essential difference.

2. LITERATURE IN THE GRADES

Reading and literature distinguished. A country school-teacher once abruptly stopped the routine of daily work and, standing beside her desk, told the story of the maid who counted her chickens before they were hatched. One of her pupils, who is now a man, remembers vividly how the incident impressed him. Although he was in the second grade, that was the first time he had known a teacher to stop regular school work to tell a story. Immediately the teacher was transformed. She had been merely a teacher, one of those respected, awe-inspiring creatures whose business it is to make the school mill go; but the magic of her story established the relation of friendship between teacher and pupil. She was no longer merely a teacher.

If the story had been read as a part of the reading lesson, it would not have impressed the pupil greatly. It was impressive because it was presented as literature.

A clear distinction should be made between reading and literature, especially in the primary grades. In the work of the reading course the pupil should take the lead, being guided by the teacher. If the pupil is to progress, he must master the mechanics of reading—he must learn to pronounce printed words and to get the meaning of printed sentences and paragraphs. The course in reading requires patient work on the part of the pupil, just as the course in arithmetic does, and the chief pleasure that the primary pupil can derive from the work is a consciousness of enlarged power and of success in accomplishing what is undertaken.

In the work with literature, however, the teacher should take the lead. She should open to the pupils the magic treasure house of the world's best story and song. The literature period of the day should be the pupil's imaginative play period, bringing relief from the tension of tired nerves. The teacher who makes the study of literature a mechanical grind instead of a joyous exercise of imagination misses at least two of her greatest opportunities as a teacher. First, by failing to cultivate in her pupils an appreciation of good literature, she misses an opportunity to make the lives of her pupils brighter and happier. Second, by failing to realize that the person with a story and a song is everybody's friend, she misses an opportunity to win the friendship, admiration, and love of her pupils. The inexperienced teacher who is well-nigh distracted in her efforts to guide forty restless, disorderly pupils through the program of a day's work might charm half her troubles away by the magic of a simple story or by the music and imagery of a juvenile poem. Her story or poem would do more than remove the cause of disorder by giving the pupils relaxation from nerve-straining work: it would help to establish that first essential to all true success in teaching—a relation of friendship between pupils and teacher.

Culture through literature. He was a wise educator who said, "The boy who has access to good books and who has learned to make them his close friends is beyond the power of evil." Literature in the grades, in addition to furnishing intellectual recreation, should so cultivate in the pupil the power of literary appreciation that he will make good books his close friends. The child who has heard good music from infancy is not likely to be attracted by popular ragtime. The boy who has been trained in habits of courtesy, industry, and pure thinking in his home life, and school life is not likely to find pleasure in the rudeness, idleness, and vulgarity of the village poolroom. The pupil who is taught to appreciate the beautiful, the true, and the good in standard literature is not likely to find pleasure in reading the melodramatic and sentimental trash that now has prominence of place and space in many book stores and in some public libraries. It is the duty of the teacher, and it should be her pleasure, to cultivate in her pupils such a taste for good literature as will lead them to choose the good and reject the bad, a taste that will insure for them the culture that good literature gives.

Selection of material. In choosing selections of literary worth to present to her pupils, the teacher should keep in mind the pupil's stage of mental development and she should not forget that the study of literature should give pleasure. Often pupils do not like what moral writers think they should like, and usually the pupils are right. Good literature is sincere and is true in its appeal to the fundamental emotions of humanity, and an obvious attempt to teach a moral theory at the expense of truth is no more to be tolerated in literature for children than in literature for adults. The childhood of the race has produced much literature with a true appeal to the human heart, in the form of fable, fairy story, myth, and hero story. Most of this literature appeals strongly to the child of today. For several hundred years the nursery rhymes of "Mother Goose" have delighted children with their melody, humor, and imagery. As literature for the kindergarten and first grade, they have not often been excelled by modern writers. The task of selecting suitable material from the many poems, stories, and books written for children in recent years is difficult, but if the teacher has a keen appreciation of good literature and is guided by the likes and dislikes of her pupils, she probably will not go far astray.

Supplemental reading. If the teacher examines the juvenile books offered for sale by the book dealers of her town or city, she probably will discover that most of them are trash not fit to be read by anyone, and she will realize the importance of directing parents in the selection of gift books for children. A good way to get better books into the book stores and into the hands of children is to give the pupils a list of good books, with the suggestion that they ask their parents to buy one of them the next time a book is to be bought as a present. Such lists of books also will improve the standard of books in the town library, for librarians will be quick to realize the importance of supplying standard literature if there is a demand for it.

3. STORY-TELLING AND DRAMATIZATION

Story-telling. Most stories are much more effective when well told than they are when read, just as most lectures and sermons are most effective when delivered without manuscript. To explain just why the story well told is superior to the story read might not be easy, but much of the superiority probably comes from the freedom of the "talk style" and the more appropriate use of inflection and emphasis. Then, too, the story-teller can look at her audience and is free to add a descriptive word or phrase occasionally to produce vividness of impression. Some stories, of course, are so constructed that they must follow closely the diction of the original form. "Henny-Penny" and Kipling's *Just-So Stories* are of this type. Such stories should be read. Most stories, however, are most effective when well told. The teacher, especially the teacher of one of the primary grades, should not consider herself prepared to teach literature until she has gained something of the art of story-telling.

Selection of stories. Never attempt to tell a story that you do not like. You are not prepared to interest pupils in a story, however appropriate it otherwise may be, if you are not interested in it yourself. Try to choose stories adapted in structure and content to the age and experience of the children of your grade. For the first or second grade, choose a few simple fables, a few short, simple fairy tales, and a few short, simple nature stories, such as "Peter Rabbit," "How Johnny Chuck Finds the Best Thing in the World," and "Mr. Possum's Sick Spell." Remember that a story for the first or second grade should be short.

Two principles. Learn to apply readily the following principles of method: First, use the past tense in telling a story except in direct quotation. The rules of grammar require this, and it is an aid to clearness and effectiveness. For example, do not say, "So he goes" or "Then he says"; but say, "So he went" or "Then he said" (or, for variety, *replied*, *growled*, *mumbled*, etc.). Second, use direct discourse (the exact words of the characters) rather than indirect discourse. For example, do not say, "The Troll asked who was tripping over his bridge"; but say, "'WHO'S THAT tripping over my bridge?' roared the Troll." Direct discourse always gives life and vividness to a story.

Preparation and presentation. When you have selected a suitable story, read it carefully several times to learn the essential details and the order in which they should come. Keep in mind the fact that you are to use the past tense and direct discourse. If the story is a fable, you probably will see that you should add much conversation and description not in the text. A little description of the witch, giant, fairy, or castle may give vividness to your story. If the story is a long fairy tale, you may see that many details may be omitted. If the story is as concise and dramatic as is the version of "The Three Billy-Goats Gruff" in this book, it may be suitable for presentation without any changes. When you have the story clearly in mind as you wish to present it, tell it to the pupils several times, and then have some of them tell it.

Your story, of course, should not be told in a lifeless monotone. Some parts should be told slowly, and others rapidly. In some parts the voice should be low and soft, while in other parts it should be loud and gruff or harsh. The words of the princess should not sound like those of the old witch or the soldier. The daintiness and grace of elves and fairies should be indicated in the delivery.

Corroborative opinion. The many books on the art of story-telling by skilled practitioners and the emphasis placed upon the great practical value of story-telling by all those charged with the oversight of the education of children show conclusively that the story method in teaching is having its grand renascence. The English education minister, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, speaking recently on the subject of "History Teaching," set forth admirably the general principles back of this revival:

> There is no difficulty about interesting children. The real difficulty is to bore them. Almost any tale will interest a child. It need not be well constructed or thrilling; it may be filled with the most unexciting and trivial incidents, but so long as it carries the mind along at all, it will interest a child. The hunger which intelligent children have for stories is almost inexhaustible. They like to have their stories repeated, and insist that the characters should reappear over and over again, for they have an appetite for reality and a desire to fix these passing figments into the landscape of the real life with which they are surrounded.
>
> One of the great qualities in childhood which makes it apt for receiving historical impressions is just this capacity for giving body to the phantoms of the mind. The limits between the real and the legendary or miraculous which are drawn by the critical intelligence do not exist for the childish mind. . . . . It would then be a great educational disaster if this valuable faculty in childhood were allowed to run to waste. There are certain years in the development of every normal intelligent child when the mind is full of image-making power and eager to make a friend or enemy of any god, hero, nymph, fairy, or servant maid who may come along. Then is the time when it is right and fitting to affect some introductions to the great

characters of mythology and history; that is the age at which children will eagerly absorb what they can learn of Achilles and Orpheus, of King Arthur and his Knights, of Alexander and Christopher Columbus and the Duke of Wellington. I do not think it is necessary to obtrude any moralizing commentary when these great and vague images are first brought into the landscape of the child's intellectual experience. A little description, a few stories, a picture or two, will be enough to fix them in the memory and to give them body and shape together with the fairies and witches and pirate kings and buccaneering captains with whom we have all at one time been on such familiar terms. Let us then begin by teaching the past to small children by way of stories and pictures.

Dramatization. The play spirit that leads children to play lady, doctor, church, and school will also lead them to enjoy dramatizing stories, or "playing the stories," as they call it. Some stories, of course, are so lacking in action as to be not well suited for dramatization, and others have details of action, character, or situation that may not well be represented in the schoolroom. The teacher may be surprised, however, to see how ingenious her pupils are in overcoming difficulties after they have had a little assistance in playing two or three stories. Unconsciously the pupil will get from the dramatization a training in oral English, reading, and literary appreciation that can hardly be gained in any other way.

When the pupils have learned a story thoroughly, they are ready to make plans for playing it. The stage setting may be considered first, and here the child's imagination can work wonders in arranging details. The opening under the teacher's desk may become a dungeon, a cave, a cellar, or a well. If a two-story house is needed, it may be outlined on the floor in the front part of the schoolroom, with a chalk-mark stairway, up which Goldilocks can walk to lie down on three coats—the three beds in the bedchamber of the three bears.

The pupils can probably soon decide what characters are necessary, but more time may be required to assign the parts. To play the part of a spider, bear, wolf, fairy, sheep, or butterfly does not seem difficult to a child who has entered into the spirit of the play.

The most difficult part of dramatization may be the plan for conversation, especially if the text version of the story contains little or no direct discourse. The pupils should know the general nature of the conversation and action before they begin to play the story, although they need not memorize the parts. Suppose that the fable "The Shepherd's Boy" is to be dramatized. The first part of the dramatization might be described about as follows:

> The shepherd boy, tending his flock of pupil-sheep in the pasture land at one side of the teacher's-desk-mountain, looked toward the pupil-desk-village at one side of the room and said quietly, "It certainly is lonely here. I believe I'll make those villagers think a wolf has come to eat the sheep. Then perhaps they'll come down here, and I'll have a little company and some excitement." Then he jumped around frantically, waving his yardstick-shepherd's crook, and shouted to the villagers, "Wolf! Wolf!"
>
> The villagers came rushing down to the pasture land, asking excitedly, "Where's the wolf? Has he killed many of the sheep?"

"Oh, oh, oh," laughed the boy, "there was n't any wolf. I certainly did fool you that time."

"I don't think that's very funny," said one of the villagers.

"Well, we might as well go back to our work," said another. Then they went back to the village.

After they had gone, the boy said, "I guess I'll try that joke again."

If the teacher puts much direct discourse in a story of this kind when she tells it to the pupils, the task of dramatizing will naturally be made easier.

Some stories lend themselves in the most natural manner to dramatization. An interesting example of such a story may be found among the tales dealing with the Wise Men of Gotham. These Wise Men are referred to in one of the best known of the Mother Goose rhymes. It would seem that the inhabitants of Gotham, in the reign of King John, had some reason of their own for pretending to be mad, and out of this event the legends took their rise. The number of fishermen may be changed to seven or some other number to suit the number in the acting group. Here is the story:

> On a certain time there were twelve men of Gotham that went to fish, and some stood on dry land. And in going home, one said to the other "We have ventured wonderfully in wading. I pray God that none of us come home to be drowned." "Nay, marry," said the other, "let us see that, for there did twelve of us come out." Then they counted themselves, and every one counted eleven. Said the one to the other, "There is one of us drowned." They went back to the brook where they had been fishing and sought up and down for him that was drowned, making great lamentation.
>
> A stranger coming by asked what it was they sought for, and why they were sorrowful. "Oh!" said they, "this day we went to fish in the brook; twelve of us came together, and one is drowned." Said the stranger, "Tell how many there be of you." One of them, counting, said, "Eleven," and again he did not count himself. "Well," said the stranger, "what will you give me if I find the twelfth man?" "Sir," said they, "all the money we have got." "Give me the money," said the stranger, and began with the first, and gave him a stroke over the shoulders with his whip, which made him groan, saying, "Here is one," and so he served them all, and they all groaned at the matter. When he came to the last he paid him well, saying, "Here is the twelfth man." "God's blessing on thy heart," said they, "for thus finding our dear brother."

4. COURSES OF STUDY

As an aid to inexperienced teachers, it seems well to suggest in a summary how a selection of material suitable for each grade might be made from the material of this book. The summary, however, should be regarded as suggestive in a general way only. No detailed outline of a course of study in literature for the grades can be ideal for all schools because the pupils of a given grade in one school may be much more advanced in the knowledge of literature and the ability to understand and appreciate it than are the pupils of the same grade in another school. Many literary selections, too, might appropriately be taught in almost any grade if the method of presentation in each case were suited to the understanding of the pupils. *Robinson Crusoe*, for example, may appropriately be told to second-grade pupils, or it may be read by fourth- or fifth-grade pupils, or it may be studied as fiction by eighth-grade pupils or university students. All poems of remarkable excellence that are suitable for primary pupils are also suitable for pupils in the higher grades and for adults, and the same is true of many prose selections.

The summary that follows, then, is to be regarded as "first aid" to the untrained, inexperienced teacher. The teacher's own personal likes and dislikes and her success in presenting various literary selections should eventually lead her to modify any prescribed course of study. If a teacher of the sixth grade discovers that her pupils should rank only second grade in knowledge and appreciation of literature, she may very properly begin with traditional fairy tales. Another outlined course of study is given in Section XII of this book.

First, second, and third grades. Since pupils in the primary grades read with difficulty if at all, the teacher should tell or read all selections presented as literature in these grades.

No kind of prose is better suited for use in the primary grades than traditional fairy tales. About half a dozen might well be presented in each of the three grades. For the first grade, the simplest should be chosen, such as "The Old Woman and Her Pig," "Teeny-Tiny," "The Cat and the Mouse," "The Three Pigs," "The Three Bears," and "The Elves and the Shoemaker." As suitable stories for the second grade, we might choose "The Three Sillies," "Little Red Riding-Hood," "Cinderella," "The Three Billy-Goats Gruff," "The Straw Ox," and "The Horned Women." For the third grade, somewhat longer and more complex stories might be chosen.

About half a dozen fables might also be used appropriately in each of the primary grades. Simple Aesopic fables in prose seem best for the first two grades. More complex forms might be chosen for the third grade, for example, "The Story of Alnaschar," "The Good Samaritan," "The Discontented Pendulum," "The Musical Ass," "The Swan, the Pike, and the Crab," and "The Hen with the Golden Eggs."

Much of the nature literature of the primary grades may be in the form of verse, but some simple nature prose may be used successfully. From the selections in this book, "Peter Rabbit" should be chosen for the first grade, while "Johnny Chuck," and "Mr. 'Possum's Sick Spell" are appropriate for the second and third grades.

The simplest of Andersen's *Fairy Tales* may be used in the third grade, and perhaps in the second. Some suitable stories are "The Real Princess," "The Fir Tree," "The Tinder Box," "The Hardy Tin Soldier," and "The Ugly Duckling."

The ideal verse for the first grade is nursery rhymes, which may be chosen from the first 135 selections of this book. These may be supplemented by such simple verse as "The Three Kittens," "The Moon," "Ding Dong," "The Little Kitty," "Baby Bye," "Time to Rise," "Rain," "I Like Little Pussy," and "The Star." In the second and third grades, traditional verses from those following Number 135 in Section II may be used. The poems by Stevenson are ideal for these grades, and those by Field, Sherman, and Christina Rossetti are good. In addition the teacher might select such poems as "The Brown Thrush," and "Who Stole the Bird's Nest."

Fourth, fifth, and sixth grades. Although pupils in these intermediate grades may be expected to read some library books, the teacher should read and tell stories frequently, for this is the surest way to develop in the pupil a taste for good literature. The teacher should remember, too, that the story she recommends to the pupils as suitable reading should be about two grades easier than those told or read by the teacher. Probably every poem presented as literature in these grades should be read or recited by the teacher because pupils are not likely to get the charm of rhythm, melody, and rhyme if they do the reading. Pupils who dislike poetry are pupils who have not heard good poetry well read.

Myths are appropriate for each of the intermediate grades. Most teachers prefer for the fourth grade the simpler classical myths, such as "A Story of Springtime," "The Miraculous Pitcher," "The Narcissus," and "The Apple of Discord." In the fifth grade, the teacher may use the more difficult classical myths, reserving the Norse myths for the sixth grade.

Modern fairy and fantastic stories are also appropriate for each of these grades. Suitable stories for the fourth grade are "The Four-Leaved Clover," "The Emperor's New Clothes," "The Nightingale," and "The Story of Fairyfoot." Stories appropriate for the fifth grade are "The Happy Prince," "The Knights of the Silver Shield," and "The Prince's Dream." In the sixth grade, the teacher might use "Old Pipes and the Dryad" and "The King of the Golden River."

Two or three symbolic stories or fables in verse from the last part of Section V should be used in each of these grades.

Nature prose should appeal more and more to children as they advance from the fourth to the eighth grade. Many pupils in the fourth grade will enjoy reading for themselves books by Burgess and Paine, while fifth- and sixth-grade pupils will get much pleasure from the simpler books by Sharp, Seton, Long, Miller, and Roberts. In the intermediate grades, the teacher may read such stories as "Wild Life in the Farm Yard," "The Vendetta," "Pasha," "Moufflou," and "Bird Habits."

Stories of various other kinds may be read by the teacher in the intermediate grades. "Goody Two-Shoes" and "Waste Not, Want Not," are suitable for the fourth grade. The biographies "How Columbus Got His Ships" and "Boyhood of Washington" are excellent in the fifth or sixth grade as an introduction to history study, and the romance "Robin Hood and the Merry Little Old Woman" may be used appropriately in any of these grades, especially if it is made to supplement a discussion of the Norman conquest.

Most of the poems up to about No. 342, and a few beyond that, are within the range of the work for these grades.

Seventh and eighth grades. Although pupils in the seventh and eighth grades may be expected to read simple narrative readily, the teacher should read to the pupils frequently. It cannot be too much emphasized that reading aloud to children is the surest way of developing an appreciation of the best in literature. In poetry especially this is a somewhat critical time, as the pupil is passing from the simpler and more concrete verse to that which has a more prominent thought content. The persuasion of the reading voice smooths over many obstacles here. Outside the field of poetry, the teacher's work in these grades is mainly one of guidance and direction in getting the children and the right books in contact. Children at this period are likely to be omnivorous readers, ready for any book that comes their way, and the job of keeping them supplied with titles of enough available good books for their needs is indeed one to tax all a teacher's knowledge and experience.

The demand for highly sensational stories on the part of pupils in the upper grades is so insistent that it constitutes a special problem for the teacher. It is a perfectly natural demand, and no wise teacher will attempt to stifle it. Such an attempt would almost certainly result in a more or less surreptitious reading of a mass of unwholesome books which have come to be known as "dime novels." Instead of trying to thwart this desire for the thrilling story the teacher should be ready to recommend books which have all the attractive adventure features of the "dime novel," and which have in addition sound artistic and ethical qualities. While many such books are mentioned in the bibliographies in the latter part of this text, it has seemed well to bring together here a short list of those which librarians over the country have found particularly fitted to serve as substitutes for the dime novel.

Alden, W. L., *The Moral Pirate.*
Altsheler, Joseph A., *The Young Trailers. Horsemen of the Plains.*
Barbour, Ralph H., *The Crimson Sweater.*
Bennett, John, *The Treasure of Peyre Gaillard.*
Burton, Charles P., *The Boys of Bob's Hill.*
Carruth, Hayden, *Track's End.*
Cody, William F., *Adventures of Buffalo Bill.*
Drysdale, William, *The Fast Mail.*
Grinnell, George Bird, *Jack among the Indians. Jack, the Young Ranchman.*
Hunting, Henry G., *The Cave of the Bottomless Pool.*
Janvier, Thomas A., *The Aztec Treasure House.*
Kaler, James Otis, *Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks with a Circus.*
London, Jack, *The Call of the Wild.*
Malone, Captain P. B., *Winning His Way to West Point.*
Masefield, John, *Jim Davis.*
Mason, Alfred B., *Tom Strong, Washington's Scout.*
Matthews, Brander, *Tom Paulding.*
Moffett, Cleveland, *Careers of Danger and Daring.*
Munroe, Kirk, *Cab and Caboose. Derrick Sterling.*
O'Higgins, Harvey J., *The Smoke Eaters.*
Quirk, Leslie W., *The Boy Scouts of the Black Eagle Patrol.*
Sabin, Edwin L., *Bar B Boys.*
Schultz, James Willard, *With the Indians in the Rockies.*
Stevenson, Burton E., *The Young Train Despatcher.*
Stevenson, Robert Louis, *Treasure Island.*
Stoddard, William O., *Two Arrows. Talking Leaves.*
Trowbridge, John T., *Cudjo's Cave. The Young Surveyor.*
Verne, Jules, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea.*
Wallace, Dillon, *Wilderness Castaways.*
White, Stewart Edward, *The Magic Forest.*

SECTION II

MOTHER GOOSE JINGLES AND NURSERY RHYMES

BIBLIOGRAPHY

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c. 1785. *Mother Goose's Melody.* [Reprint of Newbery, by Isaiah Thomas, Woroester, Mass.]

[1889. Whitmore, W. H., *The Original Mother Goose's Melody*, as first issued by John Newbery, of London, about A.D. 1760. Reproduced in *facsimile* from the edition as reprinted by Isaiah Thomas, of Worcester, Mass., about A.D. 1785. With introduction and notes.]

1824 ff. *Mother Goose's Quarto, or Melodies Complete.* [Various issues by Munroe and Francis, Boston.]

[Hale, Edward Everett, *The Only True Mother Goose Melodies.* Exact reproduction of the text and illustrations of the original edition (*Mother Goose's Melodies: The Only Pure Edition*) printed in Boston in 1834 by Monroe and Francis. With an introduction.]

1826. Chambers, Robert, *Popular Rhymes of Scotland.* [1870, enlarged.]

1834. Ker, John Bellenden, *An Essay on the Archaeology of Popular English Phrases and Nursery Rhymes.* [Supplemented 1840 and 1842.]

1842. Halliwell (Phillips), J. O., *The Nursery Rhymes of England.*

1849. Halliwell (Phillips), J. O., *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales.*

1864. Rimbault, Edward F., *Old Nursery Rhymes with Tunes.*

II. IMPORTANT MODERN COLLECTIONS

Baring-Gould, Sabine, *A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes.*

Headland, I. T., *Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes.*

Jerrold, Walter, *The Big Book of Nursery Rhymes.*

Lang, Andrew, *The Nursery Rhyme Book.*

Newell, W. W., *Games and Songs of American Children.*

Saintsbury, G. E. B., *National Rhymes of the Nursery.*

Welsh, Charles, *A Book of Nursery Rhymes.*

Wheeler, William A., *Mother Goose's Melodies.*

III. NURSERY RHYMES WITH MUSIC

Crane, Walter, *The Baby's Bouquet, a Fresh Bunch of Old Rhymes and Tunes.*

Homer, Sidney, *Songs from Mother Goose.*

Le Mair, H. Willebeck, *Our Old Nursery Rhymes.*

Le Mair, H. Willebeck, *Little Songs of Long Ago.*

Perkins, Raymond, *Thirty Old-Time Nursery Songs.*

IV. STUDIES

Bolton, H. C., *Counting-out Rhymes of Children, Their Antiquity, Origin, and Wide Distribution.*

Earle, Alice Morse, *Child Life in Colonial Days.* [Especially chap. xiv.]

Eckenstein, Lina, *Comparative Studies in Nursery Rhymes.*

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Moses, M. J., *Children's Books and Reading*, pp. 40 ff.

SECTION II. MOTHER GOOSE JINGLES AND NURSERY RHYMES

INTRODUCTORY

A flawless literature. The one literature that is supremely adapted to its purpose is the collection of rhymes associated with Mother Goose. To every child it comes with an irresistible appeal. It has a power so natural and fundamental that it defies explanation. The child takes it for granted just as he does his parents. It has a perfection of rhythm and structure not attainable by modern imitators. It has been perfected through the generations by the surest of all tests, that of constant popular use. Much of it is common to many different nations. It is an international literature of childhood. While much of it is known to children long before they enter school, these jingles, like all folk literature, never lose their charm through repetition. The schools have long since learned the value of the familiar in teaching. The process of learning to read is usually based on some of the better known rhymes. Teachers of literature in more advanced classes think they can generally detect the students who have been especially "learned" in "Mother Goose her ways" by their quick responsiveness to the facts of verbal rhythm and rhythmical structure in more sophisticated products. "If we have no love for poetry to-day, it may not impossibly be due to the fact that we have ceased to prize the old, old tales which have been the delight of the child and the child-man since the foundations of the world. If you want your child to love Homer, do not withold Mother Goose."

Who was Mother Goose? The answer to this, as to other questions suggested below, may be of no direct or special interest to the children themselves. But teachers should know some of the main conclusions arrived at by folklorists and others in their investigations of the traditional materials used for basic work in literature. All the evidence shows that Mother Goose as the name of the familiar old lady of the nursery came to us from France. Andrew Lang discovered a reference to her in a French poem of 1650, where she figures as a teller of stories. In 1697 Perrault's famous fairy tales were published with a frontispiece representing an old woman spinning, and telling tales to a man, a girl, a little boy, and a cat. On this frontispiece was the legend, *Tales of Our Mother Goose.* (See note to No. 161.)

As a teller of prose tales, Mother Goose came to England with the translation of Perrault about 1730. We do not find her name connected with verse until after the middle of the eighteenth century. About the year 1760 a little book called *Mother Goose's Melody* was issued by John Newbery, a London publisher and a most important figure in the history of the production of books for children. It is a pleasant and not improbable theory that this first collection of nursery rhymes, upon which later ones were built, was the work of Oliver Goldsmith, who was for some years in Newbery's employ. However that may be, it is certain that from this date the name of Mother Goose has been almost exclusively associated with nursery rhymes.

Newbery's *Mother Goose's Melody* was soon reprinted by Isaiah Thomas, of Worcester, Massachusetts, and thus came into the hands of American children early in our national life. A long-since exploded theory was advanced about 1870 that Mother Goose was a real woman of Boston in the early eighteenth century, whose rhymes were published by her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet, in 1719. But no one has identified any such publication and there is no evidence whatever that this old lady in cap and spectacles is other than purely mythical.

Whence came the jingles themselves? It is certain that many nursery rhymes are both widespread geographically in distribution and of great antiquity. Halliwell and others have found references to some of them in old books which prove that many of the English rhymes go back several centuries. They are of popular origin; that is, they took root anonymously among the folk and were passed on by word of mouth. When a rhyme can be traced to any known authority we generally find that the folk have extracted what pleased, have forgotten or modified any original historical or other application the rhymes may have possessed, and in general have shaped the rhyme to popular taste. "Thus our old nursery rhymes," says Andrew Lang, "are smooth stones from the book of time, worn round by constant friction of tongues long silent. We cannot hope to make new nursery rhymes, any more than we can write new fairy tales."

Here are a few illustrations of what scholars have been able to tell us of the sources of the rhymes: "Jack and Jill" preserves the Icelandic myth of two children caught up into the moon, where they can still be seen carrying a bucket on a pole between them. "Three Blind Mice" is traced to an old book called *Deuteromalia* (1609). "Little Jack Horner" is all that is left of an extended chapbook story, *The Pleasant History of Jack Horner, Containing His Witty Tricks*, etc. "Poor Old Robinson Crusoe" is a fragment from a song by the character Jerry Sneak in Foote's *Mayor of Garratt* (1763). "Simple Simon" gives all that the nursery has preserved of a long chapbook verse story. "A Swarm of Bees in May" was found by Halliwell quoted in Miege's *Great French Dictionary* (1687). These and numerous like facts serve only to impress us with the long and honorable history of the nursery rhyme.

Can nursery rhymes be helpfully classified? This question seems of more consequence to the teacher than the previous ones because it deals with the practical organization of his material. The most superficial observer can see that Nos. 3, 36, 46, 59, 62, and 113, on the following pages, are riddles; that Nos. 22 and 30 are counting-out rhymes; that Nos. 37, 38, 39, 40, and 41 are replies that might be made to one who indulged unduly in suppositions; that No. 27 is a face game, No. 75 a hand game, and No. 108 a toe game; that Nos. 42, 81, 82, 107, and 111 are riding songs; that Nos. 7, 10, 23, 67, and 137 are proverbial sayings; that Nos. 64 and 89 are charms; and so one might continue with groupings based on the immediate use made of the rhyme, not forgetting the great number that lend themselves to the purposes of the crooned lullaby or soothing song.

Halliwell made the first attempt at any complete classification in his *Nursery Rhymes of England* (1842), using eighteen headings: (1) Historical, (2) Literal, (3) Tales, (4) Proverbs, (5) Scholastic, (6) Songs, (7) Riddles, (8) Charms, (9) Gaffers and Gammers, (10) Games, (11) Paradoxes, (12) Lullabies, (13) Jingles, (14) Love and Matrimony, (15) Natural History, (16) Accumulative Stories, (17) Local, (18) Relics. Andrew Lang follows Halliwell, but reduces the classes to fourteen by combining (2) and (5), (7) and (11), (8) and (12), and by omitting (17). These classifications are made from the standpoint of the folklore scholar, and are based on the sources from which the rhymes originally sprang. Professor Saintsbury scouts the value of any such arrangement, since all belong equally in the one class, "jingles," and he also rightly points out that "all genuine nursery rhymes . . . . have never become nursery rhymes until the historical fact has been practically forgotten by those who used them, and nothing but the metrical and musical attraction remains."

Without denying the great significance of popular rhymes to the student of folklore, we must look elsewhere for any practical suggestion for the teacher in the matter of arrangement. Such a suggestion will be found in the late Charles Welsh's *Book of Nursery Rhymes*, a little volume that every teacher interested in children's literature must make use of. The rhymes are grouped into three main divisions: (1) Mother Play, (2) Mother Stories, and (3) Child Play, with subordinate groupings under each. About 250 rhymes are included in Welsh's collection, and the arrangement suggests the best order for using them practically, without dropping into any ironclad system.

It may be argued that any attempt at classification of material so freely and variously used as the Mother Goose rhymes is sure to stiffen the work of the class and render it less enjoyable. Spontaneity is more vital here than at any other stage of one's literary education.

What is the secret of the nursery rhyme's appeal to children? Here at least we are face to face with what may be called a final fact, that these jingles do make an appeal so universal and remarkable that any attempt to explain it seems always to fall far short of completeness. Perhaps the best start may be made with Mr. Welsh's suggestion that this appeal is threefold: first, that which comes from the rhyming jingle, as in "Higgledy, piggledy, my fat hen"; second, that which comes from the nonsense surprises, as in "Hey diddle diddle," "Three wise men of Gotham," and "I'll tell you a story"; third, that which comes from the dramatic action, as in "Little Miss Muffet," and "Little Jack Horner." This summary does not differ much from Mr. Walter Taylor Field's conclusions: "The child takes little thought as to what *any* of these verses mean. There are perhaps four elements in them that appeal to him,—first, the jingle, and with it that peculiar cadence which modern writers of children's poetry strive in vain to imitate; second, the nonsense,—with just enough of sense in it to connect the nonsense with the child's thinkable world; third, the action,—for the stories are quite dramatic in their way; and fourth, the quaintness." Mr. Field also emphasizes the probable charm of mystery in the face of the unknown facts beyond the child's horizon, which appear in many of the rhymes.

Other commentators do little beyond expanding some of these suggestions. All of them agree in stressing the appeal made by rhythm, the jingle, the emphatic meter. This seems a fundamental thing in all literature, though readers are mainly conscious of it in poetry. Just how fundamental it is in human life has not been better hinted than in a sentence by Mrs. MacClintock: "One who is trying to write a sober treatise in a matter-of-fact way dares not, lest he be set down as the veriest mystic, say all the things that might be said about the function of rhythm, especially in its more pronounced form of meter, among a community of children, no matter what the size of the group—how rhythmic motion, or the flow of measured and beautiful sounds, harmonizes their differences, tunes them up to their tasks, disciplines their conduct, comforts their hurts, quiets their nerves; all this apart from the facts more or less important from the point of view of literature, that it cultivates their ear, improves their taste, and provides them a genuinely artistic pleasure."

Professor Saintsbury, as usual, adds a fascinating turn to the discussion when, after agreeing that we may see in the rhymes, "to a great extent, the poetical appeal of sound as opposed to that of meaning in its simplest and most unmistakable terms," he continues: "And we shall find something else, which I venture to call the attraction of the inarticulate. . . . . In moments of more intense and genuine feeling . . . . [man] does not as a rule use or at least confine himself to articulate speech. . . . . All children . . . . fall naturally, long after they are able to express themselves as it is called rationally, into a sort of pleasant gibberish when they are alone and pleased or even displeased. . . . . It must be a not infrequent experience of most people that one frequently falls into pure jingle and nonsense verse of the nursery kind. . . . . I should myself, though I may not carry many people with me, go farther than this and say that this 'attraction of the inarticulate,' this allurement of mere sound and sequence, has a great deal more to do than is generally thought with the charm of the very highest poetry. . . . . In the best nursery rhymes, as in the simpler and more genuine ballads which have so close a connection with them, we find this attraction of the inarticulate—this charm of pure sound, this utilizing of alliteration and rhyme and assonance." Those who have noticed the tendency of children to find vocal pleasure even of a physical or muscular sort in nonsense combinations of sounds, and who also realize their own tendency in this direction, will feel that Professor Saintsbury has hit upon a suggestive term in his claim for "the attraction of the inarticulate" as a partial explanation of the Mother Goose appeal.

Through song, game, memorization, and dramatization, traditional or original, the rhymes may be made to contribute to the child's satisfaction in all of the directions pointed out.

SUGGESTIONS FOR READING

(Books referred to by authors' names are listed in preceding bibliography.)

For orientation read Chauncey B. Tinker, "In Praise of Nursery Lore," *Unpopular Review*, Vol. VI, p. 338 (Oct.–Dec., 1916). For a most satisfactory presentation of the whole subject read chap. x, "Mother Goose," in Field. For the origin of Mother Goose as a character consult Lang's introduction to his edition of *Perrault's Popular Tales*. For the theory of her American nativity see Wheeler and Whitmore. For the origins of the rhymes themselves the authorities are Halliwell and Eckenstein. For pedagogical suggestions see Welsh, also his article "Nursery Rhymes," *Cyclopedia of Education* (ed. Monroe). For many interesting facts and suggestions on rhythm in nursery rhymes consult Charles H. Sears, "Studies in Rhythm," *Pedagogical Seminary*, Vol. VIII, p. 3. For the whole subject of folk songs look into Martinengo-Cesaresco, *The Study of Folk Songs*. Books and periodicals dealing with primary education often contain brief discussions of value on the use of rhymes. Many Mother Goose records have been prepared by the educational departments of the various talking-machine companies, and may be used to advantage in the work in rhythm.

The shorter rhymes (Nos. 1–115) are arranged in alphabetical order. There are many slight variations in the form of the text as found in printed versions and in the oral versions used by children in different communities. While Halliwell has been used as the basis for rhymes given in his collection, the following versions try to reproduce the forms of expression that seem generally most pleasing to children.

1

A cat came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm;
She could sing nothing but fiddle-de-dee,
The mouse has married the bumble-bee;
Pipe, cat—dance, mouse—
We'll have a wedding at our good house.

2

A diller, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
And now you come at noon.

3

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives;
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?
(*One.*)

4

As I was going up Pippen Hill,—
Pippen Hill was dirty,—
There I met a pretty miss,
And she dropped me a curtsy.

Little miss, pretty miss,
Blessings light upon you;
If I had half-a-crown a day,
I'd spend it all upon you.

5

As I went to Bonner,
I met a pig
Without a wig,
Upon my word of honor.

6

As Tommy Snooks and Bessie Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessie Brooks,
"To-morrow will be Monday."

7

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

8

Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full;
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives in the lane.

9

Barber, barber, shave a pig,
How many hairs will make a wig?
"Four and twenty, that's enough."
Give the barber a pinch of snuff.

10

Birds of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.

11

Bless you, bless you, burnie bee;
Say, when will your wedding be?
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

12

Bobby Shafto's gone to sea,
With silver buckles at his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,—
Pretty Bobby Shafto!

Bobby Shafto's fat and fair,
Combing out his yellow hair,
He's my love for evermore,—
Pretty Bobby Shafto!

13

Bow, wow, wow,
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow, wow, wow.

14

Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

15

Come when you're called,
Do what you're bid,
Shut the door after you,
Never be chid.

16

Cross patch,
Draw the latch,
And sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup,
And drink it up,
Then call your neighbors in.

17

Curly locks! curly locks! wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor yet feed the swine.
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream!

18

Dance, little baby, dance up high,
Never mind, baby, mother is by;
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There, little baby, there you go;

Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backward and forward, round and round;
Dance, little baby, and mother will sing,
With the merry coral, ding, ding, ding!

19

Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John,
He went to bed with his stockings on;
One shoe off, the other shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.

20

Ding, dong, bell!
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Green.
Who pulled her out?
Little Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown the poor, poor pussy-cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn.

21

Doctor Foster
Went to Glo'ster,
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle,
Up to his middle,
And never went there again.

22

Eggs, butter, cheese, bread,
Stick, stock, stone dead,
Stick him up, stick him down,
Stick him in the old man's crown.

23

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there be one, try to find it,
If there be none, never mind it.

24

Four-and-twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
The bravest man among them dursn't touch her tail;
The snail put out her horns, like a little Kyloe cow,
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all e'en now.

25

Great A, little a,
Bouncing B!
The cat's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.

26

Hark, hark,
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town:
Some in tags,
Some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns.

27

Here sits the Lord Mayor, (*touching forehead*)
Here sit his two men, (*eyes*)
Here sits the cock, (*right cheek*)
Here sits the hen, (*left cheek*)
Here sit the little chickens, (*tip of nose*)
Here they all run in; (*mouth*)
Chinchopper, chinchopper,
Chinchopper chin! (*chuck the chin*)

28

Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, down;
And here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, round.

29

Given as usually known to children. In some older versions the word "craft" was used instead of "sport," thus making a rhyme. There is an old story of an overly serious parent who was greatly disturbed by the evident exaggerations in this jingle. After calling the attention of his children to the offensive improbabilities, the good man suggested the following "revised version."

Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped *under* the moon;
The little dog *barked*,
To see the sport,
And the *cat* ran after the spoon!

Hey! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

30

Hickery, dickery, 6 and 7,
Alabone Crackabone, 10 and 11,
Spin, span, muskidan;
Twiddle 'um, twaddle 'um, 21.

31

Higgledy, Piggledy,
My black hen,
She lays eggs
For gentlemen;
Sometimes nine,
And sometimes ten,
Higgledy, Piggledy,
My black hen!

32

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down;
Hickory, dickory, dock.

33

Hogs in the garden, catch 'em, Towser.
Cows in the cornfield, run, boys, run;

Cats in the cream-pot, run, girls, run, girls;
Fire on the mountains, run, boys, run.

34

Hot-cross buns!
Hot-cross buns!
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot-cross buns!

Hot-cross buns!
Hot-cross buns!
If you have no daughters,
Give them to your sons.

35

Hub a dub dub,
Three men in a tub;
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker,
They all fell out of a rotten potato.

36

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
Threescore men and threescore more
Cannot place Humpty Dumpty as he was before.

(*An egg.*)

37

If all the sea were one sea,
What a *great* sea that would be!
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a *great* tree that would be!
And if all the axes were one axe,
What a *great* axe that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a *great* man he would be!
And if the *great* man took the *great* axe,
And cut down the *great* tree,
And let it fall into the *great* sea,
What a splish splash *that* would be!

38

If all the world was apple-pie,
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink?

39

If I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry, "Old chairs to mend!
Old chairs to mend! Old chairs to mend!"
I never would cry, "Old chairs to mend!"
If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry, "Old clothes to sell!
Old clothes to sell! Old clothes to sell!"
I never would cry, "Old clothes to sell!"

40

If "ifs" and "ands"
Were pots and pans,
There would be no need for tinkers!

41

If wishes were horses,
Beggars might ride;
If turnips were watches,
I'd wear one by my side.

42

I had a little pony,
His name was Dapple-gray,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away;
She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all that lady's hire.

43

I had a little hobby horse,
His name was Tommy Gray,
His head was made of pease straw,
His body made of hay;
I saddled him and bridled him,
And rode him up to town,
There came a little puff of wind
And blew him up and down.

44

I have a little sister, they call her peep, peep;
She wades the waters deep, deep, deep;
She climbs the mountains high, high, high;
Poor little creature, she has but one eye.
(*A star.*)

45

I'll tell you a story
Of Jack-a-Nory,
And now my story's begun.
I'll tell you another
About Jack's brother,
And now my story is done.

46

In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk;
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.
(*An egg.*)

47

1. I went up one pair of stairs.
2. Just like me.
1. I went up two pair of stairs.
2. Just like me.
1. I went into a room.
2. Just like me.
1. I looked out of a window.
2. Just like me.
1. And there I saw a monkey.
2. Just like me.

48

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

49

Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jump over the candlestick.

50

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so between them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean.

51

Knock at the door, (*forehead*)
And peep in, (*lift eyelids*)
Open the door, (*mouth*)
And walk in.
Chinchopper, chinchopper,
Chinchopper chin!

52

These lines, common in similar form to many countries, are said by children when they throw the beautiful little insect into the air to make it take flight.

Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children all gone;
All but one, and her name is Ann,
And she crept under the pudding-pan.

53

Little boy blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
Where is the boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haycock fast asleep.
Will you wake him? No, not I;
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.

54

Little girl, little girl, where have you been?
Gathering roses to give to the queen.

Little girl, little girl, what gave she you?
She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe.

55

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb,
And he pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

56

Little Jack Jingle,
He used to live single,
But when he got tired of this kind of life,
He left off being single and lived with his wife.

57

Little Johnny Pringle had a little pig;
It was very little, so was not very big.
As it was playing beneath the shed,
In half a minute poor Piggie was dead.
So Johnny Pringle he sat down and cried,
And Betty Pringle she lay down and died.
This is the history of one, two, and three,
Johnny Pringle he,
Betty Pringle she,
And the Piggie-Wiggie.

58

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a great spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

59

Little Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

(*A candle.*)

60

Little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a rail;
Niddle naddle went his head,
Wiggle waggle went his tail.

61

Little Tommy Tucker
Sings for his supper;
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married
Without e'er a wife?

62

Long legs, crooked thighs,
Little head and no eyes.

(*The tongs.*)

63

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it:
Nothing in it, nothing in it,
But the binding round it.

64

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John
Guard the bed that I lie on!
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head;
One to watch, one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away.

65

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle-shells, and silver bells,
And pretty maids all in a row.

66

Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three perplexes me,
And Practice drives me mad.

67

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins.

68

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare,
As can compare
With old King Cole and his fiddlers three!

69

Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
And was going to the window
To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.

70

One for the money,
And two for the show;
Three to make ready,
And four to go.

71

One misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather;
He began to compliment,
And I began to grin,—
"How do you do," and "How do you do,"
And "How do you do" again!

72

1, 2, 3, 4, 5!
I caught a hare alive;
6, 7, 8, 9, 10!
I let her go again.

73

One, two,
Buckle my shoe;
Three, four,
Shut the door;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve?
Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a-courting;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a-kissing;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting;
Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.

74

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
So I will, master, as fast as I can:
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put it in the oven for Tommy and me.

75

Pease-porridge hot,
Pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot,
Nine days old;
Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.

76

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin-shell,
And there he kept her very well.

77

Halliwell suggests that "off a pewter plate" is sometimes added at the end of each line. This rhyme is famous as a "tongue twister," or enunciation exercise.

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers;
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

78

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat,
Of an old nanny goat,
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring a ting tang,
And a ring a ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

79

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to see the Queen.
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under the chair.

80

Pussy sits beside the fire;
How can she be fair?
In comes the little dog,
"Pussy, are you there?
So, so, dear Mistress Pussy,
Pray tell me how do you do?"
"Thank you, thank you, little dog,
I'm very well just now."

81

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
To see an old lady upon a white horse,
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
And so she makes music wherever she goes.

82

Ride, baby, ride!
Pretty baby shall ride,
And have a little puppy-dog tied to her side;
And one little pussy-cat tied to the other,
And away she shall ride to see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother.

83

Rock-a-bye, baby,
On the tree top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall,
Down will come baby,
Bough, cradle, and all.

84

Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.

85

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the day!

86

See, saw, sacradown,
Which is the way to London town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
And that is the way to London town.

87

Shoe the little horse,
And shoe the little mare,
And let the little colt
Run bare, bare, bare.

88

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
When along came a blackbird,
And pecked off her nose.

Jenny was so mad,
She didn't know what to do;
She put her finger in her ear,
And cracked it right in two.

89

Star light, star bright,
First star I see to-night;
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish to-night.

90

The King of France went up the hill,
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.

91

The lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
The lion beat the unicorn
All round about the town.
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown,
Some gave them plumcake,
And sent them out of town.

92

The man in the moon
Came tumbling down,
And asked the way to Norwich;
He went by the south
And burned his mouth
With supping cold pease porridge.

93

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then?
Poor thing!

He will sit in a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

94

The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day.
The Knave of Hearts he stole those tarts,
And hid them clean away.
The King of Hearts he missed those tarts,
And beat the Knave right sore,
The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.

95

There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
And found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile:

He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

96

There was a little boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay;
An owl came out and flew about,
And the little boy ran away.

97

There was a man and he had naught,
And robbers came to rob him;
He crept up to the chimney top,
And then they thought they had him;
But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him:
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.

98

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a briar bush,
And scratched out both his eyes:
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched 'em in again.

99

There was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall;
And that's all.

100

There was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink:
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet;
Yet this little old woman could never keep quiet.

She went to the baker, to buy her some bread,
And when she came home, her old husband was dead;
She went to the clerk to toll the bell,
And when she came back her old husband was well.

101

There was an old woman lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone, she lives there still.
She put a mouse in a bag and sent it to mill;
The miller he swore by the point of his knife,
He never took toll of a mouse in his life.

102

There was an old woman of Leeds,
Who spent all her time in good deeds;
She worked for the poor,
Till her fingers were sore,
This pious old woman of Leeds!

103

There was an old woman of Norwich,
Who lived upon nothing but porridge!
Parading the town,
She turned cloak into gown!
This thrifty old woman of Norwich.

104

There was an old woman tossed up in a basket
Nineteen times as high as the moon;
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,
"O whither, O whither, O whither, so high?"
"To brush the cobwebs off the sky!"
"Shall I go with thee?" "Aye, by and by."

105

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children, she didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth without any bread,
Then whipped them all soundly, and put them to bed.

106

There was an owl lived in an oak,
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
And every word he ever spoke,
Was fiddle, faddle, feedle.

A gunner chanced to come that way,
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
Says he, "I'll shoot you, silly bird,"
Fiddle, faddle, feedle.

107

This is the way the ladies ride;
Tri, tre, tre, tree, tri, tre, tre, tree!
This is the way the ladies ride,
Tri, tre, tre, tree, tri, tre, tre, tree!

This is the way the gentlemen ride;
Gallop-a-trot, gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-trot-a-trot!

This is the way the farmers ride;
Hobbledy-hoy, hobbledy-hoy!
This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy-hobbledy-hoy!

108

1. This little pig went to market;
2. This little pig stayed at home;
3. This little pig had roast beef;
4. And this little pig had none;
5. This little pig said, "Wee, wee, wee!
I can't find my way home."

109

Three blind mice! see, how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with the carving knife!
Did you ever see such a thing in your life?
Three blind mice!

110

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.

111

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, dancing a jig;
To market, to market, to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog;
To market, to market, to buy a plum bun,
Home again, home again, market is done.

112

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run!
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street!

113

Two-legs sat upon three-legs,
With one-leg in his lap;
In comes four-legs
And runs away with one-leg;
Up jumps two-legs,
Catches up three-legs,

Throws it after four-legs,
And makes him bring one-leg back.

(*One-leg is a leg of mutton; two-legs, a man; three-legs, a stool; four-legs, a dog.*)

114

The following is another good "tongue twister" (see No. 77). It is recommended for the little lisper, and in former days it was recommended as a sure cure for the hiccoughs.

When a twister a-twisting would twist him a twist,
For twisting a twist three twists he will twist;
But if one of the twists untwists from the twist,
The twist untwisting untwists the twist.

115

"Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
I will go with you, if I may."

"I am going to the meadow to see them a-mowing,
I am going to see them make the hay."

116

No. 116 and the two rhymes following are by Miss Wilhelmina Seegmiller. (By permission of the publishers, Rand McNally & Co., Chicago.) Their presence will allow teachers to compare some widely and successfully used modern efforts with the traditional jingles in the midst of which they are placed.

MILKWEED SEEDS

As white as milk,
As soft as silk,
And hundreds close together:
They sail away,
On an autumn day,
When windy is the weather.

117

AN ANNIVERSARY

Pop! fizz! bang! whizz!
Don't you know what day this is?

Fizz! bang! whizz! pop!
Hurrah for the Fourth!
and hippity-hop!

118

TWINK! TWINK!

Twink, twink, twink, twink,
Twinkety, twinkety, twink!
The fireflies light their lanterns,
Then put them out in a wink.

Twink, twink, twink, twink,
They light their light once more,
Then twinkety, twinkety, twink, twink,
They put them out as before.

Nos. 119–146 are in the main the longer nursery favorites and may somewhat loosely be called the novels and epics of the nursery as the former group may be called the lyrics and short stories. All of them are marked by dramatic power, a necessary element in all true classics for children whether in verse or prose. Nos. 119 and 120 are two of the favorite jingles used in teaching the alphabet. Each letter suggests a distinct image. In No. 119 the images are all of actions, and connected by the direction of these actions upon a single object. In No. 120 the images are each complete and independent. Here it may be noticed that some of the elements of the pictures are determined by the exigencies of rhyme, as, for instance, what the archer shot at, and what the lady had. The originator doubtless expected the child to see the relation of cause and consequence between Y and Z

119

A WAS AN APPLE-PIE

A was an apple-pie;
B bit it;

C cut it;
D dealt it;
E eat it;
F fought for it;
G got it;
H had it;
J joined it:
K kept it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N nodded at it;
O opened it;
P peeped in it;
Q quartered it;
R ran for it;
S stole it;
T took it;
V viewed it;
W wanted it;
X, Y, Z, and Ampersand (&)
All wished for a piece in hand.

120

TOM THUMB'S ALPHABET

A was an archer, and shot at a frog;
B was a butcher, and kept a bull-dog.

C was a captain, all covered with lace;
D was a drunkard, and had a red face.

E was an esquire, with insolent brow;
F was a farmer, and followed the plough.

G was a gamester, who had but ill luck;
H was a hunter, and hunted a buck.

I was an innkeeper, who loved to carouse;
J was a joiner, and built up a house.

K was a king, so mighty and grand;
L was a lady, who had a white hand.

M was a miser, and hoarded up gold;
N was a nobleman, gallant and bold.

O was an oyster girl, and went about town;
P was a parson, and wore a black gown.

Q was a queen, who sailed in a ship;
R was a robber, and wanted a whip.

S was a sailor, and spent all he got;
T was a tinker, and mended a pot.

U was an usurer, a miserable elf;
V was a vintner, who drank all himself.

W was a watchman, and guarded the door;
X was expensive, and so became poor.

Y was a youth, that did not love school;
Z was a zany, a poor harmless fool.

121

WHERE ARE YOU GOING

Where are you going, my pretty maid?
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.
May I go with you, my pretty maid?
"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.
What is your father, my pretty maid?
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.
What is your fortune, my pretty maid?
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid.
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

122

MOLLY AND I

Molly, my sister, and I fell out,
And what do you think it was about?
She loved coffee, and I loved tea,
And that was the reason we couldn't agree.
But Molly, my sister, and I made up,
And now together we can sup,
For Molly drinks coffee, and I drink tea,
And we both are happy as happy can be.

123

LONDON BRIDGE

London bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady.

Build it up with silver and gold,
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
Build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stole away,
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
Silver and gold will be stole away,
With a gay lady.

Build it again with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady.

124

I SAW A SHIP

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And oh, it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold!

The four and twenty sailors,
That stood between the decks,
Were four and twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! Quack!"

125

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell;
She went to market all on a market-day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

By came a pedlar whose name was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to her knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When this little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake,
She began to wonder, and she began to cry,
"Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I!

"But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me;

If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail."

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I!"

126

LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they were still all fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

It happened one day, as Bo-peep did stray,
Unto a meadow hard by:
There she espied their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

127

COCK A DOODLE DOO

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock a doodle doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has found her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling stick,
Sing doodle doodle doo!

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling stick,
For dame and doodle doo.

128

THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN

There were three jovial huntsmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
All on a summer's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said nay;
The third said it was a house
With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other he said nay;
The third said it was a cheese,
And half o't cut away.

129

THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN

There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He went to a brook,
And fired at a duck,
And shot it through the head, head, head.

He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,
And bade her a fire to make, make, make,
To roast the little duck,
He had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake, drake.

The drake was a-swimming,
With his curly tail;
The little man made it his mark, mark, mark!
He let off his gun,
But he fired too soon,
And the drake flew away with a quack, quack, quack.

130

TAFFY

Taffy was a Welshman;
Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a piece of beef.
I went to Taffy's house;
Taffy wasn't home;
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a marrow-bone.
I went to Taffy's house;
Taffy was in bed;
I took up the marrow-bone
And flung it at his head!

131

SIMPLE SIMON

Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair:
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have n't any."

Simple Simon went a fishing
Just to catch a whale:
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

132

A FARMER WENT TROTTING

A farmer went trotting upon his gray mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind him so rosy and fair,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A raven cried "Croak!" and they all tumbled down,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The mare broke her knees, and the farmer his crown,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

The mischievous raven flew laughing away,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
And vowed he would serve them the same the next day,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

133

TOM THE PIPER'S SON

Tom he was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
But all the tunes that he could play,
Was "Over the hills and far away";
Over the hills, and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off.

Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased both the girls and boys,

And they stopped to hear him play,
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still;
Whenever they heard him they began to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began to play;
So Doll and the cow danced "the Cheshire round,"
Till the pail was broke and the milk ran on the ground.

He met old dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipes and she used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke,
She began for to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass;
He took out his pipe and played them a tune,
And the jackass's load was lightened full soon.

134

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY

When I was a little boy,
I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got,
I put upon my shelf.

The rats and the mice,
They made such a strife,
I had to go to London
To buy me a wife.

The streets were so broad,
And the lanes were so narrow,
I had to bring my wife home
On a wheelbarrow.

The wheelbarrow broke,
And my wife had a fall;
Down tumbled wheelbarrow,
Little wife and all.

135

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

My dear, you must know that a long time ago,
Two poor little children whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away on a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood, as I've heard people say.
Poor babes in the wood, poor babes in the wood!
So hard was the fate of the babes in the wood.

And when it was night, so sad was their plight,
The sun it went down, and the stars gave no light.
They sobbed and they sighed, and they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things they lay down and died.

And when they were dead, the robins so red,
Brought strawberry leaves, and over them spread.
And all the day long, the branches among,
They sang to them softly, and this was their song:
Poor babes in the wood, poor babes in the wood!
So hard was the fate of the babes in the wood.

136

THE FOX AND HIS WIFE

The fox and his wife they had a great strife,
They never ate mustard in all their whole life;
They ate their meat without fork or knife,
And loved to be picking a bone, e-oh!

The fox jumped up on a moonlight night;
The stars they were shining, and all things bright;
Oh, ho! said the fox, it's a very fine night
For me to go through the town, e-oh!

The fox when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his ears and he listened awhile!
Oh, ho! said the fox, it's but a short mile
From this unto yonder wee town, e-oh!

The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
Who should he see but the farmer's drake;
I love you well for your master's sake,
And long to be picking your bone, e-oh!

The gray goose she ran round the haystack,
Oh, ho! said the fox, you are very fat;
You'll grease my beard and ride on my back
From this into yonder wee town, e-oh!

The farmer's wife she jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head:
Oh, husband! oh, husband! the geese are all dead,
For the fox has been through the town, e-oh!

The farmer he loaded his pistol with lead,
And shot the old rogue of a fox through the head;
Ah, ha! said the farmer, I think you're quite dead;
And no more you'll trouble the town, e-oh!

137

FOR WANT OF A NAIL

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
For want of the shoe, the horse was lost;
For want of the horse, the rider was lost;
For want of the rider, the battle was lost;
For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost;
And all for the want of a horseshoe nail!

138

A MAN OF WORDS

A man of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds;
And when the weeds begin to grow,
It's like a garden full of snow;
And when the snow begins to fall,
It's like a bird upon the wall;
And when the bird away does fly,
It's like an eagle in the sky;
And when the sky begins to roar,
It's like a lion at the door;
And when the door begins to crack,
It's like a stick across your back;
And when your back begins to smart,
It's like a penknife in your heart;
And when your heart begins to bleed,
You're dead, and dead, and dead, indeed.

139

The first stanza of this jingle was long attributed to Longfellow as an impromptu made on one of his children. He took occasion to deny this, as well as the authorship of the almost equally famous "Mr. Finney had a turnip." The last two stanzas bear evidence of a more sophisticated origin than that of real nursery rhymes. Mr. Lucas, in his *Book of Verses for Children*, gives two different versions of these stanzas.

JEMIMA

There was a little girl, and she had a little curl,
Right down the middle of her forehead,
When she was good, she was very, very good,
But when she was bad, she was horrid.

One day she went upstairs, while her parents, unawares,
In the kitchen down below were occupied with meals,
And she stood upon her head, on her little truckle-bed,
And she then began hurraying with her heels.

Her mother heard the noise, and thought it was the boys,
A playing at a combat in the attic,
But when she climbed the stair and saw Jemima there,
She took and she did whip her most emphatic!

140

The following was one of the favorite "toy-book" texts of the eighteenth century. These little books generally had a crude woodcut and one stanza of text on a page. It can be seen how easily this story lends itself to illustration. Each stanza is a chapter, and the story-teller could continue as long as his inventiveness held out. In one edition there are these additional lines:

"Old Mother Hubbard sat down in a chair,
And danced her dog to a delicate air;
She went to the garden to buy him a pippin,
When she came back the dog was a-skipping."

MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread;
But when she came back,
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin;
But when she came back,
The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish,
To get him some tripe;
But when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the fishmonger's
To buy him some fish;
And when she came back
He was licking the dish.

She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer;
But when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red;
But when she came back
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat;
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig;
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit;
But when she came back,
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat;
But when she came back,
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes;
But when she came back,
He was reading the news.

She went to the seamstress
To buy him some linen;
But when she came back,
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose;
But when she came back,
He was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, "Your servant,"
The dog said, "Bow, wow."

141

This story of a bird courtship and marriage with its attendant feast and tragedy, all followed by the long dirge of No. 142, constitutes one of the longest nursery novels. Its opportunities for the illustrator are very marked, and a copy illustrated by the children themselves would be an addition to the joy of any schoolroom.

THE COURTSHIP, MERRY MARRIAGE, AND PICNIC DINNER OF COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN;

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE DOLEFUL DEATH OF COCK ROBIN

It was a merry time
When Jenny Wren was young,
So neatly as she danced,
And so sweetly as she sung,
Robin Redbreast lost his heart:
He was a gallant bird;
He doft his hat to Jenny,
And thus to her he said: —

"My dearest Jenny Wren,
If you will but be mine,
You shall dine on cherry pie,
And drink nice currant wine.
I'll dress you like a Goldfinch,
Or like a Peacock gay;
So if you'll have me, Jenny,
Let us appoint the day."

Jenny blushed behind her fan,
And thus declared her mind:
"Then let it be to-morrow, Bob,
I take your offer kind —
Cherry pie is very good!
So is currant wine!
But I will wear my brown gown,
And never dress too fine."

Robin rose up early
At the break of day;
He flew to Jenny Wren's house,
To sing a roundelay.
He met the Cock and Hen,
And bid the Cock declare,
This was his wedding-day
With Jenny Wren, the fair.

The Cock then blew his horn,
To let the neighbors know,
This was Robin's wedding-day,
And they might see the show.
And first came parson Rook,
With his spectacles and band,
And one of *Mother Hubbard's* books
He held within his hand.

Then followed him the Lark,
For he could sweetly sing,
And he was to be clerk
At Cock Robin's wedding.
He sang of Robin's love
For little Jenny Wren;
And when he came unto the end,
Then he began again.

Then came the bride and bridegroom;
Quite plainly was she dressed,
And blushed so much, her cheeks were
As red as Robin's breast.
But Robin cheered her up:
"My pretty Jen," said he,
"We're going to be married
And happy we shall be."

The Goldfinch came on next,
To give away the bride;
The Linnet, being bride's maid,
Walked by Jenny's side;
And, as she was a-walking,
She said, "Upon my word,
I think that your Cock Robin
Is a very pretty bird."

The Bullfinch walked by Robin,
And thus to him did say,
"Pray, mark, friend Robin Redbreast,
That Goldfinch, dressed so gay;
What though her gay apparel
Becomes her very well,
Yet Jenny's modest dress and look
Must bear away the bell."

The Blackbird and the Thrush,
And charming Nightingale,
Whose sweet jug sweetly echoes
Through every grove and dale;
The Sparrow and Tom Tit,
And many more, were there:
All came to see the wedding
Of Jenny Wren, the fair.

"O then," says parson Rook,
"Who gives this maid away?"
"I do," says the Goldfinch,
"And her fortune I will pay:
Here's a bag of grain of many sorts,
And other things beside;
Now happy be the bridegroom,
And happy be the bride!"

"And will you have her, Robin,
To be your wedded wife?"
"Yes, I will," says Robin,
"And love her all my life."
"And will you have him, Jenny,
Your husband now to be?"
"Yes, I will," says Jenny,
"And love him heartily."

Then on her finger fair
Cock Robin put the ring;
"You're married now," says parson Rook,
While the Lark aloud did sing:
"Happy be the bridegroom,
And happy be the bride!
And may not man, nor bird, nor beast,
This happy pair divide."

The birds were asked to dine;
Not Jenny's friends alone,
But every pretty songster
That had Cock Robin known.
They had a cherry pie,
Besides some currant wine,
And every guest brought something,
That sumptuous they might dine.

Now they all sat or stood
  To eat and to drink;
And every one said what
  He happened to think;
They each took a bumper,
  And drank to the pair:
Cock Robin, the bridegroom,
  And Jenny Wren, the fair.

The dinner-things removed,
  They all began to sing;
And soon they made the place
  Near a mile round to ring.
The concert it was fine;
  And every bird tried
Who best could sing for Robin
  And Jenny Wren, the bride.

Then in came the Cuckoo,
  And he made a great rout:
He caught hold of Jenny,
  And pulled her about.
Cock Robin was angry,
  And so was the Sparrow,
Who fetched in a hurry
  His bow and his arrow.

His aim then he took,
  But he took it not right;
His skill was not good,
  Or he shot in a fright;
For the Cuckoo he missed,
  But Cock Robin killed! —
And all the birds mourned
  That his blood was so spilled.

142

THE BURIAL OF POOR COCK ROBIN

Who killed Cock Robin?
  "I," said the Sparrow,
  "With my bow and arrow;
And I killed Cock Robin."

Who saw him die?
  "I," said the Fly,
  "With my little eye;
And I saw him die."

Who caught his blood?
  "I," said the Fish,
  "With my little dish;
And I caught his blood."

Who made his shroud?
  "I," said the Beetle,
  "With my little needle;
And I made his shroud."

Who will be the parson?
  "I," said the Rook;
  "With my little book;
And I will be the parson."

Who will dig his grave?
  "I," said the Owl,
  "With my spade and shovel;
And I'll dig his grave."

Who will be the clerk?
  "I," said the Lark,
  "If 'tis not in the dark;
And I will be the clerk."

Who'll carry him to the grave?
  "I," said the Kite,
  "If 'tis not in the night;
And I'll carry him to the grave."

Who will be the chief mourner?
  "I," said the Dove,
  "Because of my love;
And I will be chief mourner."

Who will sing a psalm?
  "I," said the Thrush,
  As she sat in a bush;
"And I will sing a psalm."

Who will bear the pall?
"We," said the Wren,
Both the Cock and the Hen;
"And we will bear the pall."

Who will toll the bell?
"I," said the Bull,
"Because I can pull:"
And so, Cock Robin, farewell.

All the birds of the air
Fell to sighing and sobbing
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

143

The following tale was edited (1885) for children by John Ruskin from a version "written principally by a lady of ninety (Mrs. Sharp.)" Ruskin himself added the third, fourth, eighth, and ninth stanzas, because "in the old books no account is given of what the cats learned when they went to school, and I thought my younger readers might be glad of some notice of such particulars." But he thought his rhymes did not ring like the real ones, of which he said: "I aver these rhymes to possess the primary value of rhyme — that is, to be rhythmical in a pleasant and exemplary degree." The book was illustrated with quaint woodcuts for each stanza after the edition of 1823, with additional drawings for the four new stanzas by Kate Greenaway, one of the most famous illustrators of children's books. Ruskin commends the result "to the indulgence of the Christmas fireside, because it relates nothing that is sad, and portrays nothing that is ugly."

DAME WIGGINS OF LEE, AND HER SEVEN WONDERFUL CATS

Dame Wiggins of Lee
Was a worthy old soul,
As e'er threaded a nee-
dle, or wash'd in a bowl;
She held mice and rats
In such antipa-thy,
That seven fine cats
Kept Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The rats and mice scared
By this fierce whisker'd crew,
The poor seven cats
Soon had nothing to do;
So, as any one idle
She ne'er loved to see,
She sent them to school,
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Master soon wrote
That they all of them knew
How to read the word "milk"
And to spell the word "mew."
And they all washed their faces
Before they took tea:
"Were there ever such dears!"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

He had also thought well
To comply with their wish
To spend all their play-time
In learning to fish
For stitlings; they sent her
A present of three,
Which, fried, were a feast
For Dame Wiggins of Lee.

But soon she grew tired
Of living alone;
So she sent for her cats
From school to come home.
Each rowing a wherry,
Returning you see:
The frolic made merry
Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame was quite pleas'd
And ran out to market;
When she came back
They were mending the carpet.

The needle each handled
As brisk as a bee;
"Well done, my good cats,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

To give them a treat,
She ran out for some rice;
When she came back,
They were skating on ice.
"I shall soon see one down,
Aye, perhaps, two or three,
I'll bet half-a-crown,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

When spring-time came back
They had breakfast of curds;
And were greatly afraid
Of disturbing the birds.
"If you sit, like good cats,
All the seven in a tree,
They will teach you to sing!"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

So they sat in a tree,
And said "Beautiful! Hark!"
And they listened and looked
In the clouds for the lark.
Then sang, by the fireside,
Symphonious-ly
A song without words
To Dame Wiggins of Lee.

They called the next day
On the tomtit and sparrow,
And wheeled a poor sick lamb
Home in a barrow.
"You shall all have some sprats
For your humani-ty,
My seven good cats,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

While she ran to the field,
To look for its dam,
They were warming the bed
For the poor sick lamb:
They turn'd up the clothes
All as neat as could be;
"I shall ne'er want a nurse,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

She wished them good night,
And went up to bed:
When, lo! in the morning,
The cats were all fled.
But soon—what a fuss!
"Where can they all be?
Here, pussy, puss, puss!"
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame's heart was nigh broke,
So she sat down to weep,
When she saw them come back
Each riding a sheep:
She fondled and patted
Each purring tom-my:
"Ah! welcome, my dears,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame was unable
Her pleasure to smother,
To see the sick lamb
Jump up to its mother.
In spite of the gout,
And a pain in her knee,
She went dancing about:
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Farmer soon heard
Where his sheep went astray,
And arrived at Dame's door
With his faithful dog Tray.
He knocked with his crook,
And the stranger to see,
Out the window did look
Dame Wiggins of Lee.

For their kindness he had them
All drawn by his team;
And gave them some field-mice,
And raspberry-cream.

Said he, "All my stock
You shall presently see;
For I honor the cats
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee."

He sent his maid out
For some muffins and crumpets;
And when he turn'd round
They were blowing of trumpets.
Said he, "I suppose
She's as deaf as can be,
Or this ne'er could be borne
By Dame Wiggins of Lee."

To show them his poultry,
He turn'd them all loose,
When each nimbly leap'd
On the back of a goose,
Which frighten'd them so
That they ran to the sea,
And half-drown'd the poor cats
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee.

For the care of his lamb,
And their comical pranks,
He gave them a ham
And abundance of thanks.
"I wish you good-day,
My fine fellows," said he;
"My compliments, pray,
To Dame Wiggins of Lee."

You see them arrived
At their Dame's welcome door;
They show her their presents,
And all their good store.
"Now come in to supper,
And sit down with me;
All welcome once more,"
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

144

This is the perfect pattern of all the accumulative stories, perhaps the best known and most loved of children among all nursery jingles. Halliwell thought it descended from the mystical Hebrew hymn, "A kid, a kid," found in the Talmud. Most commentators since have followed his example in calling attention to the parallel, though scholars have insisted that the hymn referred to is a late interpolation. The hymn opens:

"A kid, a kid, my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

"Then came the cat, and ate the kid,
That my father bought," etc.

Then came the dog and bit the cat, then the staff and beat the dog, then the fire and burned the staff, then water and quenched the fire, then the ox and drank the water, then the butcher and slew the ox, then the angel of death and killed the butcher, and the hymn concludes:

"Then came the Holy One, blessed be He!
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid."

There is an elaborate interpretation of the symbolism of this hymn, going back at least as far as 1731, in which the kid denotes the Hebrews, the father is Jehovah, the cat is the Assyrians, the dog is the Babylonians, the staff is the Persians, the fire is Greece under Alexander, the water is the Roman Empire, the ox is the Saracens, the butcher is the crusaders, the angel of death is the Turkish power, while the concluding accumulation shows that God will take vengeance on the enemies of the chosen people. This is the interpretation in barest outline only. Without the key no one would ever guess its hidden meaning. Fortunately, "The House That Jack Built" has no such hidden meaning. But the important point is that such accumulative stories are almost as old as human records, and, like so many other possessions of the race, seem to have come to us from the Far East.

THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

This is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,

That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

145

THE EGG IN THE NEST

There was a tree stood in the ground,
The prettiest tree you ever did see;
The tree in the wood, and the wood in
the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.

And on this tree there was a limb,
The prettiest limb you ever did see;
The limb on the tree, and the tree in the
wood,
The tree in the wood, and the wood in
the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.

And on this limb there was a bough,
The prettiest bough you ever did see;
The bough on the limb, and the limb on
the tree,
The limb on the tree, and the tree in the
wood,
The tree in the wood, and the wood in
the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.

Now on this bough there was a nest,
The prettiest nest you ever did see;
The nest on the bough, and the bough
on the limb,
The limb on the tree, and the tree in the
wood,
The tree in the wood, and the wood in
the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.

And in the nest there were some eggs,
The prettiest eggs you ever did see;
Eggs in the nest, and the nest on the
bough,
The bough on the limb, and the limb on
the tree,
The limb on the tree, and the tree in the
wood,
The tree in the wood, and the wood in
the ground,
And the green grass growing all around,
And the green grass growing all around.

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The following story is the same as that of the Norwegian tale "The Husband Who Was to Mind the House" (No. 170). In the Halliwell version the final lines read,

> "If his wife did n't do a day's work in her
> life,
> She should ne'er be ruled by he."

A later reading, now generally accepted, avoids the bad grammar by changing to direct discourse.

CHANGE ABOUT

There was an old man, who lived in a
wood,
As you may plainly see;
He said he could do as much work in a
day,
As his wife could do in three.
With all my heart, the old woman said,
If that you will allow,
To-morrow you'll stay at home in my
stead,
And I'll go drive the plough:

But you must milk the Tidy cow,
For fear that she go dry;
And you must feed the little pigs
That are within the sty;
And you must mind the speckled hen,
For fear she lay away;

And you must reel the spool of yarn,
That I spun yesterday.

The old woman took a staff in her hand,
And went to drive the plough:
The old man took a pail in his hand,
And went to milk the cow;
But Tidy hinched, and Tidy flinched,
And Tidy broke his nose,
And Tidy gave him such a blow,
That the blood ran down to his toes.

High! Tidy! ho! Tidy! high!
Tidy! do stand still;
If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,
'Twill be sore against my will!

He went to feed the little pigs
That were within the sty;
He hit his head against the beam,
And he made the blood to fly.
He went to mind the speckled hen,
For fear she'd lay astray,
And he forgot the spool of yarn
His wife spun yesterday.

So he swore by the sun, the moon, and the stars,
And the green leaves on the tree,
"If my wife does n't do a day's work in her life,
She shall ne'er be ruled by me."

SECTION III

FAIRY STORIES—TRADITIONAL TALES

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SECTION III: FAIRY STORIES—TRADITIONAL TALES

INTRODUCTORY

The forty-three tales in this section have been chosen (1) in the light of what experience shows children most enjoy, (2) to represent as fully as possible the great variety of our traditional inheritance, (3) to afford an opportunity of calling attention to additional riches in various collections, and (4) to suggest a fair minimum of the amount of such material to be used with children. As in all such questions of judgment, there must inevitably be differences of opinion. Many will doubtless find stories missing that seem necessary even to so small a list, while others will find tales included that may seem questionable. Such a selection can be, and is intended to be, only tentative, a starting point from which there are many lines of departure.

Folklore. These tales are all from the traditional field. They are mainly of anonymous and popular origin, handed down orally by peasants. The investigation of their origin, distribution, and interrelations belongs to the science of folklore. A good-sized library could be filled entirely with the books concerned with the studies and disputations in this interesting field. While the folklorists have very much of value to tell the teacher, their questions may be largely ignored until the latter is quite fully acquainted with a large body of the acknowledged masterpieces among folk stories, especially those which the schools have taken to themselves as useful in elementary work. Teachers interested in pursuing the matter further—and it is to be hoped there are many such—will find suggestions in the notes at the head of each tale and in the preceding bibliography that may prove serviceable in directing them some little way. Each book will point the student to many others; when he is once started on the road of investigation, there will open up many unexpected and fascinating vistas.

Objections to fairy tales. These objections seem to fall as a rule under two main heads. First, there are those who object to any stimulation of the fanciful in children, and who would have us confine ourselves to what they call realities. They would eliminate as far as possible all the imaginings of children. The make-believe world so dear to infancy has no place in their creed. Second, there are those who doubt the moral tendency of all fairy tales. They observe that many of these tales come to us from a cruder and coarser social state than our own, that they contain elements of a superstitious and animistic past, that they often deal with cruelties and horrors, trickeries and disloyalties, that they are full of romantic improbabilities and impossibilities. It may as well be admitted at once that the folklore of the world contains many stories to which these and other objections are valid.

Is there a proper line of defense for fairy tales? Dr. Felix Adler, who certainly cannot be accused of being insensible to realities, puts the case thus, as between defenders and objectors: "I venture to think that, as in many other cases, the cause of the quarrel is what logicians call an *undistributed middle*—in other words, that the parties to the dispute have each a different kind of fairy tale in mind. This species of literature can be divided broadly into two classes—one consisting of tales which ought to be rejected because they are really harmful, and children ought to be protected from their bad influence, the other of tales which have a most beautiful and elevating effect, and which we cannot possibly afford to leave unutilized." Dr. Adler proceeds to point out that the chief pedagogic values of the latter class are (1) that they exercise and cultivate the imagination, and (2) that they stimulate the idealizing tendency.

John Ruskin, another teacher who constantly in his writings throws the emphasis upon the necessity of a true ethical understanding, has this to say about the mischievous habit of trying to remake the fairy story in the service of morals: "And the effect of the endeavor to make stories moral upon the literary merit of the work itself, is as harmful as the motive of the effort is false. For every fairy tale worth recording at all is the remnant of a tradition possessing true historical value;—historical, at least in so far as it has naturally arisen out of the mind of a people under special circumstances, and arisen not without meaning, nor removed altogether from their sphere of religious faith. It sustains afterwards natural changes from the sincere action of the fear or fancy of successive generations; it takes new color from their manner of life, and new form from their changing moral tempers. As long as these changes are natural and effortless, accidental and inevitable, the story remains essentially true, altering its form, indeed, like a flying cloud, but remaining a sign of the sky; a shadowy image, as truly a part of the great firmament of the human mind as the light of reason which it seems to interrupt. But the fair deceit and innocent error of it cannot be interpreted nor restrained by a wilful purpose, and all additions to it by art do but defile, as the shepherd disturbs the flakes of morning mist with smoke from his fire of dead leaves." Instead of retouching stories "to suit particular tastes, or inculcate favorite doctrines," Ruskin would have the child "know his fairy tale accurately, and have perfect joy or awe in the conception of it as if it were real; thus he will always be exercising his power of grasping realities: but a confused, careless, and discrediting tenure of the fiction will lead to as confused and careless reading of fact." Still further, Ruskin defends the vulgarity, or commonness of language, found in many of the tales as "of a wholesome and harmless kind. It is not, for instance, graceful English, to say that a thought 'popped into Catherine's head'; but it nevertheless is far better, as an initiation into literary style, that a child should be told this than that 'a subject attracted Catherine's attention.'"

Finally, we cannot forbear adding one more quotation, from the most delightful of attacks upon the attackers of fairy tales, by Miss Repplier: "That which is vital in literature or tradition, which has survived the obscurity and wreckage of the past, whether as legend, or ballad, or mere nursery rhyme, has survived in right of some intrinsic merit of its own, and will not be snuffed out of existence by any of our precautionary or hygienic measures. . . . . Puss in Boots is one long record of triumphant effrontery and deception. An honest and self-respecting lad would have explained to the king that he was not the Marquis of Carabas at all; that he had no desire to profit by his cat's ingenious falsehoods, and no weak ambition to connect himself with the aristocracy. Such a hero would be a credit to our modern schoolrooms, and lift a load of care from the shoulders of our modern critics. Only the children would have none of him, but would turn wistfully back to those brave old tales which are their inheritance from a splendid past, and of which no hand shall rob them." And upon this ultimate fact that in literature the final decision rests with the audience appealed to, the discussion may end.

How to use fairy stories. Briefly, the whole matter may be summed up thus: *Know your story perfectly. Don't read it (unless you can't do better). Tell it—with all the graces of voice and action you can command. Tell it naturally and simply, as the folk-tellers did, not with studied and elaborate "elocutionary" effects. Tell it again and again. If you do it well, the children will not soon tire of it—and they will indicate what you should do next!*

SUGGESTIONS

(Books referred to by authors' name are listed in bibliography.)

The one important full-length discussion for teachers on the whole subject of the fairy tale is Kready's *A Study of Fairy Tales.* It is enthusiastic rather than severely critical, and that adds to its helpfulness. It has exhaustive bibliographies. The Ruskin quotations above are from his introduction to Taylor's *Grimm;* it may be found also in his collected works, in *On the Old Road.* Miss Repplier's "Battle of the Babies" in her *Essays in Miniature* should be read entire. A thoroughly stimulating article is Brian Hooker's "Narrative and the Fairy Tale," *Bookman,* Vol. XXXIII, pp. 389, 501; see also his "Types of Fairy Tales," *Forum,* Vol. XL, p. 375. For the scientific phase start with Hartland's *Science of Fairy Tales.* For pedagogy see Adler, MacClintock, McMurry.

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Many English folk tales have doubtless been lost because no one made a serious attempt to collect them until railroads, newspapers, and popular education had greatly changed the life of the English folk and destroyed many of the traditions. For the preservation of many folk tales that we have, English-speaking peoples are indebted to the scholarly antiquarian James Orchard Halliwell (afterwards Halliwell-Phillips, 1820–1889), who in the year 1842 edited a collection of *The Nursery Rhymes of England* for the Percy Society. He followed it a few years later with *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*. They have long been regarded as the basic books in their field. These two collections were reprinted as *Nursery Rhymes and Tales*. This one-volume edition is the one referred to in the following pages. Halliwell should be remembered as the first person to collect in a scientific way the folk literature of England. He gathered these rhymes and tales from the mouths of the folk, from chapbooks, and from many other sources and endeavored to tell them as they had been told by the folk.

"The Old Woman and Her Pig" is perhaps the most familiar of all nursery stories. It belongs to the type of story known as the "accumulative," of which "The House That Jack Built" is the purest model. In such a story there is a constant repetition of the plot, with an addition or slight change at each repetition, until at the end there is a quick unwinding which carries us back to the initial situation and solves the difficulty with which the story started. Halliwell gives two versions of this particular story. It is so widespread that many slight variations would be expected in successful retellings of it. The traditional version which follows seems to be the favorite with primary teachers. It introduces at the sixth stage the attractive rhyme "I see by the moonlight, etc.," which originally formed part of another nursery tale.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG

Once upon a time, an old woman was sweeping her little house, when, to her great joy, she found a silver sixpence.

"What," said she, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I think I will go to market and buy a pig." So the next day, she went to market, and bought a nice little white pig. She tied a string to one of the pig's legs, and began to drive him home.

On the way, the old woman and her pig came to a stile, and she said,—

"Please, pig, get over the stile."
But the pig would not.

Just then a little dog came trotting up, and the old woman said to him,—

"Dog, dog, bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night."
But the dog would not.

So the old woman held up her stick, and said,—

"Stick, stick, beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night."
But the stick would not.

So the old woman gathered some bits of wood together to make a fire, and set them on fire, and then threw her stick into the fire, and said,—

"Fire, fire, burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night."
But the fire would not.

So the old woman fetched a pail of water that was standing near, and said,—

"Water, water, quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night."
But the water would not.

Then the old woman saw an ox coming; so she said,—

"Ox, ox, drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't go.
I see by the moonlight,
It's long past midnight;
Time pig and I were home an hour and
a half ago."
But the ox would not.

So the old woman turned round, and saw a butcher, and she said,—

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't go.
I see by the moonlight,
It's long past midnight;
Time pig and I were home an hour and
a half ago."
But the butcher would not.

So the old woman took a rope out of her pocket, and said,—

"Rope, rope, hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't go.
I see by the moonlight,
It's long past midnight;
Time pig and I were home an hour and
a half ago."
But the rope would not.

Just then a large brown mouse ran across the meadow, and she said,—

"Mouse, mouse, gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't go.
I see by the moonlight,
It's long past midnight;
Time pig and I were home an hour and
a half ago."
"Yes," said the mouse, "I will if you
will give me some cheese."

So the old woman put her hand in her pocket, and found a nice piece of cheese; and when the mouse had eaten it,

The mouse began to gnaw the rope,
The rope began to hang the butcher,
The butcher began to kill the ox,
The ox began to drink the water,
The water began to quench the fire,
The fire began to burn the stick,
The stick began to beat the dog,
The dog began to bite the pig,
And the pig began to go.

But what time the old woman and her pig got home, you, nor I, nor nobody knows.

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Teachers and parents owe a greater debt of gratitude to Joseph Jacobs than to any other modern student of folklore. He was born in Australia in 1854, spent most of his life in scholarly pursuits in England, and died in America in 1916. In his six volumes of English, Celtic, Indian, and European fairy tales he gave the world versions of its best known and most representative folk stories in a form suited to children while remaining true in all essentials to the original oral versions of the folk. This combination of scientific accuracy and literary workmanship is very rare. In the introductions and notes to these various volumes may be found a wealth of information which the general reader can understand without the necessity of special training in the science of folklore. And best of all, these volumes can be had at prices that are comparatively cheap.

The following story of "Henny-Penny" is given in the fine version by Joseph Jacobs in his *English Fairy Tales*. He heard it as a child in Australia and he thinks "the fun consists in the avoidance of all pronouns, which results in jawbreaking sentences." This story is also very familiar in the Halliwell version called "Chicken-Licken," and there are numerous European parallels.

HENNY-PENNY

One day Henny-penny was picking up corn in the cornyard when—whack!—something hit her upon the head. "Goodness gracious me!" said Henny-penny; "the sky's a-going to fall; I must go and tell the king."

So she went along, and she went along, and she went along till she met Cocky-locky. "Where are you going, Henny-penny?" says Cocky-locky. "Oh! I'm going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," says Henny-penny. "May I come with you?" says Cocky-locky. "Certainly," says Henny-penny. So Henny-penny and Cocky-locky went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

They went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Ducky-daddles. "Where are you going to, Henny-penny and Cocky-locky?" says Ducky-daddles. "Oh! we're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," said Henny-penny and Cocky-locky. "May I come with you?" says Ducky-daddles. "Certainly," said Henny-penny and Cocky-locky. So Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, and Ducky-daddles went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Goosey-poosey. "Where are you going to, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, and Ducky-daddles?" said Goosey-poosey. "Oh! we're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," said Henny-penny and Cocky-locky and Ducky-daddles. "May I come with you?" said Goosey-poosey. "Certainly," said Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, and Ducky-daddles. So Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Turkey-lurkey. "Where are you going, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey?" says Turkey-lurkey. "Oh! we're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," said Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey. "May I come with you, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey?" said Turkey-lurkey. "Oh, certainly, Turkey-lurkey," said Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey. So Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey all went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Foxy-woxy, and Foxy-woxy said to Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey: "Where are you going, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey?" And Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey said to Foxy-woxy: "We're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling." "Oh! but this is not the way to the king, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey," says Foxy-woxy; "I know the proper way; shall I show it you?" "Oh, certainly, Foxy-woxy," said Henny-Penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey. So Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, Turkey-lurkey, and Foxy-woxy all went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they came to a narrow and dark hole. Now this was the door of Foxy-woxy's cave. But Foxy-woxy said to Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey: "This is the short way to the king's palace; you'll soon get there if you follow me. I will go first and you come after, Henny-Penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey." "Why of course, certainly, without doubt, why not?" said Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey.

So Foxy-woxy went into his cave, and he did n't go very far, but turned round to wait for Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey. So at last at first Turkey-lurkey went through the dark hole into the cave. He had n't got far when "Hrumph," Foxy-woxy snapped off Turkey-lurkey's head and threw his body over his left shoulder. Then Goosey-poosey went in, and "Hrumph," off went her head and Goosey-poosey was thrown beside Turkey-lurkey. Then Ducky-daddles waddled down, and "Hrumph," snapped Foxy-woxy, and Ducky-daddles' head was off and Ducky-daddles was thrown alongside Turkey-lurkey and Goosey-poosey. Then Cocky-locky strutted down into the cave, and he had n't gone far when "Snap, Hrumph!" went Foxy-woxy and Cocky-locky was thrown alongside of Turkey-lurkey, Goosey-poosey, and Ducky-daddles.

But Foxy-woxy had made two bites at Cocky-locky, and when the first snap only hurt Cocky-locky, but did n't kill him, he called out to Henny-penny. But she turned tail and off she ran home, so she never told the king the sky was a-falling.

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The favorite story of "Teeny-Tiny" is taken from Halliwell, who obtained it from oral tradition, and by whom it was, apparently, first put into print. "This simple tale," he says, "seldom fails to rivet the attention of children, especially if well told. The last two words should be said loudly with a start." Many modern story-tellers seem to prefer modified forms of this story, presumably owing to a feeling on their part that the bone and the churchyard have gruesome suggestions. Carolyn S. Bailey gives one of the best of these modified forms in her

Firelight Stories, where the woman goes into a field instead of the churchyard, finds a hen at the foot of a tree, thinks this is a chance to have an egg for her breakfast, puts the hen in her reticule, goes home, puts the hen in her cupboard, and goes upstairs to take a nap. Of course the "teeny-tiny" goes in at every point. Substituting "hen" for "bone," the story continues substantially as given below.

TEENY-TINY

Once upon a time there was a teeny-tiny woman lived in a teeny-tiny house in a teeny-tiny village. Now, one day this teeny-tiny woman put on her teeny-tiny bonnet, and went out of her teeny-tiny house to take a teeny-tiny walk. And when this teeny-tiny woman had gone a teeny-tiny way, she came to a teeny-tiny gate; so the teeny-tiny woman opened the teeny-tiny gate, and went into a teeny-tiny churchyard. And when this teeny-tiny woman had got into the teeny-tiny churchyard, she saw a teeny-tiny bone on a teeny-tiny grave, and the teeny-tiny woman said to her teeny-tiny self, "This teeny-tiny bone will make me some teeny-tiny soup for my teeny-tiny supper." So the teeny-tiny woman put the teeny-tiny bone into her teeny-tiny pocket, and went home to her teeny-tiny house.

Now when the teeny-tiny woman got home to her teeny-tiny house, she was a teeny-tiny tired; so she went up her teeny-tiny stairs to her teeny-tiny bed, and put the teeny-tiny bone into a teeny-tiny cupboard. And when this teeny-tiny woman had been to sleep a teeny-tiny time, she was awakened by a teeny-tiny voice from the teeny-tiny cupboard, which said:

"GIVE ME MY BONE!"

And this teeny-tiny woman was a teeny-tiny frightened, so she hid her teeny-tiny head under the teeny-tiny clothes and went to sleep again. And when she had been to sleep again a teeny-tiny time, the teeny-tiny voice again cried out from the teeny-tiny cupboard a teeny-tiny louder,

"GIVE ME MY BONE!"

This made the teeny-tiny woman a teeny-tiny more frightened, so she hid her teeny-tiny head a teeny-tiny farther under the teeny-tiny clothes. And when the teeny-tiny woman had been to sleep again a teeny-tiny time, the teeny-tiny voice from the teeny-tiny cupboard said again a teeny-tiny louder,

"GIVE ME MY BONE!"

And this teeny-tiny woman was a teeny-tiny bit more frightened, but she put her teeny-tiny head out of the teeny-tiny clothes, and said in her loudest teeny-tiny voice,

"TAKE IT!"

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The very old story that follows is taken from Halliwell, and is, according to Jacobs, scarcely more than a variant of "The Old Woman and Her Pig." Like that story, "The Cat and the Mouse" appeals to small people by its pronounced rhythmical structure, accentuated by the rhyme which marks the transition to each new section, and by the "run" at the close.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

The cat and the mouse
Played in the malt-house:

The cat bit the mouse's tail off.
"Pray, puss, give me my tail."

"No," said the cat, "I'll not give you your tail till you go to the cow and fetch me some milk."

First she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the cow, and thus began:

"Pray, cow, give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again."

"No," said the cow, "I will give you no milk till you go to the farmer and fetch me some hay."

First she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the farmer, and thus began:

"Pray, farmer, give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again."

"No," said the farmer, "I'll give you no hay till you go to the butcher and fetch me some meat."

First she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the butcher, and thus began:

"Pray, butcher, give me meat, that I may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again."

"No," said the butcher, "I'll give you no meat till you go to the baker and fetch me some bread."

First she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the baker, and thus began:

"Pray, baker, give me bread, that I may give butcher bread, that butcher may give me meat, that I may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again."

"Yes," said the baker, "I'll give you some bread,
But if you eat my meal, I'll cut off your head."

Then the baker gave mouse bread, and mouse gave butcher bread, and butcher gave mouse meat, and mouse gave farmer meat, and farmer gave mouse hay, and mouse gave cow hay, and cow gave mouse milk, and mouse gave cat milk, and cat gave mouse her own tail again.

151

The following story is in the most familiar version of Halliwell's collection. Another much-used form of the story may be found in Lang's *Green Fairy Book*, in which the pigs are distinctly characterized and given the names of Browny, Whitey, and Blacky. Jacobs uses the Halliwell version in his *English Fairy Tales*, but prefixes to it an opening formula which seems to have been much in use by old story-tellers as a way of beginning almost any oral story for children:

"Once upon a time when pigs spoke rhyme
And monkeys chewed tobacco,
And hens took snuff to make them tough,
And ducks went quack, quack, quack, O!"

THE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Once upon a time there was an old sow with three little pigs, and as she had not enough to keep them, she sent them out to seek their fortune. The first that went off met a man with a bundle of straw, and said to him:

"Please, man, give me that straw to build me a house."

Which the man did, and the little pig built a house with it. Presently came along a wolf, and knocked at the door, and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

To which the pig answered:

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny chin chin."

The wolf then answered to that:

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew his house in, and ate up the little pig.

The second little pig met a man with a bundle of furze and said:

"Please, man, give me that furze to build a house."

Which the man did, and the pig built his house. Then along came the wolf, and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny chin chin."

"Then I'll puff, and I'll huff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and at last he blew the house down, and he ate up the little pig.

The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks, and said:

"Please, man, give me those bricks to build a house with."

So the man gave him the bricks, and he built his house with them. So the wolf came, as he did to the other little pigs, and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair on my chinny chin chin."

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

Well, he huffed, and he puffed, and he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and huffed; but he could *not* get the house down. When he found that he could not, with all his huffing and puffing, blow the house down, he said:

"Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips."

"Where?" said the little pig.

"Oh, in Mr. Smith's Home-field, and if you will be ready to-morrow morning I will call for you, and we will go together and get some for dinner."

"Very well," said the little pig, "I will be ready. What time do you mean to go?"

"Oh, at six o'clock."

Well, the little pig got up at five and got the turnips before the wolf came (which he did about six), who said:

"Little pig, are you ready?"

The little pig said: "Ready! I have been and come back again, and got a nice potful for dinner."

The wolf felt very angry at this, but thought that he would be *up to* the little pig somehow or other, so he said:

"Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple-tree."

"Where?" said the pig.

"Down at Merry-garden," replied the wolf, "and if you will not deceive me I will come for you at five o'clock to-morrow and we will go together and get some apples."

Well, the little pig bustled up the next morning at four o'clock, and went off for the apples, hoping to get back before the wolf came; but he had farther to go and had to climb the tree, so that just as he was coming down from it, he saw the wolf coming, which, as you may suppose, frightened him very much. When the wolf came up he said:

"Little pig, what! are you here before me? Are they nice apples?"

"Yes, very," said the little pig. "I will throw you down one.'

And he threw it so far that, while the wolf was gone to pick it up, the little pig jumped down and ran home. The next day the wolf came again and said to the little pig:

"Little pig, there is a fair at Shanklin this afternoon. Will you go?"

"Oh, yes," said the pig, "I will go. What time shall you be ready?"

"At three," said the wolf. So the little pig went off before the time as usual, and got to the fair and bought a butter-churn, which he was going home with, when he saw the wolf coming. Then he could not tell what to do. So he got into the churn to hide, and by so doing turned it round, and it rolled down the hill with the pig in it, which frightened the wolf so much that he ran home without going to the fair. He went to the little pig's house and told him how frightened he had been by a great round thing which came down the hill past him. Then the little pig said:

"Hah, I frightened you, then. I had been to the fair and bought a butter-churn, and when I saw you, I got into it and rolled down the hill."

Then the wolf was very angry indeed, and declared he *would* eat up the little pig and that he would get down the chimney after him. When the little pig saw what he was about, he hung on the pot full of water and made up a blazing fire, and, just as the wolf was coming down, took off the cover, and in fell the wolf; so the little pig put on the cover again in an instant, boiled him up, and ate him for supper, and lived happy ever afterwards.

152

How great calamities sometimes grow out of small causes is illustrated in an old proverbial saying of Poor Richard (see No. 137). The favorite English folk-tale version of this theme, taken from Halliwell, is given below. It takes the form of an accumulative droll, or comic story. The overwhelming catastrophe at the end is so complete and so unexpected that it has a decidedly humorous effect.

TITTY MOUSE AND TATTY MOUSE

Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse both lived in a house,
Titty Mouse went a leasing and Tatty Mouse went a leasing,
So they both went a leasing.
Titty Mouse leased an ear of corn, and Tatty Mouse leased an ear of corn,
So they both leased an ear of corn.
Titty Mouse made a pudding, and Tatty Mouse made a pudding,
So they both made a pudding.
And Tatty Mouse put her pudding into the pot to boil,
But when Titty went to put hers in, the pot tumbled over, and scalded her to death.

Then Tatty sat down and wept; then a three-legged stool said: "Tatty, why do you weep?" "Titty's dead," said Tatty, "and so I weep." "Then," said the stool, "I'll hop," so the stool hopped.

Then a broom in the corner of the room said: "Stool, why do you hop?" "Oh!" said the stool, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and so I hop." "Then," said the broom, "I'll sweep," so the broom began to sweep.

"Then," said the door, "Broom, why do you sweep?" "Oh!" said the broom, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and so I sweep." "Then," said the door, "I'll jar," so the door jarred.

"Then," said the window, "Door, why do you jar?" "Oh," said the door, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, and so I jar."

"Then," said the window, "I'll creak," so the window creaked. Now there was an old form outside the house, and when the window creaked, the form said: "Window, why do you creak?" "Oh!" said the window, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, the door jars, and so I creak."

"Then," said the old form, "I'll run round the house"; then the old form ran round the house. Now there was a fine large walnut-tree growing by the cottage, and the tree said to the form: "Form, why do you run round the house?" "Oh!" said the form, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, and so I run round the house."

"Then," said the walnut-tree, "I'll shed my leaves," so the walnut-tree shed all its beautiful green leaves. Now there was a little bird perched on one of the boughs of the tree, and when all the leaves fell, it said: "Walnut-tree, why do you shed your leaves?" "Oh!" said the tree, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, the old form runs round the house, and so I shed my leaves."

"Then," said the little bird, "I'll moult all my feathers," so he moulted all his pretty feathers. Now there was a little girl walking below, carrying a jug of milk for her brothers' and sisters' supper, and when she saw the poor little bird moult all its feathers, she said: "Little bird, why do you moult all your feathers?" "Oh!" said the little bird, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, the old form runs round the house, the walnut-tree sheds its leaves, and so I moult all my feathers."

"Then," said the little girl, "I'll spill the milk," so she dropt the pitcher and spilt the milk. Now there was an old man just by on the top of a ladder thatching a rick, and when he saw the little girl spill the milk, he said: "Little girl, what do you mean by spilling the milk?—your little brothers and sisters must go without their supper." Then said the little girl: "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, the old form runs round the house, the walnut-tree sheds all its leaves, the little bird moults all its feathers, and so I spill the milk."

"Oh!" said the old man, "then I'll tumble off the ladder and break my neck," so he tumbled off the ladder and broke his neck; and when the old man broke his neck, the great walnut-tree fell down with a crash and upset the old form and house, and the house falling knocked the window out, and the window knocked the door down, and the door upset the broom, and the broom upset the stool, and poor little Tatty Mouse was buried beneath the ruins.

153

"The Story of the Three Bears" is perhaps the only instance in which a piece of literature by a known English author is found among accepted folk tales. It appeared in Robert Southey's rambling miscellany, *The Doctor* (1837). He may have taken it from an old tale, but no amount of investigation has located any certain source. In the most familiar versions the naughty old woman gives place to a little girl whose name is Goldenhair, Goldilocks, Silverhair, or Silverlocks. The point to the story is lessened by the change, but the popularity of these modifications seems to suggest that children prefer to have the ill-mannered old woman turned into an attractive little girl. Southey apparently was delighted with efforts to bring his story into any form more pleasing to the folk, and we find his son-in-law saying that he was especially pleased with a versification "by G. N. and published especially for the amusement of 'little people' lest in the volumes of *The Doctor* it should 'escape their sight.'" However, it would appear that teachers at least should know this masterpiece in the only form in which its author put it. To that end this version of "The Three Bears" follows Southey with the change of a single word. At the head of the story he placed these lines from Gascoyne:

"A tale which may content the minds
Of learned men and grave philosophers."

THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS

ROBERT SOUTHEY

Once upon a time there were Three Bears who lived together in a house of their own in a wood. One of them was a Little, Small, Wee Bear; and one was a Middle-sized Bear, and the other was a Great, Huge Bear. They had each a pot for their porridge; a little pot for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear; and a great pot for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a chair to sit in; a little chair for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized chair for the Middle Bear; and a great chair for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a bed to sleep in; a little bed for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized bed for the Middle Bear; and a great bed for the Great, Huge Bear.

One day after they had made the porridge for their breakfast and poured it into their porridge-pots, they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths by beginning too soon to eat it. And while they were walking, a little old Woman came to the house. She could not have been a good, honest old Woman; for first she looked in at the window and then she peeped in at the keyhole; and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, because the Bears were good Bears, who did nobody any harm and never suspected that anybody would harm them. So the little old Woman opened the door and went in, and well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table. If she had been a good little old Woman, she would have waited till the Bears came home, and then perhaps they would have asked her to breakfast, for they were good Bears—a little rough or so, as the manner of Bears is, but for all that very good-natured and hospitable. But she was an impudent, bad old Woman, and set about helping herself.

So first she tasted the porridge of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her; and she said a bad word about that. And then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her; and she said a bad word about that too. And then she went to the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and tasted that; and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right; and she liked it so well that she ate it all up. But the naughty old Woman said a bad word about the little porridge-pot because it did not hold enough for her.

Then the little old Woman sat down in the chair of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her. And then she sat down in the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her. And then she sat down in the chair of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it, and there she sat till the bottom of the chair came out, and down she came, plump upon the ground. And the naughty old Woman said a wicked word about that too.

Then the little old Woman went upstairs into the bed-chamber in which the three Bears slept. And first she lay down upon the bed of the Great, Huge Bear; but that was too high at the head for her. And next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Bear, and that was too high at the foot for her. And then she lay down upon the bed of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that was neither too high at the head nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself up comfortably and lay there till she fell fast asleep.

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough, so they came home to breakfast. Now the little old Woman had left the spoon of the Great, Huge Bear standing in his porridge.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!" said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice. And when the Middle Bear looked at his, he saw that the spoon was standing in it too. They were wooden spoons; if they had been silver ones, the naughty old Woman would have put them in her pocket.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!" said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

Then the Little, Small, Wee Bear looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge-pot, but the porridge was all gone.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE, AND HAS EATEN IT ALL UP!" said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Upon this the Three Bears, seeing that some one had entered their house and eaten up the Little, Small, Wee Bear's breakfast, began to look about them. Now the little old Woman had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great, Huge Bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And the little old Woman had squatted down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And you know what the little old Woman had done to the third chair.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR AND HAS SAT THE BOTTOM OUT OF IT!" said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Then the three Bears thought it necessary that they should make further search; so they went upstairs into their bed-chamber. Now the little old Woman had pulled the pillow of the Great, Huge Bear out of its place.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!" said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And the little old Woman had pulled

the bolster of the Middle Bear out of its place.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!" said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And when the Little, Small, Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its right place, and the pillow in its place upon the bolster; and upon the pillow was the little old Woman's ugly, dirty head,— which was not in its place, for she had no business there.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED,—AND HERE SHE IS!" said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

The little old Woman had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great, Huge Bear; but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind or the rumbling of thunder. And she had heard the middle voice of the Middle Bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, it was so sharp and so shrill that it awakened her at once. Up she started; and when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled herself out at the other and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the Bears, like good, tidy Bears as they were, always opened their bed-chamber window when they got up in the morning. Out the little old Woman jumped; and whether she broke her neck in the fall, or ran into the wood and was lost there, or found her way out of the wood and was taken up by the constable and sent to the House of Correction for a vagrant, as she was, I cannot tell. But the Three Bears never saw anything more of her.

154

A noodle story is a droll, or comic story, that follows the fortunes of very simple or stupid characters. There are many noodle stories among the favorites of the folk, and the three immediately following are among the best known. This version of "The Three Sillies" was collected from oral tradition in Suffolk, England. In the original the dangerous tool was an ax, but the collector informed Mr. Hartland, in whose *English Fairy and Folk Tales* it is reprinted, that she had found it was really "a great big wooden mallet, as some one had left sticking there when they'd been *making-up* the beer." This change, following the example of Jacobs, is made in the text of the story. This particular droll is widespread. Grimms' "Clever Elsie" is the same story, and a French version, "The Six Sillies," is in Lang's *Red Fairy Book*. A very fine Italian version, called "Bastienelo," is given in Crane's *Italian Popular Tales*. The tendency of people to "borrow trouble" is so universal that stories illustrating its ludicrous consequences have always had wide appeal. Some details of these variants are due to local environments. For instance, in the Italian story wine takes the place of beer, and it has been pointed out that there are "borrowing trouble" stories found in New York and Ohio in which the thing feared is the heavy iron door closing the mouth of the oven which in pioneer days was built in by the side of the fireplace.

THE THREE SILLIES

Once upon a time there was a farmer and his wife who had one daughter, and she was courted by a gentleman. Every evening he used to come and see her, and stop to supper at the farmhouse, and the daughter used to be sent down into the cellar to draw the beer for supper. So one evening she had gone down to draw the beer, and she happened to look up at the ceiling while she was drawing, and she saw a mallet stuck in one of the beams. It must have been there a long, long time, but somehow or other she had never noticed it before, and she began a-thinking. And she thought it was very dangerous to have that mallet there, for she said to herself: "Suppose him and me was to be married, and we was to have a son, and he was to grow up to be a man, and come down into the cellar to draw the beer, like as I'm doing now, and the mallet was to fall on his head and kill him, what a dreadful thing it would be!" And she put down the candle and the jug, and sat herself down and began a-crying.

Well, they began to wonder upstairs how it was that she was so long drawing the beer, and her mother went down to see after her, and she found her sitting on the settle crying, and the beer running over the floor. "Why, whatever is the matter?" said her mother.

"Oh, mother!" says she, "look at that horrid mallet! Suppose we was to be married, and was to have a son, and he was to grow up, and was to come down to the cellar to draw the beer, and the mallet was to fall on his head and kill him, what a dreadful thing it would be!"

"Dear, dear! what a dreadful thing it would be!" said the mother, and she sat her down aside of the daughter and started a-crying too.

Then after a bit the father began to wonder that they didn't come back, and he went down into the cellar to look after them himself, and there they two sat a-crying, and the beer running all over the floor.

"Whatever is the matter?" says he.

"Why," says the mother, "look at that horrid mallet. Just suppose, if our daughter and her sweetheart was to be married, and was to have a son, and he was to grow up, and was to come down into the cellar to draw the beer, and the mallet was to fall on his head and kill him, what a dreadful thing it would be!"

"Dear, dear, dear! so it would!" said the father, and he sat himself down aside of the other two, and started a-crying.

Now the gentleman got tired of stopping up in the kitchen by himself, and at last he went down into the cellar too, to see what they were after; and there they three sat a-crying side by side, and the beer running all over the floor. And he ran straight and turned the tap. Then he said: "Whatever are you three doing, sitting there crying, and letting the beer run all over the floor?"

"Oh!" says the father, "look at that horrid mallet! Suppose you and our daughter was to be married, and was to have a son, and he was to grow up, and was to come down into the cellar to draw the beer, and the mallet was to fall on his head and kill him!" And then they all started a-crying worse than before.

But the gentleman burst out a-laughing, and reached up and pulled out the mallet, and then he said: "I've traveled many miles, and I never met three such big sillies as you three before; and now I shall start out on my travels again, and when I can find three bigger sillies than you three, then I'll come back and marry your daughter." So he wished them good-bye, and started off on his travels, and left them all crying because the girl had lost her sweetheart.

Well, he set out, and he traveled a long way, and at last he came to a woman's cottage that had some grass growing on the roof. And the woman was trying to get her cow to go up a ladder to the grass, and the poor thing durst not go. So the gentleman asked the woman what she was doing. "Why, lookye," she said, "look at all that beautiful grass. I'm going to get the cow on to the roof to eat it. She'll be quite safe, for I shall tie a string round her neck, and pass it down the chimney, and tie it to my wrist as I go about the house, so she can't fall off without my knowing it."

"Oh, you poor silly!" said the gentleman, "you should cut the grass and throw it down to the cow!" But the woman thought it was easier to get the cow up the ladder than to get the grass down, so she pushed her and coaxed her and got her up, and tied a string round her neck, and passed it down the chimney, and fastened it to her own wrist. And the gentleman went on his way, but he hadn't gone far when the cow tumbled off the roof, and hung by the string tied round her neck, and it strangled her. And the weight of the cow tied to her wrist pulled the woman up the chimney, and she stuck fast half-way and was smothered in the soot.

Well, that was one big silly.

And the gentleman went on and on, and he went to an inn to stop the night, and they were so full at the inn that they had to put him in a double-bedded room, and another traveller was to sleep in the other bed. The other man was a very pleasant fellow, and they got very friendly together; but in the morning, when they were both getting up, the gentleman was surprised to see the other hang his trousers on the knobs of the chest of drawers and run across the room and try to jump into them, and he tried over and over again, and couldn't manage it; and the gentleman wondered whatever he was doing it for. At last he stopped and wiped his face with his handkerchief. "Oh, dear," he says, "I do think trousers are the most awkwardest kind of clothes that ever were. I can't think who could have invented such things. It takes me the best part of an hour to get into mine every morning, and I get so hot! How do you manage yours?" So the gentleman burst out a-laughing, and showed him how to put them on; and he was very much obliged to him, and said he never should have thought of doing it that way.

So that was another big silly.

Then the gentleman went on his travels again; and he came to a village, and outside the village there was a pond, and round the pond was a crowd of people. And they had got rakes, and brooms, and pitchforks, reaching into the pond; and the gentleman asked what was the matter.

"Why," they said, "matter enough! Moon's tumbled into the pond, and we can't rake her out anyhow!"

So the gentleman burst out a-laughing, and told them to look up into the sky, and that it was only the shadow in the water. But they wouldn't listen to him, and abused him shamefully, and he got away as quick as he could.

So there was a whole lot of sillies bigger than the three sillies at home. So the gentleman turned back home again and married the farmer's daughter, and if they didn't live happy for ever after, that's nothing to do with you or me.

155

There seemed to be a feeling common among the folk that simple-minded persons were in the special care of Providence. Hence, sometimes the achievement of success beyond the power of wiser and cleverer individuals. "Lazy Jack" comes from the

Halliwell collection. "The humor lies in the contrast between what Jack did and what anybody 'with sense' knows he ought to have done." A parallel story is the Grimms' "Hans in Luck." A most striking and popular Americanization of it is Sara Cone Bryant's "The Story of Epaminondas and His Auntie" in her *Stories to Tell to Children.*

LAZY JACK

Once upon a time there was a boy whose name was Jack, and he lived with his mother on a dreary common. They were very poor, and the old woman got her living by spinning, but Jack was so lazy that he would do nothing but bask in the sun in the hot weather and sit by the corner of the hearth in the winter time. His mother could not persuade him to do anything for her and was obliged at last to tell him that if he did not begin to work for his porridge she would turn him out to get his living as he could.

This threat at length roused Jack, and he went out and hired himself for the day to a neighboring farmer for a penny; but as he was coming home, never having had any money in his possession before, he lost it in passing over a brook. "You stupid boy," said his mother, "you should have put it in your pocket."

"I'll do so another time," replied Jack.

The next day Jack went out again and hired himself to a cowkeeper, who gave him a jar of milk for his day's work. Jack took the jar and put it into the large pocket of his jacket, spilling it all long before he got home. "Dear me!" said the old woman; "you should have carried it on your head."

"I'll do so another time," said Jack.

The following day Jack hired himself again to a farmer, who agreed to give him a cream cheese for his services. In the evening Jack took the cheese and went home with it on his head. By the time he got home the cheese was completely spoilt, part of it being lost and part matted with his hair. "You stupid lout," said his mother, "you should have carried it very carefully in your hands."

"I'll do so another time," replied Jack.

The day after this Jack again went out and hired himself to a baker, who would give him nothing for his work but a large tomcat. Jack took the cat and began carrying it very carefully in his hands, but in a short time pussy scratched him so much that he was compelled to let it go. When he got home, his mother said to him: "You silly fellow, you should have tied it with a string and dragged it along after you."

"I'll do so another time," said Jack.

The next day Jack hired himself to a butcher, who rewarded his labors by the handsome present of a shoulder of mutton. Jack took the mutton, tied it to a string, and trailed it along after him in the dirt, so that by the time he had got home the meat was completely spoilt. His mother was this time quite out of patience with him, for the next day was Sunday, and she was obliged to content herself with cabbage for her dinner. "You ninney-hammer," said she to her son, "you should have carried it on your shoulder."

"I'll do so another time," replied Jack.

On the Monday Jack went once more and hired himself to a cattle-keeper, who gave him a donkey for his trouble. Although Jack was very strong, he found some difficulty in hoisting the donkey on his shoulders, but at last he accomplished it and began walking slowly home with his prize. Now it happened that in the course of his journey there lived a rich man with his only daughter, a beautiful girl, but unfortunately deaf and dumb. She had never laughed in her life, and the doctors said she would never recover till somebody made her laugh. This young lady happened to be looking out of the window when Jack was passing with the donkey on his shoulders, the legs sticking up in the air, and the sight was so comical and strange that she burst out into a great fit of laughter, and immediately recovered her speech and hearing. Her father was overjoyed, and fulfilled his promise by marrying her to Jack, who was thus made a rich gentleman. They lived in a large house, and Jack's mother lived with them in great happiness until she died.

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The following noodle story is from Halliwell as obtained from oral tradition in the west of England. It is a variant of the "Lazy Jack" type.

THE STORY OF MR. VINEGAR

Mr. and Mrs. Vinegar lived in a vinegar bottle. Now, one day when Mr. Vinegar was from home and Mrs. Vinegar, who was a very good housewife, was busily sweeping her house, an unlucky thump of the broom brought the whole house clitter-clatter about her ears. In a paroxysm of grief she rushed forth to meet her husband. On seeing him she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Vinegar, Mr. Vinegar, we are ruined, we are ruined: I have knocked the house down, and it is all to pieces!"

Mr. Vinegar then said: "My dear, let us see what can be done. Here is the door; I will take it on my back, and we will go forth to seek our fortune."

They walked all that day and at nightfall entered a thick forest. They were both excessively tired, and Mr. Vinegar said: "My love, I will climb up into a tree, drag up the door, and you shall follow." He accordingly did so, and they both stretched their weary limbs on the door, and fell fast asleep.

In the middle of the night Mr. Vinegar was disturbed by the sound of voices beneath, and to his inexpressible dismay perceived that a party of thieves were met to divide their booty. "Here, Jack," said one, "here's five pounds for you; here, Bill, here's ten pounds for you; here, Bob, here's three pounds for you."

Mr. Vinegar could listen no longer: his terror was so intense that he trembled most violently and shook down the door on their heads. Away scampered the thieves, but Mr. Vinegar dared not quit his retreat till broad daylight. He then scrambled out of the tree and went to lift up the door. What did he behold but a number of golden guineas! "Come down, Mrs. Vinegar," he cried; "come down, I say; our fortune's made! Come down, I say."

Mrs. Vinegar got down as fast as she could and saw the money with equal delight. "Now, my dear," said she, "I'll tell you what you shall do. There is a fair at the neighboring town; you shall take these forty guineas and buy a cow. I can make butter and cheese, which you shall sell at market, and we shall then be able to live very comfortably."

Mr. Vinegar joyfully assents, takes the money, and goes off to the fair. When he arrived, he walked up and down, and at length saw a beautiful red cow. It was an excellent milker and perfect in every respect. "Oh," thought Mr. Vinegar, "if I had but that cow, I should be the happiest man alive." So he offers the forty guineas for the cow, and the owner declaring that, as he was a friend, he'd oblige him, the bargain was made. Proud of his purchase, he drove the cow backwards and forwards to show it. By-and-by he saw a man playing the bagpipes—*tweedle-dum, tweedle-dee*. The children followed him about, and he appeared to be pocketing money on all sides. "Well," thought Mr. Vinegar, "if I had but that beautiful instrument, I should be the happiest man alive—my fortune would be made." So he went up to the man. "Friend," says he, "what a beautiful instrument that is, and what a deal of money you must make."

"Why, yes," said the man, "I make a great deal of money, to be sure, and it is a wonderful instrument."

"Oh!" cried Mr. Vinegar, "how I should like to possess it!"

"Well," said the man, "as you are a friend, I don't much mind parting with it; you shall have it for that red cow."

"Done!" said the delighted Mr. Vinegar. So the beautiful red cow was given for the bagpipes. He walked up and down with his purchase; but in vain he attempted to play a tune, and instead of pocketing pence, the boys followed him hooting, laughing, and pelting.

Poor Mr. Vinegar, his fingers grew very cold, and heartily ashamed and mortified, he was leaving the town, when he met a man with a fine thick pair of gloves. "Oh, my fingers are so very cold," said Mr. Vinegar to himself. "If I had but those beautiful gloves I should be the happiest man alive." He went up to the man, and said to him: "Friend, you seem to have a capital pair of gloves there."

"Yes, truly," cried the man; "and my hands are as warm as possible this cold November day."

"Well," said Mr. Vinegar, "I should like to have them."

"What will you give?" said the man; "as you are a friend, I don't much mind letting you have them for those bagpipes."

"Done!" cried Mr. Vinegar. He put on the gloves, and felt perfectly happy as he trudged homewards.

At last he grew very tired, when he saw a man coming towards him with a good stout stick in his hand. "Oh," said Mr. Vinegar, "that I but had that stick! I should then be the happiest man alive." He accosted the man: "Friend! what a rare good stick you have got."

"Yes," said the man; "I have used it for many a long mile, and a good friend it has been; but if you have a fancy for it, as you are a friend, I don't mind giving it to you for that pair of gloves." Mr. Vinegar's hands were so warm, and his legs so tired, that he gladly exchanged.

As he drew near to the wood where he had left his wife, he heard a parrot on a tree calling out his name: "Mr. Vinegar, you foolish man, you blockhead, you simpleton; you went to the fair and laid out all your money in buying a cow. Not content with that, you changed it for bagpipes, on which you could not play and which were not worth one-tenth of the money. You fool, you—you had no sooner got the bagpipes than you changed them for the gloves, which were not worth one-quarter of the money;

and when you had got the gloves, you changed them for a poor miserable stick; and now for your forty guineas, cow, bagpipes, and gloves, you have nothing to show but that poor miserable stick, which you might have cut in any hedge." On this the bird laughed immoderately, and Mr. Vinegar, falling into a violent rage, threw the stick at its head. The stick lodged in the tree, and he returned to his wife without money, cow, bagpipes, gloves, or stick, and she instantly gave him such a sound cudgelling that she almost broke every bone in his skin.

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One of the greatest favorites among nursery tales is the story of that Jack who showed "an inquiring mind, a great courage and enterprise," and who climbed the ladder of fortune when he mounted his bean-stalk. The traditional versions of this story are nearly all crude and unsatisfactory, as are those of many of the English tales. Joseph Jacobs made a remarkably fine literary version in his *English Fairy Tales* from memories of his Australian childhood. He materially shortens the story by omitting the fairy lady, who, he suggests, was put in "to prevent the tale becoming an encouragement to theft." He also made Jack's character more consistent by making him more sympathetic and kind at the beginning and less of a "ne'er-do-well," though the noodle element in the selling of the cow could not be eliminated. Andrew Lang, in his *Green Fairy Book*, gives an excellent version of the story in its most extended form. Both the versions mentioned introduce, when the giant comes in, the formula generally associated with "Jack the Giant Killer":

"Fee-fi-fo-fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman,
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

The version chosen for use here contains the elements of the story most familiar to past generations and is probably as near the commoner oral traditions as it is possible to secure. It is taken from Miss Mulock's *The Fairy Book*, a very fine selection of tales, first published in 1863, and still widely used. Miss Muloch (Dinah Maria Craik, 1826–1887) is best known as the author of the popular novel *John Halifax, Gentleman.*

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK

In the days of King Alfred there lived a poor woman, whose cottage was in a remote country village, many miles from London. She had been a widow some years, and had an only child named Jack, whom she indulged so much that he never paid the least attention to anything she said, but was indolent, careless, and extravagant. His follies were not owing to a bad disposition, but to his mother's foolish partiality. By degrees he spent all that she had—scarcely anything remained but a cow.

One day, for the first time in her life, she reproached him: "Cruel, cruel boy! you have at last brought me to beggary. I have not money enough to purchase even a bit of bread; nothing now remains to sell but my poor cow! I am sorry to part with her; it grieves me sadly, but we cannot starve."

For a few minutes Jack felt remorse, but it was soon over, and he began asking his mother to let him sell the cow at the next village, teasing her so much that she at last consented. As he was going along he met a butcher, who inquired why he was driving the cow from home. Jack replied that he was going to sell her. The butcher held some curious beans in his hat; they were of various colors, and attracted Jack's attention. This did not pass unnoticed by the man, who, knowing Jack's easy temper, thought now was the time to take an advantage of it; and, determined not to let slip so good an opportunity, asked what was the price of the cow, offering at the same time all the beans in his hat for her. The silly boy could not conceal the pleasure he felt at what he supposed so great an offer. The bargain was struck instantly, and the cow exchanged for a few paltry beans. Jack made the best of his way home, calling aloud to his mother before he reached the door, thinking to surprise her.

When she saw the beans, and heard Jack's account, her patience quite forsook her. She tossed the beans out of the window, where they fell on the garden-bed below. Then she threw her apron over her head, and cried bitterly. Jack attempted to console her, but in vain, and, not having anything to eat, they both went supperless to bed.

Jack awoke early in the morning, and seeing something uncommon darkening the window of his bed-chamber, ran down stairs into the garden, where he found some of the beans had taken root and sprung up surprisingly. The stalks were of an immense thickness, and had twined together until they formed a ladder like a chain, and so high that the top appeared to be lost in the clouds.

Jack was an adventurous lad; he determined to climb up to the top, and ran to tell his mother, not doubting but that she would be equally pleased with himself. She declared he should not go; said it would break her heart if he did; entreated and threatened, but all in vain. Jack set out, and after climbing for some hours reached the top of the bean-stalk, quite exhausted. Looking around, he found himself in a strange country. It appeared to be a barren desert; not a tree, shrub, house, or living creature was to be seen; here and there were scattered fragments of stone, and at unequal distances small heaps of earth were loosely thrown together.

Jack seated himself pensively upon a block of stone and thought of his mother. He reflected with sorrow upon his disobedience in climbing the bean-stalk against her will, and concluded that he must die of hunger. However, he walked on, hoping to see a house where he might beg something to eat and drink. He did not find it; but he saw at a distance a beautiful lady walking all alone. She was elegantly clad, and carried a white wand, at the top of which sat a peacock of pure gold.

Jack, who was a gallant fellow, went straight up to her, when, with a bewitching smile, she asked him how he came there. He told her all about the bean-stalk. The lady answered him by a question, "Do you remember your father, young man?"

"No, madam; but I am sure there is some mystery about him, for when I name him to my mother she always begins to weep and will tell me nothing."

"She dare not," replied the lady, "but I can and will. For know, young man, that I am a fairy, and was your father's guardian. But fairies are bound by laws as well as mortals; and by an error of mine I lost my power for a term of years, so that I was unable to succor your father when he most needed it, and he died." Here the fairy looked so sorrowful that Jack's heart warmed to her, and he begged her earnestly to tell him more.

"I will; only you must promise to obey me in everything, or you will perish yourself."

Jack was brave, and, besides, his fortunes were so bad they could not well be worse,—so he promised.

The fairy continued: "Your father, Jack, was a most excellent, amiable, generous man. He had a good wife, faithful servants, plenty of money; but he had one misfortune—a false friend. This was a giant, whom he had succored in misfortune, and who returned his kindness by murdering him and seizing on all his property; also making your mother take a solemn oath that she would never tell you anything about your father, or he would murder both her and you. Then he turned her off with you in her arms, to wander about the wide world as she might. I could not help her, as my power only returned on the day you went to sell your cow.

"It was I," added the fairy, "who impelled you to take the beans, who made the bean-stalk grow, and inspired you with the desire to climb up it to this strange country; for it is here the wicked giant lives who was your father's destroyer. It is you who must avenge him, and rid the world of a monster who never will do anything but evil. I will assist you. You may lawfully take possession of his house and all his riches, for everything he has belonged to your father, and is therefore yours. Now, farewell! Do not let your mother know you are acquainted with your father's history; this is my command, and if you disobey me you will suffer for it. Now go."

Jack asked where he was to go.

"Along the direct road, till you see the house where the giant lives. You must then act according to your own just judgment, and I will guide you if any difficulty arises. Farewell!"

She bestowed on the youth a benignant smile, and vanished.

Jack pursued his journey. He walked on till after sunset, when, to his great joy, he espied a large mansion. A plain-looking woman was at the door. He accosted her, begging she would give him a morsel of bread and a night's lodging. She expressed the greatest surprise, and said it was quite uncommon to see a human being near their house; for it was well known that her husband was a powerful giant, who would never eat anything but human flesh, if he could possibly get it; that he would walk fifty miles to procure it, usually being out the whole day for that purpose.

This account greatly terrified Jack, but still he hoped to elude the giant, and therefore he again entreated the woman to take him in for one night only, and hide him where she thought proper. She at last suffered herself to be persuaded, for she was of a compassionate and generous disposition, and took him into the house. First, they entered a fine large hall, magnificently furnished; they then passed through several spacious rooms, in the same style of grandeur; but all appeared forsaken and desolate. A long gallery came next, it was very dark, just light enough to show that instead of a wall on one side, there was a grating of iron which parted off a dismal dungeon, from whence issued the groans of those victims whom the cruel giant reserved in confinement for his own voracious appetite.

Poor Jack was half dead with fear, and would have given the world to have been with his mother again, for he now began to doubt if he should ever see her more; he even mistrusted the good woman, and thought she had let him into the house for no other purpose than to lock him up among the unfortunate people in the dungeon. However, she bade Jack sit down, and gave him plenty to eat and drink; and he, not seeing anything to make him uncomfortable, soon forgot his fear, and was just beginning to enjoy himself, when he was startled by a loud knocking at the outer door, which made the whole house shake.

"Ah! that's the giant; and if he sees you he will kill you and me too," cried the poor woman, trembling all over. "What shall I do?"

"Hide me in the oven," cried Jack, now as bold as a lion at the thought of being face to face with his father's cruel murderer. So he crept into the oven—for there was no fire near it—and listened to the giant's loud voice and heavy step as he went up and down the kitchen scolding his wife. At last he seated himself at the table, and Jack, peeping through a crevice in the oven, was amazed to see what a quantity of food he devoured. It seemed as if he never would have done eating and drinking; but he did at last, and, leaning back, called to his wife in a voice like thunder:

"Bring me my hen!"

She obeyed, and placed upon the table a very beautiful live hen.

"Lay!" roared the giant, and the hen laid immediately an egg of solid gold.

"Lay another!" and every time the giant said this the hen laid a larger egg than before.

He amused himself a long time with his hen, and then sent his wife to bed, while he fell asleep by the fireside, and snored like the roaring of cannon.

As soon as he was asleep Jack crept out of the oven, seized the hen, and ran off with her. He got safely out of the house, and finding his way along the road he had come, reached the top of the bean-stalk, which he descended in safety.

His mother was overjoyed to see him. She thought he had come to some ill end.

"Not a bit of it, mother. Look here!" and he showed her the hen. "Now lay!" and the hen obeyed him as readily as the giant, and laid as many golden eggs as he desired.

These eggs being sold, Jack and his mother got plenty of money, and for some months lived very happily together; till Jack got another great longing to climb the bean-stalk and carry away some more of the giant's riches. He had told his mother of his adventure, but had been very careful not to say a word about his father. He thought of his journey again and again, but still he could not summon resolution enough to break it to his mother, being well assured that she would endeavor to prevent his going. However, one day he told her boldly that he must take another journey up the bean-stalk. She begged and prayed him not to think of it, and tried all in her power to dissuade him. She told him that the giant's wife would certainly know him again, and that the giant would desire nothing better than to get him into his power, that he might put him to a cruel death in order to be revenged for the loss of his hen. Jack, finding that all his arguments were useless, ceased speaking, though resolved to go at all events. He had a dress prepared which would disguise him, and something to color his skin. He thought it impossible for any one to recollect him in this dress.

A few mornings after, he rose very early, and, unperceived by any one, climbed the bean-stalk a second time. He was greatly fatigued when he reached the top, and very hungry. Having rested some time on one of the stones, he pursued his journey to the giant's mansion, which he reached late in the evening. The woman was at the door as before. Jack addressed her, at the same time telling her a pitiful tale, and requesting that she would give him some victuals and drink, and also a night's lodging.

She told him (what he knew before very well) about her husband's being a powerful and cruel giant, and also that she had one night admitted a poor, hungry, friendless boy; that the little ungrateful fellow had stolen one of the giant's treasures; and ever since that her husband had been worse than before, using her very cruelly, and continually upbraiding her with being the cause of his misfortune.

Jack felt sorry for her, but confessed nothing, and did his best to persuade her to admit him, but found it a very hard task. At last she consented, and as she led the way, Jack observed that everything was just as he had found it before. She took him into the kitchen, and after he had done eating and drinking, she hid him in an old lumber-closet.

The giant returned at the usual time, and walked in so heavily that the house was shaken to its foundation. He seated himself by the fire, and soon after exclaimed, "Wife, I smell fresh meat!"

The wife replied it was the crows, which had brought a piece of raw meat and left it at the top of the house. While supper was preparing, the giant was very ill-tempered and impatient, frequently lifting up his hand to strike his wife for not being quick enough. He was also continually upbraiding her with the loss of his wonderful hen.

At last, having ended his supper, he cried, "Give me something to amuse me—my harp or my money-bags."

"Which will you have, my dear?" said the wife humbly.

"My money-bags, because they are the heaviest to carry," thundered he.

She brought them, staggering under the weight; two bags—one filled with new guineas, and the other with new shillings. She emptied them out on the table, and the giant began counting them in great glee. "Now you may go to bed, you old fool." So the wife crept away.

Jack from his hiding-place watched the counting of the money, which he knew was his poor father's, and wished it was his own; it would give him much less trouble than going about selling the golden eggs. The giant, little thinking he was so narrowly observed, reckoned it all up, and then replaced it in the two bags, which he tied up very carefully and put beside his chair, with his little dog to guard them. At last he fell asleep as before, and snored so loud that Jack compared his noise to the roaring of the sea in a high wind when the tide is coming in.

At last Jack, concluding all secure, stole out, in order to carry off the two bags of money; but just as he laid his hands upon one of them, the little dog, which he had not seen before, started from under the giant's chair and barked most furiously. Instead of endeavoring to escape, Jack stood still, though expecting his enemy to awake every instant. Contrary, however, to his expectation, the giant continued in a sound sleep, and Jack, seeing a piece of meat, threw it to the dog, who at once ceased barking and began to devour it. So Jack carried off the bags, one on each shoulder, but they were so heavy that it took him two whole days to descend the bean-stalk and get back to his mother's door.

When he came he found the cottage deserted. He ran from one room to another, without being able to find any one. He then hastened into the village, hoping to see some of the neighbors who could inform him where he could find his mother. An old woman at last directed him to a neighboring house, where she was ill of a fever. He was greatly shocked at finding her apparently dying, and blamed himself bitterly as the cause of it all. However, at sight of her dear son, the poor woman revived, and slowly recovered health. Jack gave her his two money-bags. They had the cottage rebuilt and well furnished, and lived happier than they had ever done before.

For three years Jack heard no more of the bean-stalk, but he could not forget it, though he feared making his mother unhappy. It was in vain endeavoring to amuse himself; he became thoughtful, and would arise at the first dawn of day, and sit looking at the bean-stalk for hours together.

His mother saw that something preyed upon his mind, and endeavored to discover the cause; but Jack knew too well what the consequence would be should she succeed. He did his utmost, therefore, to conquer the great desire he had for another journey up the bean-stalk. Finding, however, that his inclination grew too powerful for him, he began to make secret preparations for his journey. He got ready a new disguise, better and more complete than the former; and when summer came, on the longest day he woke as soon as it was light, and, without telling his mother, ascended the bean-stalk. He found the road, journey, etc., much as it was on the two former times. He arrived at the giant's mansion in the evening, and found the wife standing, as usual, at the door. Jack had disguised himself so completely that she did not appear to have the least recollection of him; however, when he pleaded hunger and poverty in order to gain admittance, he found it very difficult indeed to persuade her. At last he prevailed, and was concealed in the copper.

When the giant returned, he said furiously, "I smell fresh meat!" But Jack felt quite composed, as he had said so before and had been soon satisfied. However, the giant started up suddenly, and, notwithstanding all his wife could say, he searched all round the room. Whilst this was going forward, Jack was exceedingly terrified, wishing himself at home a thousand times; but when the giant approached the copper, and put his hand on the lid, Jack thought his death was certain. However, nothing happened; for the giant did not take the trouble to lift up the lid, but sat down shortly by the fireside and began to eat his enormous supper. When he had finished, he commanded his wife to fetch down his harp.

Jack peeped under the copper lid and saw a most beautiful harp. The giant placed it on the table, said, "Play!" and it played of its own accord, without anybody touching it, the most exquisite music imaginable.

Jack, who was a very good musician, was delighted, and more anxious to get this than any other of his enemy's treasures. But the giant not being particularly fond of music, the harp had only the effect of lulling him to sleep earlier than usual. As for the wife, she had gone to bed as soon as ever she could.

As soon as he thought all was safe, Jack got out of the copper, and, seizing the harp, was eagerly running off with it. But the harp was enchanted by a fairy, and as soon as it found itself in strange hands, it called out loudly, just as if it had been alive, "Master! Master!"

The giant awoke, started up, and saw Jack scampering away as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Oh, you villain! It is you who have robbed me of my hen and my money-bags, and now you are stealing my harp also. Wait till I catch you, and I'll eat you up alive!"

"Very well; try!" shouted Jack, who was not a bit afraid, for he saw the giant was so tipsy he could hardly stand, much less run; and he himself had young legs and a clear conscience, which carry a man a long way. So, after leading the giant a considerable race, he contrived to be first at the top of the bean-stalk, and then scrambled down it as fast as he could, the harp playing all the while the most melancholy music, till he said, "Stop"; and it stopped.

Arrived at the bottom, he found his mother sitting at her cottage door, weeping silently.

"Here, mother, don't cry; just give me a hatchet; make haste." For he knew there was not a moment to spare. He saw the giant beginning to descend the bean-stalk.

However, it was too late—the monster's ill deeds had come to an end. Jack with his hatchet cut the bean-stalk close off at the root; the giant fell headlong into the garden, and was killed on the spot.

Instantly the fairy appeared and explained everything to Jack's mother, begging her to forgive Jack, who was his father's own son for bravery and generosity, and who would be sure to make her happy for the rest of her days.

So all ended well, and nothing was ever more heard or seen of the wonderful bean-stalk.

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Those wonder stories that concern themselves with giants or with very little people have always been favorites with children. Of the little heroes Tom Thumb has always held the center of the stage. His adventures in one form or another are in the folk tales of most European countries. He has the honor of being the subject of a monograph by the great French scholar Gaston Paris. Hans Christian Andersen turned him into a delightful little girl in his derivative story of "Thumbelina." The English version of "Tom Thumb" seems to have been printed first in ballad form in the seventeenth century, and later in many chapbook versions in prose. Its plot takes the form of a succession of marvelous accidents by land and sea, limited only by the inventive ingenuity of the story-teller. "According to popular tradition Tom Thumb died at Lincoln. . . . . There was a little blue flagstone in the pavement of the Minster which was shown as Tom Thumb's monument, and the country folks never failed to marvel at it when they came to church on the Assize Sunday; but during some of the modern repairs which have been inflicted on that venerable building, the flagstone was displaced and lost, to the great discomfiture of the holiday visitants." Thus wrote an ancient and learned scholar in illustration of the tendency to give a local habitation and a name to our favorite fancies. The version of the story given by Miss Mulock in her *Fairy Book* is the one used here. It follows closely the rambling events of the various chapbook and ballad versions.

TOM THUMB

In the days of King Arthur, Merlin, the most learned enchanter of his time, was on a journey; and being very weary, stopped one day at the cottage of an honest ploughman to ask for refreshment. The ploughman's wife with great civility immediately brought him some milk in a wooden bowl and some brown bread on a wooden platter.

Merlin could not help observing that although everything within the cottage was particularly neat and clean and in good order, the ploughman and his wife had the most sorrowful air imaginable; so he questioned them on the cause of their melancholy and learned that they were very miserable because they had no children.

The poor woman declared with tears in her eyes that she should be the happiest creature in the world if she had a son, although he were no bigger than his father's thumb.

Merlin was much amused with the notion of a boy no bigger than a man's thumb, and as soon as he returned home he sent for the queen of the fairies (with whom he was very intimate) and related to her the desire of the ploughman and his wife to have a son the size of his father's thumb. She liked the plan exceedingly and declared their wish should be speedily granted. Accordingly the ploughman's wife had a son, who in a few minutes grew as tall as his father's thumb.

The queen of the fairies came in at the window as the mother was sitting up in bed admiring the child. Her majesty kissed the infant and, giving it the name of Tom Thumb, immediately summoned several fairies from Fairyland to clothe her new little favorite.

"An oak-leaf hat he had for his crown;
His shirt it was by spiders spun;
With doublet wove of thistledown,
His trousers up with points were done;
His stockings, of apple-rind, they tie
With eye-lash plucked from his
  mother's eye,
His shoes were made of a mouse's skin,
Nicely tann'd with hair within."

Tom was never any bigger than his father's thumb, which was not a large thumb either; but as he grew older he became very cunning, for which his mother did not sufficiently correct him, and by this ill quality he was often brought into difficulties. For instance, when he had learned to play with other boys for cherry-stones and had lost all his own, he used to creep into the boys' bags, fill his pockets, and come out again to play. But one day as he was getting out of a bag of cherry-stones, the boy to whom it belonged chanced to see him.

"Ah, ha, my little Tom Thumb!" said he, "have I caught you at your bad tricks at last? Now I will reward you for thieving." Then he drew the string tight around Tom's neck and shook the bag. The cherry-stones bruised Tom Thumb's legs, thighs, and body sadly, which made him beg to be let out and promise never to be guilty of such things any more.

Shortly afterwards Tom's mother was making a batter-pudding, and that he might see how she mixed it, he climbed on the edge of the bowl; but his foot happening to slip, he fell over head and ears into the batter. His mother not observing him, stirred him into the pudding and popped him into the pot to boil. The hot water made Tom kick and struggle; and the mother, seeing the pudding jump up and down in such a furious manner, thought it was bewitched; and a tinker coming by just at the time, she quickly gave him the pudding. He put it into his budget and walked on.

As soon as Tom could get the batter out of his mouth he began to cry aloud, and so frightened the poor tinker that he flung the pudding over the hedge and ran away from it as fast as he could. The pudding being broken to pieces by the fall, Tom was released, and walked home to his mother, who gave him a kiss and put him to bed.

Tom Thumb's mother once took him with her when she went to milk the cow; and it being a very windy day, she tied him with a needleful of thread to a thistle, that he might not be blown away. The cow, liking his oak-leaf hat, took him and the thistle up at one mouthful. While the cow chewed the thistle, Tom, terrified at her great teeth, which seemed ready to crush him to pieces, roared, "Mother, mother!" as loud as he could bawl.

"Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?" said the mother.

"Here, mother, here in the red cow's mouth."

The mother began to cry and wring her hands; but the cow, surprised at such odd noises in her throat, opened her mouth and let him drop out. His mother clapped him into her apron and ran home with him.

Tom's father made him a whip of a barley straw to drive the cattle with, and one day when he was in the field he slipped into a deep furrow. A raven flying over picked him up with a grain of corn and flew with him to the top of a giant's castle by the seaside, where he left him; and old Grumbo, the giant, coming soon after to walk upon his terrace, swallowed Tom like a pill, clothes and all.

Tom presently made the giant very uncomfortable, and he threw him up into the sea. A great fish then swallowed him. The fish was soon after caught, and sent as a present to King Arthur. When it was cut open, everybody was delighted with little Tom Thumb. The king made him his dwarf; he was the favorite of the whole court, and by his merry pranks often amused the queen and the knights of the Round Table.

The king, when he rode on horse-back, frequently took Tom in his hand; and if a shower of rain came on, he used to creep into the king's waist-coat pocket and sleep till the rain was over. The king also sometimes questioned Tom concerning his parents; and when Tom informed his majesty they were very poor people, the king led him into his treasury and told him he should pay his friends a visit and take with him as much money as he could carry. Tom procured a little purse, and putting a threepenny piece into it, with much labor and difficulty got it upon his back; and, after travelling two days and nights, arrived at his father's house.

When his mother met him at the door, he was almost tired to death, having in forty-eight hours traveled almost half a mile with a huge silver threepence upon his back. Both his parents were glad to see him, especially when he had brought such an amazing sum of money with him. They placed him in a walnut-shell by the fireside and feasted him for three days upon a hazel-nut, which made him sick, for a whole nut usually served him for a month.

Tom got well, but could not travel because it had rained; therefore his mother took him in her hand, and with one puff blew him into King Arthur's court, where Tom entertained the king, queen, and nobility at tilts and tournaments, at which he exerted himself so much that he brought on a fit of sickness, and his life was despaired of.

At this juncture the queen of the fairies came in a chariot, drawn by flying mice, placed Tom by her side, and drove through the air without stopping till they arrived at her palace. After restoring him to health and permitting him to enjoy all the gay diversions of Fairyland, she commanded a fair wind, and, placing Tom before it, blew him straight to the court of King Arthur. But just as Tom should have alighted in the courtyard of the palace, the cook happened to pass along with the king's great bowl of furmenty (King Arthur loved furmenty), and poor Tom Thumb fell plump into the middle of it and splashed the hot furmenty into the cook's eyes. Down went the bowl.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried Tom.

"Murder! murder!" bellowed the cook; and away poured the king's nice furmenty into the kennel.

The cook was a red-faced, cross fellow, and swore to the king that Tom had done it out of mere mischief; so he was taken up, tried, and sentenced to be beheaded. Tom hearing this dreadful sentence and seeing a miller stand by with his mouth wide open, he took a good spring and jumped down the miller's throat, unperceived by all, even the miller himself.

Tom being lost, the court broke up, and away went the miller to his mill. But Tom did not leave him long at rest; he began to roll and tumble about, so that the miller thought himself bewitched and sent for a doctor. When the doctor came, Tom began to dance and sing. The doctor was as much frightened as the miller and sent in great haste for five more doctors and twenty learnèd men.

While all these were debating upon the affair, the miller (for they were very tedious) happened to yawn, and Tom, taking the opportunity, made another jump and alighted on his feet in the middle of the table. The miller, provoked to be thus tormented by such a little creature, fell into a great passion, caught hold of Tom, and threw him out of the window into the river. A large salmon swimming by snapped him up in a minute. The salmon was soon caught and sold in the market to a steward of a lord. The lord, thinking it an uncommonly fine fish, made a present of it to the king, who ordered it to be dressed immediately. When the cook cut open the salmon he found poor Tom and ran with him directly to the king; but the king, being busy with state affairs, desired that he might be brought another day.

The cook, resolving to keep him safely this time, as he had so lately given him the slip, clapped him into a mouse-trap and left him to amuse himself by peeping through the wires for a whole week. When the king sent for him, he forgave him for throwing down the furmenty, ordered him new clothes, and knighted him.

"His shirt was made of butterflies' wings;
His boots were made of chicken skins,
His coat and breeches were made with pride,
A tailor's needle hung by his side;
A mouse for a horse he used to ride."

Thus dressed and mounted, he rode a-hunting with the king and nobility, who all laughed heartily at Tom and his prancing steed. As they rode by a farmhouse one day, a cat jumped from behind the door, seized the mouse and little Tom, and began to devour the mouse; however, Tom boldly drew his sword and attacked the cat, who then let him fall. The king and his nobles, seeing Tom falling, went to his assistance, and one of the lords caught him in his hat; but poor Tom was sadly scratched, and his clothes were torn by the claws of the cat. In this condition he was carried home, and a bed of down was made for him in a little ivory cabinet.

The queen of the fairies came and took him again to Fairyland, where she kept him for some years; and then, dressing him in bright green, sent him flying once more through the air to the earth, in the days of King Thunstone. The people flocked far and near to look at him; and the king, before whom he was carried, asked him who he was, whence he came, and where he lived? Tom answered:

"My name is Tom Thumb;
From the fairies I come;
When King Arthur shone,
This court was my home;
In me he delighted;
By him I was knighted.
Did you ever hear of
Sir Thomas Thumb?"

The king was so charmed with this address that he ordered a little chair to be made, in order that Tom might sit on his table, and also a palace of gold a span high with a door an inch wide, for little Tom to live in. He also gave him a coach drawn by six small mice. This made the queen angry, because she had not a new coach too; therefore, resolving to ruin Tom, she complained to the king that he had behaved very insolently to her. The king sent for him in a rage. Tom, to escape his fury, crept into an empty snail-shell and there lay till he was almost starved; then, peeping out of the hole, he saw a fine butterfly settle on the ground. He then ventured out, and getting astride, the butterfly took wing and mounted into the air with little Tom on his back. Away he flew from field to field, from tree to tree, till at last he flew to the king's court. The king, queen, and nobles all strove to catch the butterfly, but could not. At length poor Tom, having neither bridle nor saddle, slipped from his seat and fell into a watering-pot, where he was found almost drowned.

The queen vowed he should be guillotined; but while the guillotine was getting ready, he was secured once more in a mousetrap. The cat, seeing something stir and supposing it to be a mouse, patted the trap about till she broke it and set Tom at liberty.

Soon afterwards a spider, taking him for a fly, made at him. Tom drew his sword and fought valiantly, but the spider's poisonous breath overcame him:

"He fell dead on the ground where late he had stood,
And the spider suck'd up the last drop of his blood."

King Thunstone and his whole court went into mourning for little Tom

Thumb. They buried him under a rosebush and raised a nice white marble monument over his grave, with the following epitaph:

"Here lies Tom Thumb, King Arthur's knight,
Who died by a spider's cruel bite.
He was well known in Arthur's court,
Where he afforded gallant sport;
He rode at tilt and tournament,
And on a mouse a-hunting went.
Alive he fill'd the court with mirth,
His death to sorrow soon gave birth.
Wipe, wipe your eyes, and shake your head,
And cry, 'Alas! Tom Thumb is dead.'"

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This chapbook form of the famous "Whittington and His Cat" is the one reprinted by Hartland in his *English Fairy and Folk Tales*. It goes back to the early eighteenth century. Sir Richard Whittington, at least, was a historical character and served his first term as Lord Mayor of London in 1397. Like most popular stories, this one of a fortune due to a cat is common to all Europe. Mr. Clouston, in the second volume of his *Popular Tales and Fictions*, outlines a number of these stories, and even points out a Persian parallel of an earlier date than the birth of Sir Richard. Just how this very prosperous business man of London, who was never in reality a poor boy, came to be adopted as the hero of the English version of this romantic tale has never been made clear. Probably it was due to the common tendency of the folk in all lands to attribute unusual success in any field to other than ordinary causes. However that may be, it is certainly true that no story more completely satisfies the ideal of complete success for children than this "History of Sir Richard Whittington." Mr. Jacobs calls attention to the interesting fact that the chapbook places the introduction of the potato into England rather far back!

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT

In the reign of the famous King Edward III, there was a little boy called Dick Whittington, whose father and mother died when he was very young, so that he remembered nothing at all about them and was left a ragged little fellow, running about a country village. As poor Dick was not old enough to work, he was very badly off; he got but little for his dinner and sometimes nothing at all for his breakfast, for the people who lived in the village were very poor indeed and could not spare him much more than the parings of potatoes and now and then a hard crust of bread.

For all this, Dick Whittington was a very sharp boy and was always listening to what everybody talked about. On Sunday he was sure to get near the farmers as they sat talking on the tombstones in the churchyard before the parson was come; and once a week you might see little Dick leaning against the sign post of the village alehouse, where people stopped to drink as they came from the next market town; and when the barber's shop door was open, Dick listened to all the news that his customers told one another.

In this manner Dick heard a great many very strange things about the city called London; for the foolish country people at that time thought that folks in London were all fine gentlemen and ladies, and that there was singing and music there all day long, and that the streets were all paved with gold.

One day a large wagon and eight horses, all with bells at their heads, drove through the village while Dick was standing by the signpost. He thought that this wagon must be going to the fine town of London; so he took courage and asked the wagoner to let him walk with him by the side of the wagon. As soon as the wagoner heard that poor Dick had no father or mother and saw by his ragged clothes that he could not be worse off than he was, he told him he might go if he would, so they set off together.

I could never find out how little Dick contrived to get meat and drink on the road, nor how he could walk so far, for it was a long way, nor what he did at night for a place to lie down to sleep in. Perhaps some good-natured people in the towns that he passed through, when they saw he was a poor little ragged boy, gave him something to eat; and perhaps the wagoner let him get into the wagon at night and take a nap upon one of the boxes or large parcels in the wagon.

Dick, however, got safe to London and was in such a hurry to see the fine streets paved all over with gold that I am afraid he did not even stay to thank the kind wagoner, but ran off as fast as his legs would carry him through many of the streets, thinking every moment to come to those that were paved with gold, for Dick had seen a guinea three times in his own little village and remembered what a deal of money it brought in change; so he thought he had nothing to do but to take up some little bits of the pavement and should then have as much money as he could wish for.

Poor Dick ran till he was tired and had quite forgotten his friend the wagoner; but at last, finding it grow dark and that every way he turned he saw nothing but dirt instead of gold, he sat down in a dark corner and cried himself to sleep.

Little Dick was all night in the streets; and next morning, being very hungry, he got up and walked about and asked everybody he met to give him a halfpenny to keep him from starving. But nobody stayed to answer him, and only two or three gave him a halfpenny; so that the poor boy was soon quite weak and faint for the want of victuals.

At last a good-natured looking gentleman saw how hungry he looked. "Why don't you go to work, my lad?" said he to Dick.

"That I would, but I do not know how to get any," answered Dick.

"If you are willing, come along with me," said the gentleman, and took him to a hay-field, where Dick worked briskly and lived merrily till the hay was made.

After this he found himself as badly off as before; and being almost starved again, he laid himself down at the door of Mr. Fitzwarren, a rich merchant. Here he was soon seen by the cook-maid, who was an ill-tempered creature and happened just then to be very busy dressing dinner for her master and mistress; so she called out to poor Dick: "What business have you there, you lazy rogue? There is nothing else but beggars. If you do not take yourself away, we will see how you will like a sousing of some dish water; I have some here hot enough to make you jump."

Just at that time Mr. Fitzwarren himself came home to dinner; and when he saw a dirty ragged boy lying at the door, he said to him: "Why do you lie there, my boy? You seem old enough to work. I am afraid you are inclined to be lazy."

"No, indeed, sir," said Dick to him, "that is not the case, for I would work with all my heart, but I do not know anybody, and I believe I am very sick for the want of food."

"Poor fellow, get up; let me see what ails you."

Dick then tried to rise, but was obliged to lie down again, being too weak to stand, for he had not eaten any food for three days and was no longer able to run about and beg a halfpenny of people in the street. So the kind merchant ordered him to be taken into the house, and have a good dinner given him, and be kept to do what dirty work he was able for the cook.

Little Dick would have lived very happy in this good family if it had not been for the ill-natured cook, who was finding fault and scolding him from morning to night, and besides she was so fond of basting that when she had no meat to baste she would baste poor Dick's head and shoulders with a broom or anything else that happened to fall in her way. At last her ill-usage of him was told to Alice, Mr. Fitzwarren's daughter, who told the cook she should be turned away if she did not treat him kinder.

The ill-humor of the cook was now a little amended; but besides this Dick had another hardship to get over. His bed stood in a garret where there were so many holes in the floor and the walls that every night he was tormented with rats and mice. A gentleman having given Dick a penny for cleaning his shoes, he thought he would buy a cat with it. The next day he saw a girl with a cat and asked her if she would let him have it for a penny. The girl said she would and at the same time told him the cat was an excellent mouser.

Dick hid his cat in the garret and always took care to carry a part of his dinner to her, and in a short time he had no more trouble with the rats and mice, but slept quite sound every night.

Soon after this his master had a ship ready to sail; and as he thought it right that all his servants should have some chance for good fortune as well as himself, he called them all into the parlor and asked them what they would send out.

They all had something that they were willing to venture except poor Dick, who had neither money nor goods, and therefore could send nothing.

For this reason he did not come into the parlor with the rest; but Miss Alice guessed what was the matter and ordered him to be called in. She then said she would lay down some money for him from her own purse; but the father told her this would not do, for it must be something of his own.

When poor Dick heard this, he said he had nothing but a cat which he bought for a penny some time since of a little girl.

"Fetch your cat then, my good boy," said Mr. Fitzwarren, "and let her go."

Dick went up stairs and brought down poor puss, with tears in his eyes, and gave her to the captain, for he said he should now be kept awake again all night by the rats and mice.

All the company laughed at Dick's odd venture; and Miss Alice, who felt pity for the poor boy, gave him some money to buy another cat.

This and many other marks of kindness shown him by Miss Alice made the ill-tempered cook jealous of poor Dick, and she began to use him more cruelly than ever and always made game of him for sending his cat to sea. She asked him if he thought his cat would sell for as much money as would buy a stick to beat him.

At last poor Dick could not bear this usage any longer, and he thought he would run away from his place; so he packed up his few things and started very early in the morning on All-hallows Day, which is the first of November. He walked as far as Holloway, and there sat down on a stone, which to this day is called Whittington's stone, and began to think to himself which road he should take as he proceeded.

While he was thinking what he should do, the Bells of Bow Church, which at that time had only six, began to ring, and he fancied their sound seemed to say to him:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London."

"Lord Mayor of London!" said he to himself. "Why, to be sure, I would put up with almost anything now to be Lord Mayor of London and ride in a fine coach when I grow to be a man! Well, I will go back and think nothing of the cuffing and scolding of the old cook if I am to be Lord Mayor of London at last."

Dick went back and was lucky enough to get into the house and set about his work before the old cook came downstairs.

The ship, with the cat on board, was a long time at sea, and was at last driven by the winds on a part of the coast of Barbary where the only people were the Moors, whom the English had never known before.

The people then came in great numbers to see the sailors, who were of different color from themselves, and treated them very civilly, and when they became better acquainted were very eager to buy the fine things that the ship was loaded with.

When the captain saw this, he sent patterns of the best things he had to the king of the country, who was so much pleased with them that he sent for the captain to the palace. Here they were placed, as it is the custom of the country, on rich carpets marked with gold and silver flowers. The king and queen were seated at the upper end of the room, and a number of dishes were brought in for dinner. When they had sat but a short time, a vast number of rats and mice rushed in, helping themselves from almost every dish. The captain wondered at this and asked if these vermin were not very unpleasant.

"Oh, yes," said they, "very offensive; and the king would give half his treasure to be freed of them, for they not only destroy his dinner, as you see, but they assault him in his chamber and even in bed, so that he is obliged to be watched while he is sleeping for fear of them."

The captain jumped for joy; he remembered poor Whittington and his cat and told the king he had a creature on board the ship that would dispatch all these vermin immediately. The king's heart heaved so high at the joy which this news gave him that his turban dropped off his head. "Bring this creature to me," says he; "vermin are dreadful in a court, and if she will perform what you say, I will load your ship with gold and jewels in exchange for her."

The captain, who knew his business, took this opportunity to set forth the merits of Mrs. Puss. He told his majesty that it would be inconvenient to part with her, as, when she was gone, the rats and mice might destroy the goods in the ship — but to oblige his majesty he would fetch her. "Run, run!" said the queen; "I am impatient to see the dear creature."

Away went the captain to the ship, while another dinner was got ready. He put puss under his arm and arrived at the palace soon enough to see the table full of rats.

When the cat saw them, she did not wait for bidding, but jumped out of the captain's arms and in a few minutes laid almost all the rats and mice dead at her feet. The rest of them in their fright scampered away to their holes.

The king and queen were quite charmed to get so easily rid of such plagues and desired that the creature who had done them so great a kindness might be brought to them for inspection. The captain called, "Pussy, pussy, pussy!" and she came to him. He then presented her to the queen, who started back and was afraid to touch a creature who had made such a havoc among the rats and mice. However, when the captain stroked the cat and called, "Pussy, pussy," the queen also touched her and cried, "Putty, putty," for she had not learned English. He then put her down on the queen's lap; where she, purring, played with her majesty's hand and then sang herself to sleep.

The king, having seen the exploits of Mrs. Puss and being informed that she was with young and would stock the whole country, bargained with the captain for the whole ship's cargo and then gave him ten times as much for the cat as all the rest amounted to.

The captain then took leave of the royal party and set sail with a fair wind for England, and after a happy voyage arrived safe in London.

One morning when Mr. Fitzwarren had just come to his counting-house and seated himself at the desk, somebody came tap, tap, at the door. "Who's there?" says Mr. Fitzwarren.

"A friend," answered the other; "I come to bring you good news of your ship *Unicorn.*" The merchant, bustling up instantly, opened the door, and who should be seen waiting but the captain with a cabinet of jewels and a bill of lading, for which the merchant lifted up his eyes and thanked heaven for sending him such a prosperous voyage.

They then told the story of the cat and showed the rich present that the king and queen had sent for her to poor Dick. As soon as the merchant heard this, he called out to his servants:

"Go fetch him — we will tell him of the
   same;
Pray call him Mr. Whittington by
   name."

Mr. Fitzwarren now showed himself to be a good man; for when some of his servants said so great a treasure was too much for him, he answered, "God forbid I should deprive him of the value of a single penny."

He then sent for Dick, who at that time was scouring pots for the cook and was quite dirty.

Mr. Fitzwarren ordered a chair to be set for him, and so he began to think they were making game of him, at the same time begging them not to play tricks with a poor simple boy, but to let him go down again, if they pleased, to his work.

"Indeed, Mr. Whittington," said the merchant, "we are all quite in earnest with you, and I most heartily rejoice in the news these gentlemen have brought you, for the captain has sold your cat to the King of Barbary and brought you in return for her more riches than I possess in the whole world; and I wish you may long enjoy them!"

Mr. Fitzwarren then told the men to open the great treasure they had brought with them, and said, "Mr. Whittington has nothing to do but to put it in some place of safety."

Poor Dick hardly knew how to behave himself for joy. He begged his master to take what part of it he pleased, since he owed it all to his kindness. "No, no," answered Mr. Fitzwarren, "this is all your own, and I have no doubt but you will use it well."

Dick next asked his mistress, and then Miss Alice, to accept a part of his good fortune; but they would not, and at the same time told him they felt great joy at his good success. But this poor fellow was too kind-hearted to keep it all to himself; so he made a present to the captain, the mate, and the rest of Mr. Fitzwarren's servants, and even to the ill-natured old cook.

After this Mr. Fitzwarren advised him to send for a proper tradesman and get himself dressed like a gentleman, and told him he was welcome to live in his house till he could provide himself with a better.

When Whittington's face was washed, his hair curled, and his hat cocked, and he was dressed in a nice suit of clothes, he was as handsome and genteel as any young man who visited at Mr. Fitzwarren's; so that Miss Alice, who had once been so kind to him and thought of him with pity, now looked upon him as fit to be her sweetheart; and the more so, no doubt, because Whittington was now always thinking what he could do to oblige her and making her the prettiest presents that could be.

Mr. Fitzwarren soon saw their love for each other and proposed to join them in marriage, and to this they both readily agreed. A day for the wedding was soon fixed; and they were attended to church by the Lord Mayor, the court of aldermen, the sheriffs, and a great number of the richest merchants in London, whom they afterwards treated with a very rich feast.

History tells us that Mr. Whittington and his lady lived in great splendor and were very happy. They had several children. He was Sheriff of London, also Mayor, and received the honor of knighthood by Henry V.

The figure of Sir Richard Whittington with his cat in his arms, carved in stone, was to be seen till the year 1780 over the archway of the old prison of Newgate that stood across Newgate Street.

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The next story came from Suffolk, England, and the original is in the pronounced dialect of that county. Mr. Jacobs thinks it one of the best folk tales ever collected. The version given follows Jacobs in reducing the dialect. There is enough left, however, to raise the question of the use of dialect in stories for children. Some modern versions eliminate the dialect altogether. It is certain that the retention of some of the qualities of the folk-telling makes it more dramatically effective and appropriate. The original form of the story may be seen in Hartland's *English Fairy and Folk Tales*. Teachers should feel free to use their judgment as to the best form in which to tell a story to children. Name-guessing stories are very common, and may be "a 'survival' of the superstition that to know a man's name gives you power over him, for which reason savages object to tell their names." The Grimm story of "Rumpelstiltskin" is the best known of many variants (No. 178). "Tom Tit Tot" has a rude vigor and dramatic force not in the continental versions, and it will be interesting to compare it with the Grimm tale.

Jacobs suggests that "it may be necessary to explain to the little ones that Tom Tit can be referred to only as 'that,' because his name is not known until the end."

TOM TIT TOT

Once upon a time there was a woman, and she baked five pies. And when they came out of the oven, they were that overbaked the crusts were too hard to eat. So she says to her daughter: "Darter," says she, "put you them there pies on the shelf, and leave 'em there a little, and they'll come again."—She meant, you know, the crust would get soft.

But the girl, she says to herself, "Well, if they'll come again, I'll eat 'em now." And she set to work and ate 'em all, first and last.

Well, come supper-time the woman said, "Go you and get one o' them there pies. I dare say they've come again now."

The girl went and she looked, and there was nothing but the dishes. So back she came and says she, "Noo, they ain't come again."

"Not one of 'em?" says the mother.

"Not one of 'em," says she.

"Well, come again or not come again," said the woman, "I'll have one for supper."

"But you can't if they ain't come," said the girl.

"But I can," says she. "Go you and bring the best of 'em."

"Best or worst," says the girl, "I've ate 'em all, and you can't have one till that's come again."

Well, the woman she was done, and she took her spinning to the door to spin, and as she span she sang:

"My darter ha' ate five, five pies to-day.
My darter ha' ate five, five pies to-day."

The king was coming down the street, and he heard her sing, but what she sang he could n't hear, so he stopped and said, "What was that you were singing, my good woman?"

The woman was ashamed to let him hear what her daughter had been doing, so she sang, instead of that:

"My darter ha' spun five, five skeins to-day.
"My darter ha' spun five, five skeins to-day."

"Stars o' mine!" said the king, "I never heard tell of any one that could do that."

Then he said, "Look you here, I want a wife, and I'll marry your daughter. But look you here," says he, "eleven months out of the year she shall have all she likes to eat, and all the gowns she likes to get, and all the company she likes to keep; but the last month of the year she'll have to spin five skeins every day, and if she don't I shall kill her."

"All right," says the woman; for she thought what a grand marriage that was. And as for the five skeins, when the time came, there'd be plenty of ways of getting out of it, and likeliest, he'd have forgotten all about it.

Well, so they were married. And for eleven months the girl had all she liked to eat and all the gowns she liked to get and all the company she liked to keep.

But when the time was getting over, she began to think about the skeins and to wonder if he had 'em in mind. But not one word did he say about 'em, and she thought he'd wholly forgotten 'em.

However, the first day of the last month he takes her to a room she'd never set eyes on before. There was nothing in it but a spinning-wheel and a stool. And says he, "Now, my dear, here you'll be shut in to-morrow with some victuals and some flax, and if you have n't spun five skeins by the night, your head'll go off." And away he went about his business.

Well, she was that frightened, she'd always been such a gatless girl, that she didn't so much as know how to spin, and what was she to do to-morrow with no one to come nigh her to help her? She sat down on a stool in the kitchen, and law! how she did cry!

However, all of a sudden she heard a sort of a knocking low down on the door. She upped and oped it, and what should she see but a small little black thing with a long tail. That looked up at her right curious, and that said, "What are you a-crying for?"

"What's that to you?" says she.

"Never you mind," that said, "but tell me what you're a-crying for."

"That won't do me no good if I do," says she.

"You don't know that," that said, and twirled that's tail round.

"Well," says she, "that won't do no harm, if that don't do no good," and she upped and told about the pies and the skeins and everything.

"This is what I'll do," says the little black thing, "I'll come to your window every morning and take the flax and bring it spun at night."

"What's your pay?" says she.

That looked out of the corner of that's eyes, and that said, "I'll give you three guesses every night to guess my name, and if you have n't guessed it before the month's up you shall be mine."

Well, she thought she'd be sure to guess that's name before the month was up. "All right," says she, "I agree."

"All right," that says, and law! how that twirled that's tail.

Well, the next day her husband took her into the room, and there was the flax and the day's food.

"Now, there's the flax," says he, "and if that ain't spun up this night, off goes your head." And then he went out and locked the door.

He'd hardly gone when there was a knocking against the window. She upped and she oped it, and there sure enough was the little old thing sitting on the ledge.

"Where's the flax?" says he.

"Here it be," says she. And she gave it to him.

Well, come the evening a knocking came again to the window. She upped and she oped it, and there was the little old thing with five skeins of flax on his arm.

"Here it be," says he, and he gave it to her. "Now, what's my name?" says he. "What, is that Bill?" says she. "Noo, that ain't," says he, and he twirled his tail. "Is that Ned?" says she. "Noo, that ain't," says he, and he twirled his tail. "Well, is that Mark?" says she. "Noo, that ain't," says he, and he twirled his tail harder, and away he flew.

Well, when her husband came in, there were the five skeins ready for him. "I see I shan't have to kill you to-night, my dear," says he; "you'll have your food and your flax in the morning," says he, and away he goes.

Well, every day the flax and the food were brought, and every day that there little black impet used to come mornings and evenings. And all the day the girl sat trying to think of names to say to it when it came at night. But she never hit on the right one. And as it got towards the end of the month, the impet began to look so maliceful, and that twirled that's tail faster and faster each time she gave a guess.

At last it came to the last day but one. The impet came at night along with the five skeins, and that said, "What, ain't you got my name yet?" "Is that Nicodemus?" says she. "Noo, 't ain't," that says. "Is that Sammle?" says she. "Noo, 't ain't," that says. "A-well, is that Methusalem?" says she. "Noo, 't ain't that neither," that says.

Then that looks at her with that's eyes like a coal o' fire, and that says, "Woman, there's only to-morrow night, and then you'll be mine!" And away it flew.

Well, she felt that horrid. However she heard the king coming along the passage. In he came, and when he sees the five skeins, says he, "Well, my dear, I don't see but what you'll have your skeins ready to-morrow night as well and as I reckon I shan't have to kill you, I'll have supper in here to-night." So they brought supper and another stool for him, and down the two sat.

Well, he had n't eaten but a mouthful or so, when he stops and begins to laugh.

"What is it?" says she.

"A-why," says he, "I was out a-hunting to-day, and I got away to a place in the wood I'd never seen before. And there was an old chalk-pit. And I heard a kind of a sort of humming. So I got off my hobby, and I went right quiet to the pit, and I looked down. Well, what should there be but the funniest little black thing you ever set eyes on. And what was that doing, but that had a little spinning-wheel, and that was spinning wonderful fast, and twirling that's tail. And as that span that sang:

"Nimmy nimmy not
My name's Tom Tit Tot."

Well, when the girl heard this, she felt as if she could have jumped out of her skin for joy, but she didn't say a word.

Next day that there little thing looked so maliceful when he came for the flax. And when night came she heard that knocking against the window panes. She oped the window, and that come right in on the ledge. That was grinning from ear to ear, and Oo! that's tail was twirling round so fast.

"What's my name?" that says, as that gave her the skeins. "Is that Solomon?" she says, pretending to be afeard. "Noo, 't ain't," that says, and that came further into the room. "Well, is that Zebedee?" says she again. "Noo, 't ain't," says the impet. And then that laughed and twirled that's tail till you could n't hardly see it.

"Take time, woman," that says; "next guess, and you're mine." And that stretched out that's black hands at her.

Well, she backed a step or two, and she looked at it, and then she laughed out, and says she, pointing her finger at it:

"Nimmy nimmy not
Your name's Tom Tit Tot."

Well, when that heard her, that gave an awful shriek and away that flew into the dark, and she never saw it any more.

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In 1697 the French author Charles Perrault (1628–1703) published a little collection of eight tales in prose familiarly known as *The Tales of Mother Goose* (*Contes de Ma Mère l'Oye*). These tales were "The Fairies" ("Toads and Diamonds"), "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," "Bluebeard," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Puss-in-Boots," "Cinderella," "Rique with the

Tuft," and "Little Thumb." Perrault was prominent as a scholar and may have felt it beneath his dignity to write nursery tales. At any rate he declared the stories were copied from tellings by his eleven-year-old son. But Perrault's fairies have not only saved him from oblivion: in countless editions and translations they have won him immortality. The charming literary form of his versions, "Englished by R. S., Gent," about 1730, soon established them in place of the more somber English popular versions. It is practically certain that the name Mother Goose, as that of the genial old lady who presides over the light literature of the nursery, was established by the work of Perrault.

"Little Red Riding Hood," a likely candidate for first place in the affections of childish story-lovers, is here given in its "correct" form. Many versions are so constructed as to have happy endings, either by having the woodmen appear in the nick of time to kill the wolf before any damage is done, or by having the grandmother and Little Red Riding Hood restored to life after recovering them from the "innards" of the wolf. Andrew Lang thinks that the tale as it stands is merely meant to waken a child's terror and pity, after the fashion of the old Greek tragedies, and that the narrator properly ends it by making a pounce, in the character of wolf, at the little listener. That this was the correct "business" in Scotch nurseries is borne out by a sentence in Chambers' *Popular Rhymes of Scotland:* "The old nurse's imitation of the *gnash, gnash,* which she played off upon the youngest urchin lying in her lap, was electric."

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

Once upon a time there lived in a certain village a little country girl, the prettiest creature that was ever seen. Her mother was excessively fond of her; and her grandmother doted on her still more. This good woman got made for her a little red riding-hood, which became the girl so extremely well that everybody called her Little Red Riding-Hood.

One day her mother, having made some custards, said to her, "Go, my dear, and see how thy grandmamma does, for I hear that she has been very ill; carry her a custard and this little pot of butter."

Little Red Riding-Hood set out immediately to go to her grandmother, who lived in another village.

As she was going through the wood, she met with Gaffer Wolf, who had a very great mind to eat her up, but he durst not because of some fagot-makers hard by in the forest. He asked her whither she was going. The poor child, who did not know that it was dangerous to stay and hear a wolf talk, said to him, "I am going to see my grandmamma and carry her a custard and a little pot of butter from my mamma."

"Does she live far off?" said the wolf.

"Oh! aye," answered Little Red Riding-Hood, "it is beyond the mill you see there at the first house in the village."

"Well," said the wolf, "and I'll go and see her too. I'll go this way and you go that, and we shall see who will be there soonest."

The wolf began to run as fast as he could, taking the nearest way, and the little girl went by that farthest about, diverting herself by gathering nuts, running after butterflies, and making nosegays of such little flowers as she met with. The wolf was not long before he got to the old woman's house. He knocked at the door—tap, tap.

"Who's there?"

"Your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood," replied the wolf, counterfeiting her voice, "who has brought you a custard and a pot of butter sent you by mamma."

The good grandmother, who was in bed because she was somewhat ill, cried out, "Pull the bobbin and the latch will go up."

The wolf pulled the bobbin and the door opened, and then presently he fell upon the good woman and ate her up in a moment, for it was above three days that he had not touched a bit. He then shut the door and went into the grandmother's bed, expecting Little Red Riding-Hood, who came some time afterward and knocked at the door—tap, tap.

"Who's there?"

Little Red Riding-Hood, hearing the big voice of the wolf, was at first afraid, but believing her grandmother had got a cold and was hoarse, answered, "'Tis your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood, who has brought you a custard and a little pot of butter mamma sends you."

The wolf cried out to her, softening his voice as much as he could, "Pull the bobbin and the latch will go up."

Little Red Riding-Hood pulled the bobbin and the door opened.

The wolf, seeing her come in, said to her, hiding himself under the bedclothes, "Put the custard and the little pot of butter upon the stool and come and lie down with me."

Little Red Riding-Hood undressed herself and went into bed, where, being greatly amazed to see how her grandmother looked in her night-clothes, she said to her, "Grandmamma, what great arms you have got!"

"That is the better to hug thee, my dear."

"Grandmamma, what great legs you have got!"

"That is to run the better, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great ears you have got!"

"That is to hear the better, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great eyes you have got!"

"It is to see the better, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great teeth you have got!"

"That is to eat thee up."

And saying these words, this wicked wolf fell upon Little Red Riding-Hood and ate her all up.

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Because many modern teachers are distressed at the tragedy of the real story of "Little Red Riding Hood" as just given, they prefer some softened form of the tale. The Grimm version, "Little Red Cap," is generally used by those who insist on a happy ending. There Little Red Riding Hood and her grandmother are both recovered and the wicked wolf destroyed. The story that follows is from a modern French author, Charles Marelles, and is given in the translation found in Lang's *Red Fairy Book.* In it the events are dramatically imagined in detail, even if the writer does turn it all into a sunflower myth at the close.

TRUE HISTORY OF LITTLE GOLDEN HOOD

You know the tale of poor Little Red Riding-Hood, that the wolf deceived and devoured, with her cake, her little butter can, and her grandmother. Well, the true story happened quite differently, as we know now. And first of all, the little girl was called and is still called Little Golden Hood; secondly, it was not she, nor the good granddame, but the wicked wolf who was, in the end, caught and devoured.

Only listen.

The story begins something like the tale.

There was once a little peasant girl, pretty and nice as a star in its season. Her real name was Blanchette, but she was more often called Little Golden Hood, on account of a wonderful little cloak with a hood, gold and fire colored, which she always had on. This little hood was given her by her grandmother, who was so old that she did not know her age; it ought to bring her good luck, for it was made of a ray of sunshine, she said. And as the good old woman was considered something of a witch, every one thought the little hood rather bewitched too.

And so it was, as you will see.

One day the mother said to the child: "Let us see, my little Golden Hood, if you know now how to find your way by yourself. You shall take this good piece of cake to your grandmother for a Sunday treat to-morrow. You will ask her how she is, and come back at once, without stopping to chatter on the way with people you don't know. Do you quite understand?"

"I quite understand," replied Blanchette gayly. And off she went with the cake, quite proud of her errand.

But the grandmother lived in another village, and there was a big wood to cross before getting there. At a turn of the road under the trees suddenly, "Who goes there?"

"Friend Wolf."

He had seen the child start alone, and the villain was waiting to devour her, when at the same moment he perceived some wood-cutters who might observe him, and he changed his mind. Instead of falling upon Blanchette he came frisking up to her like a good dog.

"'Tis you! my nice Little Golden Hood," said he. So the little girl stops to talk with the wolf, whom, for all that, she did not know in the least.

"You know me, then!" said she. "What is your name?"

"My name is friend Wolf. And where are you going thus, my pretty one, with your little basket on your arm?"

"I am going to my grandmother to take her a good piece of cake for her Sunday treat to-morrow."

"And where does she live, your grandmother?"

"She lives at the other side of the wood in the first house in the village, near the windmill, you know."

"Ah! yes! I know now," said the wolf. "Well, that's just where I'm going. I shall get there before you, no doubt, with your little bits of legs, and I'll tell her you're coming to see her; then she'll wait for you."

Thereupon the wolf cuts across the wood, and in five minutes arrives at the grandmother's house.

He knocks at the door: toc, toc.

No answer.

He knocks louder.

Nobody.

Then he stands up on end, puts his two fore paws on the latch, and the door opens.

Not a soul in the house.

The old woman had risen early to sell herbs in the town, and had gone off in such haste that she had left her bed unmade, with her great night-cap on the pillow.

"Good!" said the wolf to himself, "I know what I'll do."

He shuts the door, pulls on the grandmother's night-cap down to his eyes; then he lies down all his length in the bed and draws the curtains.

In the meantime the good Blanchette went quietly on her way, as little girls do, amusing herself here and there by picking Easter daisies, watching the little birds making their nests, and running after the butterflies which fluttered in the sunshine.

At last she arrives at the door.

Knock, knock.

"Who is there?" says the wolf, softening his rough voice as best he can.

"It's me, granny, your Little Golden Hood. I'm bringing you a big piece of cake for your Sunday treat to-morrow."

"Press your finger on the latch; then push and the door opens."

"Why, you've got a cold, granny," said she, coming in.

"Ahem! a little, my dear, a little," replies the wolf, pretending to cough. "Shut the door well, my little lamb. Put your basket on the table, and then take off your frock and come and lie down by me; you shall rest a little."

The good child undresses, but observe this:—she kept her little hood upon her head. When she saw what a figure her granny cut in bed, the poor little thing was much surprised.

"Oh!" cries she, "how like you are to friend Wolf, grandmother!"

"That's on account of my night-cap, child," replies the wolf.

"Oh! what hairy arms you've got, grandmother!"

"All the better to hug you, my child."

"Oh! what a big tongue you've got, grandmother!"

"All the better for answering, child."

"Oh! what a mouthful of great white teeth you have, grandmother!"

"That's for crunching little children with!" And the wolf opened his jaws wide to swallow Blanchette.

But she put down her head, crying, "Mamma! mamma!" and the wolf only caught her little hood.

Thereupon, oh, dear! oh, dear! he draws back, crying and shaking his jaw as if he had swallowed red-hot coals.

It was the little fire-colored hood that had burnt his tongue right down his throat.

The little hood, you see, was one of those magic caps that they used to have in former times, in the stories, for making one's self invisible or invulnerable.

So there was the wolf with his throat burned, jumping off the bed and trying to find the door, howling and howling as if all the dogs in the country were at his heels.

Just at this moment the grandmother arrives, returning from the town with her long sack empty on her shoulder.

"Ah, brigand!" she cries, "wait a bit!" Quickly she opens her sack wide across the door, and the maddened wolf springs in head downward.

It is he now that is caught, swallowed like a letter in the post. For the brave old dame shuts her sack, so; and she runs and empties it in the well, where the vagabond, still howling, tumbles in and is drowned.

"Ah, scoundrel! you thought you would crunch my little grandchild! Well, to-morrow we will make her a muff of your skin, and you yourself shall be crunched, for we will give your carcass to the dogs."

Thereupon the grandmother hastened to dress poor Blanchette, who was still trembling with fear in the bed.

"Well," she said to her, "without my little hood where would you be now, darling?" And, to restore heart and legs to the child, she made her eat a good piece of her cake, and drink a good draught of wine, after which she took her by the hand and led her back to the house.

And then, who was it who scolded her when she knew all that had happened?

It was the mother.

But Blanchette promised over and over again that she would never more stop to listen to a wolf, so that at last the mother forgave her.

And Blanchette, the Little Golden Hood, kept her word. And in fine weather she may still be seen in the fields with her pretty little hood, the color of the sun.

But to see her you must rise early.

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The next Perrault story is given in the traditional English form made by "R. S, Gent." Perrault met the popular taste of his time for "morals" by adding more or less playful ones in verse to his stories. Here is a prose rendering of a portion of the *Moralité* attached to "Puss-in-Boots": "However great may be the advantage of enjoying a rich inheritance coming down from father to son, industry and ingenuity are worth more to young people as a usual thing than goods acquired without personal effort." In relation to this moral, Ralston says, "the conclusion at which an ordinary reader would arrive, if he were not dazzled by fairy-land glamor, would probably be that far better than either tact and industry on a master's part is the loyalty of an unscrupulous retainer of an imaginative turn of mind. The impropriety of this teaching is not balanced by any other form of instruction. What the story openly inculcates is not edifying, and it does not secretly convey any improving doctrine." But on the other hand it may be argued that the "moral" passes over the child's head. Miss Kready, in her *Study of Fairy Tales* (p. 275), makes a very elaborate and proper defense of "Puss-in-Boots" as a story for children. There is delight in its strong sense of adventure, it has a hero clever and quick, there is loyalty, love, and sacrifice in Puss's devotion to his master, the tricks are true to "cat-nature," there are touches of nature beauty, a simple and pleasing plot, while we should not forget the delightful Ogre and his transformations into Lion and Mouse. The story is found in many forms among many different peoples. Perhaps the great stroke of genius which endears Perrault's version is in the splendid boots with which his tale provides the hero so that briers may not interfere with his doings. (Extended studies of this tale and its many parallels may be found in Lang's *Perrault's Popular Tales;* in McCulloch's *Childhood of Fiction*, chap. viii; in an article by Ralston in the *Nineteenth Century*, January, 1883, reprinted in *Living Age*, Vol. CLVI, p. 362.)

PUSS-IN-BOOTS

There was once a miller who left no more estate to the three sons he had than his mill, his ass, and his cat. The partition was soon made. Neither the clerk nor the attorney was sent for. They would soon have eaten up all the poor patrimony. The eldest had the mill, the second the ass, and the youngest nothing but the cat.

The poor young fellow was quite comfortless at having so poor a lot. "My brothers," said he, "may get their living handsomely enough by joining their stocks together; but for my part, when I have eaten up my cat and made me a muff of his skin, I must die with hunger."

The cat, who heard all this, but made as if he did not, said to him with a grave and serious air; "Do not thus afflict yourself, my good master; you have nothing else to do but to give me a bag and get a pair of boots made for me, that I may scamper through the dirt and the brambles, and you shall see that you have not so bad a portion of me as you imagine."

Though the cat's master did not build very much upon what he said, he had, however, often seen him play a great many cunning tricks to catch rats and mice; as when he used to hang by the heels, or hide himself in the meal and make as if he were dead; so he did not altogether despair of his affording him some help in his miserable condition.

When the cat had what he asked for, he booted himself very gallantly; and putting his bag about his neck, he held the strings of it in his two fore paws and went into a warren where was a great abundance of rabbits. He put bran and sow-thistles into his bag, and, stretching himself out at length as if he had been dead, he waited for some young rabbits, not yet acquainted with the deceits of the world, to come and rummage his bag for what he had just put into it.

Scarce was he lain down but he had what he wanted. A rash and foolish young rabbit jumped into his bag, and master Puss, immediately drawing close the strings, took and killed him without pity. Proud of his prey, he went with it to the palace and asked to speak with his majesty. He was shown upstairs into the king's apartment, and, making a low reverence, said to him: "I have brought you, sir, a rabbit of the warren which my noble lord, the Marquis of Carabas" (for that was the title which Puss was pleased to give his master), "has commanded me to present to your majesty from him."

"Tell thy master," said the king, "that I thank him and that he gives me a great deal of pleasure."

Another time he went and hid himself among some standing corn, holding still his bag open; and when a brace of partridges ran into it, he drew the strings and so caught them both. He went and made a present of these to the king, as he had done before of the rabbit which he took in the warren. The king in like manner received the partridges with great pleasure and ordered him some money.

The cat continued for two or three months thus to carry his majesty, from time to time, game of his master's taking. One day in particular, when he knew for certain that he was to take the air along the riverside with his daughter, the most beautiful princess in the world, he said to his master: "If you will follow my advice, your fortune is made. You have nothing else to do but go and wash yourself in the river, in that part I shall show you, and leave the rest to me." The Marquis of Carabas did what the cat advised him to, without knowing why or wherefore.

While he was washing, the king passed by, and the cat began to cry out as loud as he could, "Help, help! my lord Marquis of Carabas is going to be drowned." At this noise the king put his head out of his coach-window, and, finding it was the cat who had so often brought him such good game, he commanded his guards to run immediately to the assistance of his lordship, the Marquis of Carabas.

While they were drawing the poor marquis out of the river, the cat came up to the coach and told the king that while his master was washing there came by some rogues, who went off with his clothes though he had cried out, "Thieves, thieves," as loud as he could. This cunning cat had hidden them under a great stone. The king immediately commanded the officers of his wardrobe to run and fetch one of his best suits for the lord Marquis of Carabas.

The king caressed him after a very extraordinary manner; and as the fine clothes he had given him extremely set off his good mien (for he was well made and very handsome in his person), the king's daughter took a secret inclination to him, and the Marquis of Carabas had no sooner cast two or three respectful and somewhat tender glances, but she fell in love with him to distraction. The king would needs have him come into his coach and take part of the airing. The cat, quite overjoyed to see his project begin to succeed, marched on before, and meeting with some countrymen who were mowing a meadow, he said to them, "Good people, you who are mowing, if you do not tell the king, who will soon pass this way, that the meadow you mow belongs to my lord Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as herbs for the pot."

The king did not fail asking of the mowers to whom the meadow they were mowing belonged: "To my lord Marquis of Carabas," answered they, all together, for the cat's threats had made them terribly afraid.

"You see, sir," said the marquis, "this is a meadow which never fails to yield a plentiful harvest every year."

The master-cat, who went still on before, met with some reapers, and said to them, "Good people, you who are reaping, if you do not tell the king, who will presently go by, that all this corn belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as herbs for the pot."

The king, who passed by a moment after, would needs know to whom all that corn, which he then saw, did belong. "To my lord Marquis of Carabas," replied the reapers; and the king was very well pleased with it, as well as the marquis, whom he congratulated thereupon. The master-cat, who went always before, said the same words to all he met; and the king was astonished at the vast estates of my lord Marquis of Carabas.

Master Puss came at last to a stately castle, the owner of which was an ogre, the richest that had ever been known, for all the lands which the king had then gone over belonged to this castle. The cat, who had taken care to inform himself who the ogre was and what he could do, asked to speak with him, saying he could not pass so near his castle without having the honor of paying his respects to him.

The ogre received him as civilly as an ogre could do and made him sit down. "I have been assured," said the cat, "that you have the gift of being able to change yourself into all sorts of creatures you have a mind to. You can, for example, transform yourself into a lion, or elephant, and the like."

"This is true," answered the ogre very briskly, "and to convince you, you shall see me now become a lion."

Puss was so sadly terrified at the sight of a lion so near him that he immediately got into the gutter, not without abundance of trouble and danger, because of his boots, which were of no use at all to him in walking upon the tiles. A little while after, when Puss saw that the ogre had resumed his natural form, he came down and owned he had been very much frightened.

"I have been, moreover, informed," said the cat, "but I know not how to believe it, that you have also the power to take on you the shape of the smallest animals; for example, to change yourself into a rat or a mouse; but I must own to you, I take this to be impossible."

"Impossible!" cried the ogre, "you shall see that presently," and at the same time changed himself into a mouse, and began to run about the floor. Puss no sooner perceived this but he fell upon him and ate him up.

Meanwhile, the king, who saw, as he passed, this fine castle of the ogre's, had a mind to go into it. Puss, who heard the noise of his majesty's coach running over the drawbridge, ran out and said to the king, "Your Majesty is welcome to this castle of my lord Marquis of Carabas."

"What! my lord Marquis!" cried the king, "and does this castle also belong to you? There can be nothing finer than this court and all the stately buildings which surround it; let us go into it, if you please." They passed into a spacious hall, where they found a magnificent collation which the ogre had prepared for his friends, who were that very day to visit him, but dared not to enter, knowing the king was there. His majesty was perfectly charmed with the good qualities of my lord Marquis of Carabas, as was his daughter, who had fallen in love with him; and seeing the vast estate he possessed, said to him while they sat at the feast, "It will be owing to yourself only, my lord Marquis, if you are not my son-in-law." The marquis, making several low bows, accepted the honor which his majesty conferred upon him, and forthwith, that very same day, married the princess.

Puss became a great lord, and never ran after mice any more, but only for his diversion.

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Perrault attached to the next story this moral: "Diamonds and dollars influence minds, and yet gentle words have more effect and are more to be esteemed. . . . . It is a lot of trouble to be upright and it requires some effort, but sooner or later it finds its reward, and generally when one is least expecting it." English versions are usually given the title "Toads and Diamonds," though Perrault's title was simply "The Fairies" ("Les Fées). Lang calls attention to the fact that the origin of the story is "manifestly moral." He thinks "it is an obvious criticism that the elder girl should have met the fairy first; she was not likely to behave so rudely when she knew that politeness would be rewarded." It would be interesting for a story-teller to test the effect of relating the incidents in the order suggested by Lang.

TOADS AND DIAMONDS

There was once upon a time a widow who had two daughters. The oldest was so much like her in face and humor that whoever looked upon the daughter saw the mother. They were both so disagreeable and so proud that there was no living with them. The youngest, who was the very picture of her father for courtesy and sweetness of temper, was withal one of the most beautiful girls that was ever seen. As people naturally love their own likenesses, this mother ever doted on her eldest daughter and at the same time had a sad aversion for the youngest. She made her eat in the kitchen and work continually.

Among other things, this poor child was forced twice a day to draw water above a mile and a half from the house, and bring home a pitcher full of it. One day as she was at this fountain there came to her a poor woman, who begged of her to let her drink. "Oh, yes, with all my heart, Goody," said this pretty little girl; and rinsing the pitcher, she took up some water from the clearest place of the fountain and gave it to her, holding up the pitcher all the while that she might drink the easier.

The good woman having drunk, said to her, "You are so very pretty, my dear, so good and so mannerly, that I cannot help giving you a gift"—for this was a fairy, who had taken the form of a poor country woman to see how far the civility and good manners of this pretty girl would go. "I will give you for gift," continued the fairy, "that at every word you speak, there shall come out of your mouth either a flower or a jewel."

When this pretty girl came home, her mother scolded at her for staying so long at the fountain. "I beg your pardon, mamma," said the poor girl, "for not making more haste"; and, in speaking these words, there came out of her mouth two roses, two pearls, and two large diamonds.

"What is it I see there?" said her mother quite astonished. "I think I see pearls and diamonds come out of the girl's mouth! How happens this, my child?"—This was the first time she ever called her her child.

The poor creature told her frankly all the matter, not without dropping out infinite numbers of diamonds. "In good faith," cried the mother, "I must send my child thither. Come hither, Fanny. Look what comes out of your sister's mouth when she speaks! Would you not be glad, my dear, to have the same gift given to you? You have nothing else to do but go draw water out of the fountain, and when a certain poor woman asks you to let her drink, to give it her very civilly."

"It would be a very fine sight, indeed," said this ill-bred minx, "to see me go draw water!"

"You shall go, hussy," said the mother, "and this minute." So away she went, but grumbling all the way and taking with her the best silver tankard in the house.

She was no sooner at the fountain than she saw coming out of the wood a lady most gloriously dressed, who came up to her and asked to drink. This was, you must know, the very fairy who appeared to her sister, but who had now taken the air and dress of a princess to see how far this girl's rudeness would go. "Am I come hither," said the proud, saucy maid, "to serve you with water, pray? I suppose the silver tankard was brought purely for your ladyship, was it? However, you may drink out of it, if you have a fancy."

"You are not over and above mannerly," answered the fairy, without putting herself in a passion. "Well, then, since you have so little breeding and are so disobliging, I give you for gift, that at every word you speak there shall come out of your mouth a snake or a toad."

So soon as her mother saw her coming, she cried out, "Well, daughter."

"Well, mother," answered the pert hussy, throwing out of her mouth two vipers and two toads.

"Oh, mercy!" cried the mother, "what is it I see! Oh, it is that wretch, her sister, who has occasioned all this; but she shall pay for it"; and immediately she ran to beat her. The poor child fled away from her and went to hide herself in the forest, not far from thence.

The king's son, then on his return from hunting, met her, and seeing her so very pretty, asked her what she did there alone, and why she cried. "Alas, sir! my mamma has turned me out of doors." The king's son, who saw five or six pearls, and as many diamonds, come out of her mouth, desired her to tell him how that happened. She thereupon told him the whole story; and so the king's son fell in love with her; and, considering with himself that such a gift was worth more than any marriage-portion whatsoever in another, he conducted her to the palace of the king his father and there married her.

As for her sister, she made herself so much hated that her own mother turned her off; and the miserable girl, having wandered about a good while without finding anybody to take her in, went to a corner in the wood and there died.

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"Cinderella" is one of the world's greatest romantic stories. Its theme is a favorite in all folk literature. Young and old alike have never tired of hearing of the victories won by the deserving in the face of all sorts of obstacles. Perrault in his verse moral observes that "while beauty is a rare treasure for a woman, yet a winning manner, or personality, is worth even more." Still further, as if conscious of the part influence plays in the world, he says that "while it is doubtless a great advantage to have wit and courage, breeding and good sense, and other such natural endowments, still they will be of no earthly use for our advancement unless we have, to bring them into play, either godfathers or godmothers." One should not, however, take too seriously any moralizing over a fairy story whether by Perrault or another.

In one of the most thorough studies of a single folk tale, Miss Roalfe Cox's *Cinderella*, with an introduction by Andrew Lang, some three hundred and fifty variants of the story have been analyzed. The thing that marks a Cinderella story is the presence in it of the "slipper test." The finest versions are those by Perrault and the Grimms, and they are almost equally favorites with children. The Perrault form as found in the old English translation is given here for reasons stated by Ralston in his study of the Cinderella type: "But Perrault's rendering of the tale naturalised it in the polite world, gave it for cultured circles an attraction which it is never likely to lose. . . . . It is with human more than with mythological interest that the story is replete, and therefore it appeals to human hearts with a force which no lapse of time can diminish. Such supernatural machinery as is introduced, moreover, has a charm for children which older versions of the tale do not possess. The pumpkin carriage, the rat coachman, the lizard lacqueys, and all the other properties of the transformation scene, appeal at once to the imagination and the sense of humor of every beholder." (*Nineteenth Century*, November, 1879.)

CINDERELLA, OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER

Once there was a gentleman who married, for his second wife, the proudest and most haughty woman that was ever seen. She had, by a former husband, two daughters of her own humor, who were indeed exactly like her in all things. He had likewise, by another wife, a young daughter, but of unparalleled goodness and sweetness of temper, which she took from her mother, who was the best creature in the world.

No sooner were the ceremonies of the wedding over but the step-mother began to show herself in her colors. She could not bear the good qualities of this pretty girl; and the less because they made her own daughters appear the more odious. She employed her in the meanest work of the house; she scoured the dishes and tables, and cleaned madam's room and the rooms of misses, her daughters; she lay up in a sorry garret, upon a wretched straw-bed, while her sisters lay in fine rooms, with floors all inlaid, upon beds of the very newest fashion, and where they had looking-glasses so large that they might see themselves at their full length, from head to foot.

The poor girl bore all patiently, and dared not tell her father, who would have rattled her off, for his wife governed him entirely. When she had done her work, she used to go into the chimney corner and sit down among cinders and ashes, which made her commonly called Cinder-wench; but the youngest, who was not so rude and uncivil as the eldest, called her Cinderella. However, Cinderella, notwithstanding her mean apparel, was a hundred times handsomer than her sisters, though they were always dressed very richly.

It happened that the king's son gave a ball, and invited all persons of fashion to it. Our young misses were also invited, for they cut a very grand figure among the quality. They were mightily delighted at this invitation, and wonderfully busy in choosing out such gowns, petticoats, and head-clothes as might best become them. This was a new trouble to Cinderella, for it was she who ironed her sisters' linen and plaited their ruffles. They talked all day long of nothing but how they should be dressed. "For my part," said the eldest, "I will wear my red velvet suit with French trimmings."

"And I," said the youngest, "shall only have my usual petticoat; but then, to make amends for that, I will put on my gold flowered manteau and my diamond stomacher, which is far from being the most ordinary one in the world." They sent for the best tire-woman they could get to make up their head-dresses, and they had their patches from the very best maker.

Cinderella was likewise called up to them to be consulted in all these matters, for she had excellent notions and advised them always for the best; nay, and offered her service to dress their heads, which they were very willing she should do. As she was doing this, they said to her, "Cinderella, would you not be glad to go to the ball?"

"Ah!" said she, "you only jeer at me; it is not for such as I am to go thither."

"Thou art in the right of it," replied they; "it would make the people laugh to see a cinder-wench at a ball."

Any one but Cinderella would have dressed their heads awry, but she was very good, and dressed them perfectly well. They were almost two days without eating, so much they were transported with joy. They broke above a dozen of laces in trying to be laced up close, that they might have a fine slender shape, and they were continually at their looking-glass. At last the happy day came. They went to court, and Cinderella followed them with her eyes as long as she could, and when she had lost sight of them, she fell a-crying.

Her godmother, who saw her all in tears, asked her what was the matter. "I wish I could—I wish I could—"; she was not able to speak the rest, being interrupted by her tears and sobbing.

This godmother of hers, who was a fairy, said to her, "Thou wishest thou couldest go to the ball. Is it not so?"

"Y—es," cried Cinderella with a great sigh.

"Well," said her godmother, "be but a good girl, and I will contrive that thou shalt go."

Then she took her into her chamber and said to her, "Run into the garden and bring me a pumpkin." Cinderella went immediately to gather the finest she could get, and brought it to her godmother, not being able to imagine how this pumpkin could make her go to the ball. Her godmother scooped out all the inside of it, having left nothing but the rind; which done, she struck it with her wand, and the pumpkin was instantly turned into a fine coach, gilded all over with gold.

She then went to look into her mousetrap, where she found six mice, all alive, and ordered Cinderella to lift up a little the trap-door. Then she gave each mouse, as it went out, a little tap with her wand, and the mouse was that moment turned into a fair horse. All together the mice made a very fine set of six horses of a beautiful mouse-colored dapple-gray. Being at a loss for a coachman, "I will go and see," said Cinderella, "if there be never a rat in the rat-trap, that we may make a coachman of him."

"Thou art in the right," replied her godmother; "go and look."

Cinderella brought the trap to her, and in it there were three huge rats. The fairy made choice of one of the three, which had the largest beard, and, having touched him with her wand, he was turned into a fat, jolly coachman, who had the smartest whiskers that eyes ever beheld.

After that her godmother said to her, "Go again into the garden and you will find six lizards behind the watering pot; bring them to me." She had no sooner done so, than the fairy turned them into six footmen, who skipped up immediately behind the coach, with their liveries all bedecked with gold and silver, and clung as close behind each other as if they had done nothing else their whole lives. The fairy then said to Cinderella, "Well, you see here an equipage fit to go to the ball with. Are you not pleased with it?"

"Oh, yes," cried she, "but must I go thither as I am, in these filthy rags?" Her godmother only just touched her with her wand, and at the same instant her clothes were turned into cloth of gold and silver, all beset with jewels. This done, she gave her a pair of glass slippers, the prettiest in the whole world.

Being thus decked out, she got up into her coach; but her godmother, above all things, commanded her not to stay till after midnight, telling her that if she stayed at the ball one moment longer, her coach would be a pumpkin again, her horses mice, her coachman a rat, her footmen lizards, and her clothes just as they were before.

She promised her godmother she would not fail of leaving the ball before midnight; and then away she drives, scarce able to contain herself for joy. The king's son, who was told that a great princess, whom nobody knew, was come, ran out to receive her. He gave her his hand as she alighted from the coach, and led her into the hall among all the company. There was immediately a profound silence. They left off dancing, and the violins ceased to play, so attentive was every one to contemplate the singular beauties of this unknown new-comer. Nothing was then heard but a confused noise of, "Ha! how handsome she is! Ha! how handsome she is!" The king himself, old as he was, could not help ogling her and telling the queen softly that it was a long time since he had seen so beautiful and lovely a creature. All the ladies were busied in considering her clothes and head-dress, that they might have some made next day after the same pattern, provided they could meet with such fine materials and as able hands to make them.

The king's son conducted her to the most honorable seat and afterwards took her out to dance with him. She danced so very gracefully that they all more and more admired her. A fine collation was served up, whereof the young prince ate not a morsel, so intently was he busied in gazing on her. She went and sat down by her sisters, showing them a thousand civilities, giving them part of the oranges and citrons which the prince had presented her with; which very much surprised them, for they did not know her. While Cinderella was thus amusing her sisters, she heard the clock strike eleven and three quarters, whereupon she immediately made a courtesy to the company and hasted away as fast as she could.

Being got home, she ran to seek out her godmother; and having thanked her, she said she could not but heartily wish she might go next day to the ball, because the king's son had desired her. As she was eagerly telling her godmother whatever had passed at the ball, her two sisters knocked at the door, which Cinderella ran and opened. "How long you have stayed!" cried she, gaping, rubbing her eyes, and stretching herself as if she had been just awakened out of her sleep; she had not, however, any manner of inclination to sleep since they went from home.

"If thou hadst been at the ball," said one of her sisters, "thou wouldest not have been tired with it. There came thither the finest princess, the most beautiful ever seen with mortal eyes. She showed us a thousand civilities and gave us oranges and citrons." Cinderella seemed very indifferent in the matter; indeed, she asked them the name of the princess, but they told her they did not know it and that the king's son was very uneasy on her account and would give all the world to know who she was.

At this Cinderella, smiling, replied, "She must then be very beautiful indeed! How happy have you been! Could not I see her? Ah! dear Miss Charlotte, do lend me your yellow suit of clothes, which you wear every day."

"Ay, to be sure," cried Miss Charlotte, "lend my clothes to such a dirty cinder-wench as thou art! Who's the fool then?" Cinderella indeed expected some such answer and was very glad of the refusal, for she would have been sadly put to it if her sister had lent her what she asked for jestingly.

The next day the two sisters were at the ball, and so was Cinderella, but dressed more magnificently than before. The king's son was always by her side and never ceased his compliments and amorous speeches to her; to whom all this was so far from being tiresome that she quite forgot what her godmother had recommended to her, so that she at last counted the clock striking twelve when she took it to be no more than eleven. She then rose up and fled as nimble as a deer. The prince followed, but could not overtake her. She left behind one of her glass slippers, which the prince took up most carefully. She got home, but quite out of breath, without coach or footmen, and in her old cinder clothes, having nothing left of all her finery but one of the little slippers, fellow to that she dropped. The guards at the palace gate were asked if they had not seen a princess go out. They said they had seen nobody go out but a young girl very meanly dressed, who had more the air of a poor country wench than a gentlewoman.

When the two sisters returned from the ball, Cinderella asked them if they had been well diverted and if the fine lady had been there. They told her yes, but that she hurried away immediately when it struck twelve and with so much haste that she dropped one of her little glass slippers, the prettiest in the world, which the king's son had taken up; that he had done nothing but look at her all the time of the ball, and that most certainly he was very much in love with the beautiful person who owned the little glass slipper.

What they said was very true, for a few days after, the king's son caused to be proclaimed by sound of trumpets that he would marry her whose foot this slipper would just fit. They whom he employed began to try it on upon the princesses, then the duchesses, and all the court, but in vain. It was brought to the two sisters, who did all they possibly could to thrust their foot into the slipper, but they could not effect it. Cinderella, who saw all this and knew her slipper, said to them, laughing, "Let me see if it will not fit me!"

Her sisters burst out laughing and began to banter her. The gentleman who was sent to try the slipper looked earnestly at Cinderella, and finding her very handsome, said it was but just that she should try, and that he had orders to let every one make trial. He obliged Cinderella to sit down, and putting the slipper to her foot, he found it went in very easily and fitted her as if it had been made of wax. The astonishment her two sisters were in was excessively great, but still abundantly greater when Cinderella pulled out of her pocket the other slipper and put it on her foot. Thereupon in came her godmother, who having touched, with her wand, Cinderella's clothes, made them richer and more magnificent than any of those she had before.

And now her two sisters found her to be that fine beautiful lady whom they had seen at the ball. They threw themselves at her feet to beg pardon for all the ill treatment they had made her undergo. Cinderella took them up, and as she embraced them, cried that she forgave them with all her heart and desired them always to love her. She was conducted to the young prince, dressed as she was. He thought her more charming than ever, and a few days after, married her. Cinderella, who was no less good than beautiful, gave her two sisters lodgings in the palace, and that very same day matched them with two great lords of the court.

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The hero of the next story is often known as Drakesbill, which easily becomes Bill Drake. The version that follows is a translation from the French of Charles Marelles as given by Lang in his *Red Fairy Book*. It has a raciness not in those softened versions in which one friend gets into a pocket, another under a wing, and so on. The persistent energy of the little hero, his resourcefulness in difficulty, his loyal friends, the unexpected honor that comes as recognition of his success, the humor that pervades every character and incident, make this one of the most delightful of children's stories.

DRAKESTAIL

Drakestail was very little, that is why he was called Drakestail; but tiny as he was he had brains, and he knew what he was about, for having begun with nothing he ended by amassing a hundred crowns. Now the king of the country, who was very extravagant and never kept any money, having heard that Drakestail had some, went one day in his own person to borrow his hoard, and, my word, in those days Drakestail was not a little proud of having lent money to the king. But after the first and second year, seeing that he never even dreamed of paying the interest, he became uneasy, so much so that at last he resolved to go and see his majesty himself, and get repaid. So one fine morning Drakestail, very spruce and fresh, takes the road, singing: "Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?"

He had not gone far when he met friend Fox, on his rounds that way.

"Good-morning, neighbor," says the friend; "where are you off to so early?"

"I am going to the king for what he owes me."

"Oh! take me with thee!"

Drakestail said to himself: "One can't have too many friends." Aloud says he, "I will, but going on all fours you will soon be tired. Make yourself quite small, get into my throat—go into my gizzard, and I will carry you."

"Happy thought!" says friend Fox. He takes bag and baggage, and, presto! is gone like a letter into the post.

And Drakestail is off again, all spruce and fresh, still singing: "Quack, quack, quack, when shall I have my money back?"

He had not gone far when he met his lady friend, Ladder, leaning on her wall.

"Good-morning, my duckling," says the lady friend, "whither away so bold?"

"I am going to the king for what he owes me."

"Oh! take me with thee!"

Drakestail said to himself: "One can't have too many friends." Aloud says he: "I will, but then with your wooden legs you will soon be tired. Make yourself quite small, get into my throat—go into my gizzard, and I will carry you."

"Happy thought!" says my friend Ladder, and nimble, bag and baggage, goes to keep company with friend Fox.

And "Quack, quack, quack," Drakestail is off again, singing and spruce as before. A little further he meets his sweetheart, my friend River, wandering quietly in the sunshine.

"Thou, my cherub," says she, "whither so lonesome, with arching tail, on this muddy road?"

"I am going to the king, you know, for what he owes me."

"Oh! take me with thee!"

Drakestail said to himself: "One can't have too many friends." Aloud says he: "I will, but you who sleep while you walk will soon get tired. Make yourself quite small, get into my throat—go into my gizzard, and I will carry you."

"Ah! happy thought!" says my friend River.

She takes bag and baggage, and glou, glou, glou she takes her place between friend Fox and my friend Ladder.

And "Quack, quack, quack," Drakestail is off again singing.

A little further on he meets comrade Wasp's-nest, maneuvering his wasps.

"Well, good-morning, friend Drakestail," said comrade Wasp's-nest, "where are we bound for, so spruce and fresh?"

"I am going to the king for what he owes me."

"Oh! take me with thee!"

Drakestail said to himself, "One can't have too many friends." Aloud says he: "I will, but then with your battalion to drag along, you will soon be tired. Make yourself quite small, go into my throat —get into my gizzard, and I will carry you."

"By Jove! that's a good idea!" says comrade Wasp's-nest.

And left file! he takes the same road to join the others with all his party. There was not much room, but by closing up a bit they managed. And Drakestail is off again singing.

He arrived thus at the capital, and threaded his way straight up the High Street, still running and singing, "Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?" to the great astonishment of the good folks, till he came to the king's palace.

He strikes with the knocker: "Toc! toc!"

"Who is there?" asks the porter, putting his head out of the wicket.

"'Tis I, Drakestail. I wish to speak to the king."

"Speak to the king! That's easily said. The king is dining, and will not be disturbed."

"Tell him that it is I, and I have come he well knows why."

The porter shuts his wicket and goes up to say it to the king, who was just sitting down to dinner with a napkin round his neck, and all his ministers.

"Good; good!" said the king, laughing. "I know what it is! Make him come in, and put him with the turkeys and chickens."

The porter descends.

"Have the goodness to enter."

"Good!" says Drakestail to himself, "I shall now see how they eat at court."

"This way, this way," says the porter. "One step further. There, there you are."

"How? what? in the poultry-yard?"

Fancy how vexed Drakestail was!

"Ah! so that's it," says he. "Wait! I will compel you to receive me. Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?" But turkeys and chickens are creatures who don't like people that are not as themselves. When they saw the new-comer and how he was made, and when they heard him crying too, they began to look black at him.

"What is it? What does he want?"

Finally they rushed at him all together, to overwhelm him with pecks.

"I am lost!" said Drakestail to himself, when by good luck he remembers his comrade friend Fox, and he cries:

"Reynard, Reynard, come out of your earth,
Or Drakestail's life is of little worth."

Then friend Fox, who was only waiting for these words, hastens out, throws himself on the wicked fowls, and quick! quack! he tears them to pieces; so much so that at the end of five minutes there was not one left alive. And Drakestail, quite content, began to sing again, "Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?"

When the king, who was still at table, heard this refrain, and the poultry-woman came to tell him what had been going on in the yard, he was terribly annoyed.

He ordered them to throw this tail of a drake into the well, to make an end of him.

And it was done as he commanded. Drakestail was in despair of getting himself out of such a deep hole, when he remembered his lady friend Ladder.

"Ladder, Ladder, come out of thy hold,
Or Drakestail's days will soon be told."

My friend Ladder, who was only waiting for these words, hastens out, leans her two arms on the edge of the well; then Drakestail climbs nimbly on her back, and hop! he is in the yard, where he begins to sing louder than ever.

When the king, who was still at table and laughing at the good trick he had played his creditor, heard him again reclaiming his money, he became livid with rage.

He commanded that the furnace should be heated, and this tail of a drake thrown into it, because he must be a sorcerer.

The furnace was soon hot, but this time Drakestail was not so afraid; he counted on his sweetheart, my friend River.

"River, River, outward flow,
Or to death Drakestail must go."

My friend River hastens out, and errouf! throws herself into the furnace, which she floods, with all the people who had lighted it; after which she flowed growling into the hall of the palace to the height of more than four feet

And Drakestail, quite content, begins to swim, singing deafeningly, "Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?"

The king was still at table, and thought himself quite sure of his game; but when he heard Drakestail singing again, and when they told him all that had passed, he became furious and got up from the table brandishing his fists.

"Bring him here, and I'll cut his throat! Bring him here quick!" cried he.

And quickly two footmen ran to fetch Drakestail.

"At last," said the poor chap, going up the great stairs, "they have decided to receive me."

Imagine his terror when on entering he sees the king as red as a turkey cock, and all his ministers attending him standing sword in hand. He thought this time it was all up with him. Happily he remembered that there was still one remaining friend, and he cried with dying accents:

"Wasp's nest, Wasp's nest, make a sally,
Or Drakestail nevermore may rally."

Hereupon the scene changes.

"Bs, bs, bayonet them!" The brave Wasp's-nest rushes out with all his wasps. They threw themselves on the infuriated king and his ministers, and stung them so fiercely in the face that they lost their heads, and not knowing where to hide themselves they all jumped pell-mell from the window and broke their necks on the pavement.

Behold Drakestail much astonished, all alone in the big saloon and master of the field. He could not get over it.

Nevertheless, he remembered shortly what he had come for to the palace, and improving the occasion, he set to work to hunt for his dear money. But in vain he rummaged in all the drawers; he found nothing; all had been spent.

And ferreting thus from room to room he came at last to the one with the throne in it, and feeling fatigued, he sat himself down on it to think over his adventure. In the meanwhile the people had found their king and his ministers with their feet in the air on the pavement, and they had gone into the palace to know how it had occurred. On entering the throne-room, when the crowd saw that there was already someone on the royal seat, they broke out in cries of surprise and joy:

"The King is dead, long live the King!
Heaven has sent us down this thing."

Drakestail, who was no longer surprised at anything, received the acclamations of the people as if he had never done anything else all his life.

A few of them certainly murmured that a Drakestail would make a fine king; those who knew him replied that a knowing Drakestail was a more worthy king than a spendthrift like him who was lying on the pavement. In short, they ran and took the crown off the head of the deceased, and placed it on that of Drakestail, whom it fitted like wax.

Thus he became king.

"And now," said he after the ceremony, "ladies and gentlemen, let's go to supper. I am so hungry!"

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The story of "Beauty and the Beast," while very old in its ruder forms, is known to us in a fine version which comes from the middle of the eighteenth century. Madame de Villeneuve, a French writer of some note and a follower of Perrault in the field of the fairy tale, published in 1740 a collection of stories (*Contes Marins*) supposed to be told by an old woman during a voyage to St. Domingo. Among these was "Beauty and the Beast" in a long-winded style extending to more than 250 pages. In 1757, a greatly abridged form of this version was published by Madame de Beaumont, who was then living in England and who wrote many spirited tales designed for children. Her stories are full of the didactic element, and "Beauty and the Beast" is no exception to the rule. These "edifying commonplaces," however, are so sound and fit into the story so naturally that the reader does not suffer from their presence. The artificial character of the story is easily felt in contrast to the natural qualities of a folk version. The plot has all the perfection of a finished piece of literary art, and for this quality especially Madame de Beaumont's abridgement has always been heartily and rightly admired.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Once upon a time, in a far-off country, there lived a merchant who had been so fortunate in all his undertakings that he was enormously rich. As he had, however, six sons and six daughters, he found that his money was not too much to let them have everything they fancied, as they were accustomed to do.

But one day a most unexpected misfortune befell them. Their house caught fire and was speedily burned to the ground, with all the splendid furniture, the books, pictures, gold, silver, and precious goods it contained; and this was only the beginning of their troubles. Their father, who had until this moment prospered in all ways, suddenly lost every ship he had upon the sea, either by dint of pirates, shipwreck, or fire. Then he heard that his clerks in distant countries, whom he had trusted entirely, had proved unfaithful, and at last from great wealth he fell into direst poverty.

All that he had left was a little house in a desolate place at least a hundred leagues from the town in which he had lived, and to this he was forced to retreat with his children, who were in despair at the idea of leading such a different life. Indeed, the daughters at first hoped that their friends, who had been so numerous while they were rich, would insist on their staying in their houses now they no longer possessed one. But they soon found that they were left alone, and that their former friends even attributed their misfortunes to their own extravagance, and showed no intention of offering them any help. So nothing was left for them but to take their departure to the cottage, which stood in the midst of a dark forest, and seemed to be the most dismal place upon the face of the earth.

As they were too poor to have any servants, the girls had to work hard, like peasants, and the sons, for their part, cultivated the fields to earn their living. Roughly clothed, and living in the simplest way, the girls regretted unceasingly the luxuries and amusements of their former life; only the youngest tried to be brave and cheerful. She had been as sad as anyone when the misfortune first overtook her father, but, soon recovering her natural gayety, she set to work to make the best of things, to amuse her father and brothers as well as she could, and to try to persuade her sisters to join her in dancing and singing. But they would do nothing of the sort, and because she was not as doleful as themselves they declared that this miserable life was all she was fit for. But she was really far prettier and cleverer than they were; indeed, she was so lovely that she was always called Beauty. After two years, when they were all beginning to get used to their new life, something happened to disturb their tranquillity. Their father received the news that one of his ships, which he had believed to be lost, had come safely into port with a rich cargo.

All the sons and daughters at once thought that their poverty was at an end and wanted to set out directly for the town, but their father, who was more prudent, begged them to wait a little, and though it was harvest-time and he could ill be spared, determined to go himself first to make inquiries. Only the youngest daughter had any doubt but that they would soon be as rich as they were before, or at least rich enough to live comfortably in some town where they would find amusement and gay companions once more. So they all loaded their father with commissions for jewels and dresses which it would have taken a fortune to buy; only Beauty, feeling sure that it was of no use, did not ask for anything. Her father, noticing her silence, said: "And what shall I bring for you, Beauty?"

"The only thing I wish for is to see you come home safely," she answered.

But this reply vexed her sisters, who fancied she was blaming them for having asked for such costly things. Her father was pleased, but as he thought that at her age she certainly ought to like pretty presents, he told her to choose something.

"Well, dear father," said she, "as you insist upon it, I beg that you will bring me a rose. I have not seen one since we came here, and I love them so much."

So the merchant set out and reached the town as quickly as possible, but only to find that his former companions, believing him to be dead, had divided between them the goods which the ship had brought; and after six months of trouble and expense he found himself as poor as when he started, having been able to recover only just enough to pay the cost of the journey. To make matters worse, he was obliged to leave the town in terrible weather, so that by the time he was within a few leagues of his home he was almost exhausted with cold and fatigue. Though he knew it would take some hours to get through the forest, he was so anxious to be at his journey's end that he resolved to go on; but night overtook him, and the deep snow and bitter frost made it impossible for his horse to carry him any further. Not a house was to be seen. The only shelter he could get was the hollow trunk of a great tree, and there he crouched all the night, which seemed to him the longest he had ever known. In spite of his weariness the howling of the wolves kept him awake, and even when at last the day broke he was not much better off, for the falling snow had covered up every path and he did not know which way to turn.

At length he made out some sort of track, and though at the beginning it was so rough and slippery that he fell down more than once, it presently became easier and led him into an avenue of trees which ended in a splendid castle. It seemed to the merchant very strange that no snow had fallen in the avenue, which was entirely composed of orange-trees, covered with flowers and fruit. When he reached the first court of the castle he saw before him a flight of agate steps, and went up them and passed through several splendidly furnished rooms. The pleasant warmth of the air revived him and he felt very hungry; but there seemed to be nobody in all this vast and splendid palace whom he could ask to give him something to eat. Deep silence reigned everywhere, and at last, tired of roaming through empty rooms and galleries, he stopped in a room smaller than the rest, where a clear fire was burning and a couch was drawn up cozily, close to it. Thinking that this must be prepared for some one who was expected, he sat down to wait till he should come and very soon fell into a sweet sleep.

When his extreme hunger wakened him after several hours he was still alone, but a little table, upon which was a good dinner, had been drawn up close to him, and as he had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours he lost no time in beginning his meal, hoping that he might soon have an opportunity of thanking his considerate entertainer, whoever it might be. But no one appeared, and even after another long sleep, from which he awoke completely refreshed, there was no sign of anybody, though a fresh meal of dainty cakes and fruit was prepared upon a little table at his elbow. Being naturally timid, the silence began to terrify him, and he resolved to search once more through all the rooms; but it was of no use. Not even a servant was to be seen; there was no sign of life in the palace! He began to wonder what he should do, and to amuse himself by pretending that all the treasures he saw were his own, and considering how he would divide them among his children. Then he went down into the garden, and though it was winter everywhere else, here the sun shone, and the birds sang, and the flowers bloomed, and the air was soft and sweet. The merchant, in ecstasies with all he saw and heard, said to himself:

"All this must be meant for me. I will go this minute and bring my children to share all these delights."

In spite of being so cold and weary when he reached the castle, he had taken his horse to the stable and fed it. Now he thought he would saddle it for his homeward journey, and he turned down the path which led to the stable. This path had a hedge of roses on each side of it, and the merchant thought he had never seen or smelled such exquisite flowers. They reminded him of his promise to Beauty, and he stopped and had just gathered one to take to her when he was startled by a strange noise behind him. Turning round he saw a frightful beast, which seemed to be very angry and said in a terrible voice: "Who told you that you might gather my roses? Was it not enough that I allowed you to be in my palace and was kind to you? This is the way you show your gratitude, by stealing my flowers! But your insolence shall not go unpunished."

The merchant, terrified by these furious words, dropped the fatal rose, and throwing himself on his knees cried: "Pardon me, noble sir. I am truly grateful to you for your hospitality, which was so magnificent that I could not imagine that you would be offended by my taking such a little thing as a rose." But the beast's anger was not lessened by this speech.

"You are very ready with excuses and flattery," he cried; "but that will not save you from the death you deserve."

"Alas!" thought the merchant, "if my daughter Beauty could only know what danger her rose has brought me into!"

And in despair be began to tell the beast all his misfortunes and the reason of his journey, not forgetting to mention Beauty's request.

"A king's ransom would hardly have procured all that my other daughters asked," he said, "but I thought that I might at least take Beauty her rose. I beg you to forgive me, for you see I meant no harm."

The beast considered for a moment, and then he said in a less furious tone:

"I will forgive you on one condition—that is, that you will give me one of your daughters."

"Ah!" cried the merchant, "if I were cruel enough to buy my own life at the expense of one of my children's, what excuse could I invent to bring her here?"

"No excuse would be necessary," answered the beast. "If she comes at all she must come willingly. On no other condition will I have her. See if any one of them is courageous enough and loves you well enough to come and save your life. You seem to be an honest man, so I will trust you to go home. I give you a month to see if either of your daughters will come back with you and stay here, to let you go free. If neither of them is willing you must come alone, after bidding them good-by forever, for then you will belong to me. And do not imagine that you can hide from me, for if you fail to keep your word I will come and fetch you!" added the beast grimly.

The merchant accepted this proposal, though he did not really think any of his daughters would be persuaded to come. He promised to return at the time appointed, and then, anxious to escape from the presence of the beast, he asked permission to set off at once. But the beast answered that he could not go until the next day.

"Then you will find a horse ready for you," he said. "Now go and eat your supper and await my orders."

The poor merchant, more dead than

alive, went back to his room, where the most delicious supper was already served on the little table which was drawn up before a blazing fire. But he was too terrified to eat, and only tasted a few of the dishes, for fear the beast should be angry if he did not obey his orders. When he had finished he heard a great noise in the next room, which he knew meant that the beast was coming. As he could do nothing to escape his visit, the only thing that remained was to seem as little afraid as possible; so when the beast appeared and asked roughly if he had supped well, the merchant answered humbly that he had, thanks to his host's kindness. Then the beast warned him to remember their agreement and to prepare his daughter exactly for what she had to expect.

"Do not get up to-morrow," he added, "until you see the sun and hear a golden bell ring. Then you will find your breakfast waiting for you here, and the horse you are to ride will be ready in the court-yard. He will also bring you back again when you come with your daughter a month hence. Farewell. Take a rose to Beauty, and remember your promise."

The merchant was only too glad when the beast went away, and though he could not sleep for sadness, he lay down until the sun rose. Then, after a hasty breakfast, he went to gather Beauty's rose and mounted his horse, which carried him off so swiftly that in an instant he had lost sight of the palace, and he was still wrapped in gloomy thoughts when it stopped before the door of the cottage.

His sons and daughters, who had been very uneasy at his long absence, rushed to meet him, eager to know the result of his journey, which, seeing him mounted upon a splendid horse and wrapped in a rich mantle, they supposed to be favorable. But he hid the truth from them at first, only saying sadly to Beauty as he gave her the rose:

"Here is what you asked me to bring you. You little know what it has cost."

But this excited their curiosity so greatly that presently he told them his adventures from beginning to end, and then they were all very unhappy. The girls lamented loudly over their lost hopes, and the sons declared that their father should not return to this terrible castle, and began to make plans for killing the beast if it should come to fetch him. But he reminded them that he had promised to go back. Then the girls were very angry with Beauty and said it was all her fault, and that if she had asked for something sensible this would never have happened, and complained bitterly that they should have to suffer for her folly.

Poor Beauty, much distressed, said to them:

"I have indeed caused this misfortune, but I assure you I did it innocently. Who could have guessed that to ask for a rose in the middle of summer would cause so much misery? But as I did the mischief it is only just that I should suffer for it. I will therefore go back with my father to keep his promise."

At first nobody would hear of this arrangement, and her father and brothers, who loved her dearly, declared that nothing should make them let her go; but Beauty was firm. As the time drew near she divided all her little possessions between her sisters and said good-by to everything she loved, and when the fatal day came she encouraged and cheered her father as they mounted together the horse which had brought him back. It seemed to fly rather than gallop, but so smoothly that Beauty was not frightened; indeed, she would have enjoyed the journey if she had not feared what might happen to her at the end of it. Her father still tried to persuade her to go back, but in vain. While they were talking the night fell, and then, to their surprise, wonderful colored lights began to shine in all directions, and splendid fireworks blazed out before them. All the forest was illuminated by them, and even felt pleasantly warm, though it had been bitterly cold before. This lasted until they reached the avenue of orange-trees, where were statues holding flaming torches, and when they got nearer to the palace they saw that it was illuminated from the roof to the ground, and music sounded softly from the court-yard. "The beast must be very hungry," said Beauty, trying to laugh, "if he makes all this rejoicing over the arrival of his prey."

But in spite of her anxiety she could not help admiring all the wonderful things she saw.

The horse stopped at the foot of the flight of steps leading to the terrace, and when they had dismounted her father led her to the little room he had been in before, where they found a splendid fire burning and the table daintily spread with a delicious supper.

The merchant knew that this was meant for them, and Beauty, who was rather less frightened now that she had passed through so many rooms and seen nothing of the beast, was quite willing to begin, for her long ride had made her very hungry. But they had hardly finished their meal when the noise of the beast's footsteps was heard approaching, and Beauty clung to her father in terror, which became all the greater when she saw how frightened he was. But when the beast really appeared, though she trembled at the sight of him, she made a great effort to hide her horror and saluted him respectfully.

This evidently pleased the beast. After looking at her he said, in a tone that might have struck terror into the boldest heart, though he did not seem to be angry:

"Good-evening, old man. Good-evening, Beauty."

The merchant was too terrified to reply, but Beauty answered sweetly:

"Good-evening, beast."

"Have you come willingly?" asked the beast. "Will you be content to stay here when your father goes away?"

Beauty answered bravely that she was quite prepared to stay.

"I am pleased with you," said the beast. "As you have come of your own accord, you may stay. As for you, old man," he added, turning to the merchant, "at sunrise to-morrow you will take your departure. When the bell rings get up quickly and eat your breakfast, and you will find the same horse waiting to take you home; but remember that you must never expect to see my palace again."

Then turning to Beauty he said:

"Take your father into the next room and help him to choose everything you think your brothers and sisters would like to have. You will find two traveling-trunks there; fill them as full as you can. It is only just that you should send them something very precious as a remembrance of yourself."

Then he went away after saying, "Good-by, Beauty; good-by, old man"; and though Beauty was beginning to think with great dismay of her father's departure, she was afraid to disobey the beast's orders, and they went into the next room, which had shelves and cupboards all round it. They were greatly surprised at the riches it contained. There were splendid dresses fit for a queen, with all the ornaments that were to be worn with them; and when Beauty opened the cupboards she was quite dazzled by the gorgeous jewels that lay in heaps upon every shelf. After choosing a vast quantity, which she divided between her sisters — for she made a heap of the wonderful dresses for each of them — she opened the last chest, which was full of gold.

"I think, father," she said, "that as the gold will be more useful to you we had better take out the other things again and fill the trunks with it." So they did this; but the more they put in the more room there seemed to be, and at last they put back all the jewels and dresses they had taken out, and Beauty even added as many more of the jewels as she could carry at once; and then the trunks were not too full, but they were so heavy that an elephant could not have carried them!

"The beast was mocking us," cried the merchant. "He must have pretended to give us all these things, knowing that I could not carry them away."

"Let us wait and see," answered Beauty. "I cannot believe that he meant to deceive us. All we can do is to fasten them up and leave them ready."

So they did this and returned to the little room, where, to their astonishment, they found breakfast ready. The merchant ate his with a good appetite, as the beast's generosity made him believe that he might perhaps venture to come back soon and see Beauty. But she felt sure that her father was leaving her forever, so she was very sad when the bell rang sharply for the second time and warned them that the time had come for them to part. They went down into the courtyard, where two horses were waiting, one loaded with the two trunks, the other for him to ride. They were pawing the ground in their impatience to start, and the merchant was forced to bid Beauty a hasty farewell; and as soon as he was mounted he went off at such a pace that she lost sight of him in an instant.

Then Beauty began to cry and wandered back to her own room. But she soon found that she was very sleepy, and as she had nothing better to do she lay down and instantly fell asleep. And then she dreamed that she was walking by a brook bordered with trees and lamenting her sad fate, when a young prince, handsomer than anyone she had ever seen, and with a voice that went straight to her heart, came and said to her: "Ah, Beauty! you are not so unfortunate as you suppose. Here you will be rewarded for all you have suffered elsewhere. Your every wish shall be gratified. Only try to find me out, no matter how I may be disguised, as I love you dearly, and in making me happy you will find your own happiness. Be as true-hearted as you are beautiful, and we shall have nothing left to wish for."

"What can I do, prince, to make you happy?" said Beauty.

"Only be grateful," he answered, "and do not trust too much to your eyes. And above all, do not desert me until you have saved me from my cruel misery."

After this she thought she found herself in a room with a stately and beautiful lady, who said to her:

"Dear Beauty, try not to regret all you have left behind you, for you are destined to a better fate. Only do not let yourself be deceived by appearances."

Beauty found her dreams so interesting that she was in no hurry to awake, but presently the clock roused her by calling her name softly twelve times, and then she got up and found her dressing-table set out with everything she could possibly want; and when her toilet was finished she found dinner was waiting in the room next to hers. But dinner does not take very long when you are all by yourself, and very soon she sat down cozily in the corner of a sofa and began to think about the charming prince she had seen in her dream.

"He said I could make him happy," said Beauty to herself. "It seems, then, that this horrible beast keeps him a prisoner. How can I set him free? I wonder why they both told me not to trust to appearances. I don't understand it. But after all it is only a dream, so why should I trouble myself about it? I had better go and find something to do to amuse myself."

So she got up and began to explore some of the many rooms of the palace.

The first she entered was lined with mirrors, and Beauty saw herself reflected on every side, and thought she had never seen such a charming room. Then a bracelet which was hanging from a chandelier caught her eye, and on taking it down she was greatly surprised to find that it held a portrait of her unknown admirer, just as she had seen him in her dream. With great delight she slipped the bracelet on her arm and went on into a gallery of pictures, where she soon found a portrait of the same handsome prince, as large as life and so well painted that as she studied it he seemed to smile kindly at her.

Tearing herself away from the portrait at last, she passed through into a room which contained every musical instrument under the sun, and here she amused herself for a long while in trying some of them and singing until she was tired. The next room was a library, and she saw everything she had ever wanted to read, as well as everything she had read, and it seemed to her that a whole lifetime would not be enough even to read the names of the books, there were so many. By this time it was growing dusk, and wax candles in diamond and ruby candlesticks were beginning to light themselves in every room.

Beauty found her supper served just at the time she preferred to have it, but she did not see anyone or hear a sound, and though her father had warned her that she would be alone, she began to find it rather dull.

But presently she heard the beast coming, and wondered tremblingly if he meant to eat her up now.

However, as he did not seem at all ferocious, and only said gruffly, "Good-evening, Beauty," she answered cheerfully and managed to conceal her terror. Then the beast asked her how she had been amusing herself, and she told him all the rooms she had seen.

Then he asked if she thought she could be happy in his palace, and Beauty answered that everything was so beautiful that she would be very hard to please if she could not be happy. And after about an hour's talk Beauty began to think that the beast was not nearly so terrible as she had supposed at first. Then he got up to leave her and said in his gruff voice:

"Do you love me, Beauty? Will you marry me?"

"Oh! what shall I say?" cried Beauty, for she was afraid to make the beast angry by refusing.

"Say 'yes' or 'no' without fear," he replied.

"Oh! no, beast," said Beauty hastily.

"Since you will not, good-night, Beauty," he said. And she answered, "Good-night, beast," very glad to find that her refusal had not provoked him. And after he was gone she was very soon in bed and asleep and dreaming of her unknown prince. She thought he came and said to her:

"Ah, Beauty! why are you so unkind to me? I fear I am fated to be unhappy for many a long day still."

And then her dreams changed, but the charming prince figured in them all; and when morning came her first thought was to look at the portrait and see if it was really like him, and she found that it certainly was.

This morning she decided to amuse herself in the garden, for the sun shone and all the fountains were playing; but she was astonished to find that every place was familiar to her, and presently she came to the brook where the myrtle trees were growing where she had first met the prince in her dream, and that made her think more than ever that he must be kept a prisoner by the beast. When she was tired she went back to the palace, and found a new room full of materials for every kind of work — ribbons to make into bows and silks to work into flowers. Then there was an aviary full of rare birds, which were so tame that they flew to Beauty as soon as they saw her and perched upon her shoulders and her head.

"Pretty little creatures," she said, "how I wish that your cage was nearer to my room, that I might often hear you sing!"

So saying she opened a door and found to her delight that it led into her own room, though she had thought it was quite the other side of the palace.

There were more birds in a room further on, parrots and cockatoos that could talk, and they greeted Beauty by name. Indeed, she found them so entertaining that she took one or two back to her room, and they talked to her while she was at supper; after which the beast paid her his usual visit and asked the same questions as before, and then with a gruff "good-night" he took his departure, and Beauty went to bed to dream of her mysterious prince. The days passed swiftly in different amusements, and after a while Beauty found out another strange thing in the palace, which often pleased her when she was tired of being alone. There was one room which she had not noticed particularly. It was empty, except that under each of the windows stood a very comfortable chair, and the first time she had looked out of the window it had seemed to her that a black curtain prevented her from seeing anything outside. But the second time she went into the room, happening to be tired, she sat down in one of the chairs, and instantly the curtain was rolled aside and a most amusing pantomime was acted before her. There were dances, and colored lights, and music, and pretty dresses, and it was all so gay that Beauty was in ecstasies. After that she tried the other seven windows in turn, and there was some new and surprising entertainment to be seen from each of them, so that Beauty never could feel lonely any more. Every evening after supper the beast came to see her, and always before saying good-night asked her in his terrible voice:

"Beauty, will you marry me?"

And it seemed to Beauty, now she understood him better, that when she said, "No, beast," he went away quite sad. But her happy dreams of the handsome young prince soon made her forget the poor beast, and the only thing that at all disturbed her was to be constantly told to distrust appearances, to let her heart guide her, and not her eyes, and many other equally perplexing things, which, consider as she would, she could not understand.

So everything went on for a long time, until at last, happy as she was, Beauty began to long for the sight of her father and her brothers and sisters; and one night, seeing her look very sad, the beast asked her what was the matter. Beauty had quite ceased to be afraid of him now she knew that he was really gentle in spite of his ferocious looks and his dreadful voice. So she answered that she was longing to see her home once more. Upon hearing this the beast seemed sadly distressed and cried miserably:

"Ah! Beauty, have you the heart to desert an unhappy beast like this? What more do you want to make you happy? Is it because you hate me that you want to escape?"

"No, dear beast," answered Beauty softly, "I do not hate you, and I should be very sorry never to see you any more, but I long to see my father again. Only let me go for two months, and I promise to come back to you and stay for the rest of my life."

The beast, who had been sighing dolefully while she spoke, now replied:

"I cannot refuse you anything you ask, even though it should cost me my life. Take the four boxes you will find in the room next to your own and fill them with everything you wish to take with you. But remember your promise and come back when the two months are over, or you may have cause to repent it, for if you do not come in good time you will find your faithful beast dead. You will not need any chariot to bring you back. Only say good-by to all your brothers and sisters the night before you come away, and when you have gone to bed turn this ring round upon your finger and say firmly: 'I wish to go back to my palace and see my beast again.' Good-night, Beauty. Fear nothing, sleep peacefully, and before long you shall see your father once more."

As soon as Beauty was alone she hastened to fill the boxes with all the rare and precious things she saw about her, and only when she was tired of heaping things into them did they seem to be full.

Then she went to bed, but could hardly sleep for joy. And when at last she did begin to dream of her beloved prince she was grieved to see him stretched upon a grassy bank, sad and weary and hardly like himself.

"What is the matter?" she cried.

But he looked at her reproachfully and said:

"How can you ask me, cruel one? Are you not leaving me to my death perhaps?"

"Ah, don't be so sorrowful!" cried Beauty. "I am only going to assure my father that I am safe and happy. I have promised the beast faithfully that I will come back, and he would die of grief if I did not keep my word!"

"What would that matter to you?"

said the prince. "Surely you would not care?"

"Indeed I should be ungrateful if I did not care for such a kind beast," cried Beauty indignantly. "I would die to save him from pain. I assure you it is not his fault that he is so ugly."

Just then a strange sound woke her — someone was speaking not very far away; and opening her eyes she found herself in a room she had never seen before, which was certainly not nearly so splendid as those she was used to in the beast's palace. Where could she be? She got up and dressed hastily, and then saw that the boxes she had packed the night before were all in the room. While she was wondering by what magic the beast had transported them and herself to this strange place she suddenly heard her father's voice, and rushed out and greeted him joyfully. Her brothers and sisters were all astonished at her appearance, as they had never expected to see her again, and there was no end to the questions they asked her. She had also much to hear about what had happened to them while she was away and of her father's journey home. But when they heard that she had only come to be with them for a short time, and then must go back to the beast's palace forever, they lamented loudly. Then Beauty asked her father what he thought could be the meaning of her strange dreams, and why the prince constantly begged her not to trust to appearances. After much consideration he answered:

"You tell me yourself that the beast, frightful as he is, loves you dearly and deserves your love and gratitude for his gentleness and kindness. I think the prince must mean you to understand that you ought to reward him by doing as he wishes you to, in spite of his ugliness."

Beauty could not help seeing that this seemed very probable. Still, when she thought of her dear prince who was so handsome, she did not feel at all inclined to marry the beast. At any rate, for two months she need not decide, but could enjoy herself with her sisters. But though they were rich now and lived in a town again and had plenty of acquaintances, Beauty found that nothing amused her very much; and she often thought of the palace where she was so happy, especially as at home she never once dreamed of her dear prince, and she felt quite sad without him.

Then her sisters seemed to have got used to being without her, and even found her rather in the way, so she would not have been sorry when the two months were over but for her father and brothers, who begged her to stay and seemed so grieved at the thought of her departure that she had not the courage to say good-by to them. Every day when she got up she meant to say it at night, and when night came she put it off again, until at last she had a dismal dream which helped her to make up her mind. She thought she was wandering in a lonely path in the palace gardens, when she heard groans which seemed to come from some bushes hiding the entrance of a cave, and running quickly to see what could be the matter, she found the beast stretched out upon his side, apparently dying. He reproached her faintly with being the cause of his distress, and at the same moment a stately lady appeared and said very gravely:

"Ah, Beauty! you are only just in time to save his life. See what happens when people do not keep their promises! If you had delayed one day more you would have found him dead."

Beauty was so terrified by this dream that the next morning she announced her intention of going back at once, and that very night she said good-by to her father and all her brothers and sisters, and as soon as she was in bed she turned her ring round upon her finger and said firmly, "I wish to go back to my palace and see my beast again," as she had been told to do.

Then she fell asleep instantly, and only woke up to hear the clock saying "Beauty, Beauty," twelve times in its musical voice, which told her at once that she was really in the palace once more. Everything was just as before, and her birds were so glad to see her; but Beauty thought she had never known such a long day, for she was so anxious to see the beast again that she felt as if supper time would never come.

But when it did come and no beast appeared she was really frightened; so after listening and waiting for a long time she ran down into the garden to search for him. Up and down the paths and avenues ran poor Beauty, calling him in vain, for no one answered and not a trace of him could she find, until at last, quite tired, she stopped for a minute's rest and saw that she was standing opposite the shady path she had seen in her dream. She rushed down it, and, sure enough, there was the cave, and in it lay the beast—asleep, as Beauty thought. Quite glad to have found him, she ran up and stroked his head, but, to her horror, he did not move or open his eyes.

"Oh! he is dead, and it is all my fault," said Beauty, crying bitterly.

But then, looking at him again, she fancied he still breathed, and hastily fetching some water from the nearest fountain, she sprinkled it over his face, and to her great delight he began to revive.

"Oh, beast! how you frightened me!" she cried. "I never knew how much I loved you until just now, when I feared I was too late to save your life."

"Can you really love such an ugly creature as I am?" said the beast faintly. "Ah, Beauty! you only came just in time. I was dying because I thought you had forgotten your promise. But go back now and rest. I shall see you again by and by."

Beauty, who had half expected that he would be angry with her, was reassured by his gentle voice and went back to the palace, where supper was awaiting her; and afterward the beast came in as usual and talked about the time she had spent with her father, asking if she had enjoyed herself and if they had all been very glad to see her.

Beauty answered politely, and quite enjoyed telling him all that had happened to her. And when at last the time came for him to go, and he asked, as he had so often asked before, "Beauty, will you marry me?" she answered softly: "Yes, dear beast."

As she spoke a blaze of light sprang up before the windows of the palace; fireworks crackled and guns banged, and across the avenue of orange trees, in letters all made of fireflies, was written: "Long live the prince and his bride."

Turning to ask the beast what it could all mean, Beauty found that he had disappeared, and in his place stood her long-loved prince! At the same moment the wheels of a chariot were heard upon the terrace and two ladies entered the room. One of them Beauty recognized as the stately lady she had seen in her dreams; the other was also so grand and queenly that Beauty hardly knew which to greet first.

But the one she already knew said to her companion:

"Well, queen, this is Beauty, who has had the courage to rescue your son from the terrible enchantment. They love one another, and only your consent to their marriage is wanting to make them perfectly happy."

"I consent with all my heart," cried the queen. "How can I ever thank you enough, charming girl, for having restored my dear son to his natural form?"

And then she tenderly embraced Beauty and the prince, who had meanwhile been greeting the fairy and receiving her congratulations.

"Now," said the fairy to Beauty, "I suppose you would like me to send for all your brothers and sisters to dance at your wedding?"

And so she did, and the marriage was celebrated the very next day with the utmost splendor, and Beauty and the prince lived happily ever after.

168

Peter Asbjörnsen (1812–1885) and Jorgen Moe (1813–1882) were the first scientific collectors of the folk tales of Norway. Their joint interest in folk tales began when they were schoolboys wandering on foot through the country and listening to peasant stories. This interest continued after Moe had become a theologian and Asbjörnsen a noted scientist. The latter served the government as an expert connected with the survey and development of his country's natural resources. This resulted in taking him to all parts of the land, and he never lost an opportunity to hear and copy down any folk tale that he found surviving in the more isolated districts. In 1842–1844 appeared *Norwegian Folk Tales* by Moe and Asbjörnsen; in 1845, *Norwegian Fairy Tales and Folk Legends;* and there were subsequent additions. The five tales following are from these Norse collections. They were first made accessible in English in Dasent's *Popular Tales from the Norse* (1858). This book with its long introductory essay on the origin and diffusion of popular tales constitutes a landmark in the study of folklore. It and Dasent's later volume, *Tales from the Fjeld*, are still, perhaps, the best sources for versions of the Norse popular tales. "Why the Bear Is Stumpy-tailed" belongs to the class of stories which explain how things happened to be as they are. It is of great antiquity and is found over most of the world. The greatest of all modern nature fairy tales, Kipling's *Just So Stories*, are of a similar type, though told at greater length and, of course, with infinitely greater art.

WHY THE BEAR IS STUMPY-TAILED

One day the Bear met the Fox, who came slinking along with a string of fish he had stolen.

"Whence did you get those?" asked the Bear.

"Oh! my Lord Bruin, I've been out fishing and caught them," said the Fox.

So the Bear had a mind to learn to fish too, and bade the Fox tell him how he was to set about it.

"Oh! it's an easy craft for you," answered the Fox, "and soon learnt. You've only got to go upon the ice, and cut a hole and stick your tail down into it; and so you must go on holding it there as long as you can. You're not to mind if your tail smarts a little; that's when the fish bite. The longer you hold it there the more fish you'll get; and then all at once out with it, with a cross pull sideways, and with a strong pull too."

Yes; the Bear did as the Fox had said, and held his tail a long, long time down in the hole, till it was fast frozen in. Then he pulled it out with a cross pull, and it snapped short off. That's why Bruin goes about with a stumpy tail this very day.

169

The following is from Dasent's *Popular Tales from the Norse* and has long been a favorite with the younger children by reason of its remarkable compactness and its strong accumulative force. The Troll of northern stories is the Ogre of those farther south. The story has a closing formula which may often have been used for other stories as well. (For an opening verse formula see the note on "The Story of the Three Little Pigs," No. 151.)

THE THREE BILLY-GOATS GRUFF

Once on a time there were three Billy-goats who were to go up to the hill-side to make themselves fat, and the name of all the three was "Gruff."

On the way up was a bridge over a burn they had to cross; and under the bridge lived a great ugly Troll, with eyes as big as saucers and a nose as long as a poker.

So first of all came the youngest billy-goat Gruff to cross the bridge.

"Trip, trap; trip, trap!" went the bridge.

"WHO'S THAT tripping over my bridge?" roared the Troll.

"Oh! it is only I, the tiniest billy-goat Gruff; and I'm going up to the hill-side to make myself fat," said the billy-goat, with such a small voice.

"Now, I'm coming to gobble you up," said the Troll.

"Oh, no! pray don't take me. I'm too little, that I am," said the billy-goat. "Wait a bit till the second billy-goat Gruff comes; he's much bigger."

"Well! be off with you," said the Troll.

A little while after came the second billy-goat Gruff to cross the bridge.

"TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP!" went the bridge.

"WHO'S THAT tripping over my bridge?" roared the Troll.

"Oh! it's the second billy-goat Gruff, and I'm going up to the hill-side to make myself fat," said the billy-goat, who had n't such a small voice.

"Now, I'm coming to gobble you up," said the Troll.

"Oh, no! don't take me. Wait a little till the big billy-goat Gruff comes; he's much bigger."

"Very well! be off with you," said the Troll.

But just then up came the big billy-goat Gruff.

"TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP!" went the bridge, for the billy-goat was so heavy that the bridge creaked and groaned under him.

"WHO'S THAT tramping over my bridge?" roared the Troll.

"It's I! THE BIG BILLY-GOAT GRUFF," said the billy-goat, who had an ugly hoarse voice of his own.

"Now, I'm coming to gobble you up," roared the Troll.

"Well, come along! I've got two spears,
And I'll poke your eyeballs out at your ears;
I've got besides two curling-stones,
And I'll crush you to bits, body and bones."

That was what the big billy-goat said; and so he flew at the Troll and poked his eyes out with his horns, and crushed him to bits, body and bones, and tossed him out into the burn, and after that he went up to the hill-side. There the billy-goats got so fat they were scarce able to walk home again; and if the fat has n't fallen off them, why they're still fat; and so, —

"Snip, snap, snout,
This tale's told out."

170

The following droll seems to indicate that the folk had a strain of satirical humor which they could use with fine effect. The translation is that of Dasent's *Popular Tales from the Norse.* (An old English verse form of the same story will be found in No. 146.) The old proverb about the shoemaker sticking to his last is sure to come to mind as one reads, but it seems to lose force when we notice that the "goody" has no trouble with the mowing, while the good "man" has much with the housework!

THE HUSBAND WHO WAS TO MIND THE HOUSE

Once on a time there was a man so surly and cross he never thought his wife did anything right in the house. So one evening in hay-making time he came home scolding and swearing and showing his teeth and making a dust.

"Dear love, don't be so angry; there's a good man," said his goody; "to-morrow let's change our work. I'll go out with the mowers and mow, and you shall mind the house at home."

Yes! the husband thought that would do very well. He was quite willing, he said.

So, early next morning, his goody took a scythe over her neck and went out into the hay-field with the mowers and began to mow; but the man was to mind the house, and do the work at home.

First of all, he wanted to churn the butter; but when he had churned a while, he got thirsty, and went down to the cellar to tap a barrel of ale. So, just when he had knocked in the bung, and was putting the tap into the cask, he heard overhead the pig come into the kitchen. Then off he ran up the cellar steps, with the tap in his hand, as fast as he could, to look after the pig lest it should upset the churn; but when he got up, and saw the pig had already knocked the churn over, and stood there, rooting and grunting amongst the cream which was running all over the floor, he got so wild with rage that he quite forgot the ale-barrel, and ran at the pig as hard as he could. He caught it, too, just as it ran out of doors, and gave it such a kick that piggy lay for dead on the spot. Then all at once he remembered he had the tap in his hand; but when he got down to the cellar, every drop of ale had run out of the cask.

Then he went into the dairy and found enough cream left to fill the churn again, and so he began to churn, for butter they must have at dinner. When he had churned a bit, he remembered that their milking cow was still shut up in the byre, and had n't had a bit to eat or a drop to drink all the morning, though the sun was high. Then all at once he thought 'twas too far to take her down to the meadow, so he'd just get her up on the house-top — for the house, you must know, was thatched with sods, and a fine crop of grass was growing there. Now their house lay close up against a steep down, and he thought if he laid a plank across to the thatch at the back he'd easily get the cow up.

But still he could n't leave the churn, for there was his little babe crawling about on the floor, and "if I leave it," he thought, "the child is safe to upset it." So he took the churn on his back, and went out with it; but then he thought he'd better first water the cow before he turned her out on the thatch; so he took up a bucket to draw water out of the well; but, as he stooped down at the well's brink, all the cream ran out of the churn over his shoulders, and so down into the well.

Now it was near dinner-time, and he had n't even got the butter yet; so he thought he'd best boil the porridge, and filled the pot with water and hung it over the fire. When he had done that, he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs or her neck. So he got up on the house to tie her up. One end of the rope he made fast to the cow's neck, and the other he slipped down the chimney and tied round his own thigh; and he had to make haste, for the water now began to boil in the pot, and he had still to grind the oatmeal.

So he began to grind away; but while he was hard at it, down fell the cow off the house-top after all, and as she fell, she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he stuck fast; and as for the cow, she hung half way down the wall, swinging between heaven and earth, for she could neither get down nor up.

And now the goody had waited seven lengths and seven breadths for her husband to come and call them home to dinner; but never a call they had. At last she thought she'd waited long enough, and went home. But when she got there and saw the cow hanging in such an ugly place, she ran up and cut the rope in two with her scythe. But as she did this, down came her husband out of the chimney; and so when his old dame came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge pot.

171

The artistic qualities of "Boots and His Brothers," from Dasent's *Popular Tales from the Norse*, will impress every reader or listener. It belongs to that very numerous group of stories dealing with the success of the youngest child in the face of opposition, mistreatment, or lack of sympathy from others of his family. "John was Boots, of course, because he was the youngest"; which means that it was the rule to give the most menial tasks about the house to the youngest. But John had the saving trait of always "wondering" about things, which led him to find out what would always be hidden from his more stupid and less imaginative brothers.

BOOTS AND HIS BROTHERS

Once on a time there was a man who had three sons, Peter, Paul, and John. John was Boots, of course, because he was the youngest. I can't say the man had anything more than these three sons, for he had n't one penny to rub against another; and so he told his sons over and over again they must go out into the world and try to earn their bread, for there at home there was nothing to be looked for but starving to death.

Now, a bit off the man's cottage was the King's palace, and you must know, just against the King's windows a great oak had sprung up, which was so stout and big that it took away all the light from the King's palace. The King had said he would give many, many dollars to the man who could fell the oak, but no one was man enough for that, for as soon as ever one chip of the oak's trunk flew off, two grew in its stead. A well, too, the King would have dug, which was to hold water for the whole year; for all his neighbors had wells, but he had n't any, and that he thought a shame. So the King said he would give any one who could dig him such a well as would hold water for a whole year round, both money and goods; but no one could do it, for the King's palace lay high, high up on a hill, and they had n't dug a few inches before they came upon the living rock.

But as the King had set his heart on having these two things done, he had it given out far and wide, in all the churches of his kingdom, that he who could fell the big oak in the king's court-yard, and get him a well that would hold water the whole year round, should have the Princess and half the kingdom. Well! you may easily know there was many a man who came to try his luck; but for all their hacking and hewing, and all their digging and delving, it was no good. The oak got bigger and stouter at every stroke, and the rock did n't get softer either. So one day those three brothers thought they'd set off and try too, and their father had n't a word against it; for even if they did n't get the Princess and half the kingdom, it might happen they might get a place somewhere with a good master; and that was all he wanted. So when the brothers said they thought of going to the palace, their father said "yes" at once. So Peter, Paul, and Jack went off from their home.

Well! they hadn't gone far before they came to a fir wood, and up along one side of it rose a steep hillside, and as they went, they heard something hewing and hacking away up on the hill among the trees.

"I wonder now what it is that is hewing away up yonder?" said Jack.

"You're always so clever with your wonderings," said Peter and Paul both at once. "What wonder is it, pray, that a woodcutter should stand and hack up on a hillside?"

"Still, I'd like to see what it is, after all," said Jack; and up he went.

"Oh, if you're such a child, 'twill do you good to go and take a lesson," bawled out his brothers after him.

But Jack did n't care for what they said; he climbed the steep hillside towards where the noise came, and when he reached the place, what do you think he saw? Why, an axe that stood there hacking and hewing, all of itself, at the trunk of a fir.

"Good day!" said Jack. "So you stand here all alone and hew, do you?"

"Yes; here I've stood and hewed and hacked a long, long time, waiting for you," said the Axe.

"Well, here I am at last," said Jack, as he took the axe, pulled it off its haft, and stuffed both head and haft into his wallet.

So when he got down again to his brothers, they began to jeer and laugh at him.

"And now, what funny thing was it you saw up yonder on the hillside?" they said.

"Oh, it was only an axe we heard," said Jack.

So when they had gone a bit farther, they came under a steep spur of rock, and up there they heard something digging and shoveling.

"I wonder now," said Jack, "what it

is digging and shoveling up yonder at the top of the rock!"

"Ah, you're always so clever with your wonderings," said Peter and Paul again, "as if you'd never heard a woodpecker hacking and pecking at a hollow tree."

"Well, well," said Jack, "I think it would be a piece of fun just to see what it really is."

And so off he set to climb the rock, while the others laughed and made game of him. But he did n't care a bit for that; up he climbed, and when he got near the top, what do you think he saw? Why, a spade that stood there digging and delving.

"Good day!" said Jack. "So you stand here all alone, and dig and delve!"

"Yes, that's what I do," said the Spade, "and that's what I've done this many a long day, waiting for you."

"Well, here I am," said Jack again, as he took the spade and knocked it off its handle, and put it into his wallet, and then down again to his brothers.

"Well, what was it, so rare and strange," said Peter and Paul, "that you saw up there at the top of the rock?"

"Oh," said Jack, "nothing more than a spade; that was what we heard."

So they went on again a good bit, till they came to a brook. They were thirsty, all three, after their long walk, and so they lay down beside the brook to have a drink.

"I wonder now," said Jack, "where all this water comes from!"

"I wonder if you're right in your head," said Peter and Paul, in one breath. "If you're not mad already, you'll go mad very soon, with your wonderings. Where the brook comes from, indeed! Have you never heard how water rises from a spring in the earth?"

"Yes! but still I've a great fancy to see where this brook comes from," said Jack.

So up alongside the brook he went, in spite of all that his brothers bawled after him. Nothing could stop him. On he went. So, as he went up and up, the brook got smaller and smaller, and at last, a little way farther on, what do you think he saw? Why, a great walnut, and out of that the water trickled.

"Good day!" said Jack again. "So you lie here, and trickle and run down all alone?"

"Yes, I do," said the Walnut, "and here have I trickled and run this many a long day, waiting for you."

"Well, here I am," said Jack, as he took up a lump of moss, and plugged up the hole, that the water might n't run out. Then he put the walnut into his wallet, and ran down to his brothers.

"Well, now," said Peter and Paul, "have you found out where the water comes from? A rare sight it must have been!"

"Oh, after all, it was only a hole it ran out of," said Jack; and so the others laughed and made game of him again, but Jack did n't mind that a bit.

"After all, I had the fun of seeing it," said he.

So when they had gone a bit farther, they came to the King's palace; but as every one in the kingdom had heard how they might win the Princess and half the realm, if they could only fell the big oak and dig the King's well, so many had come to try their luck that the oak was now twice as stout and big as it had been at first, for two chips grew for every one they hewed out with their axes, as I dare say you all bear in mind. So the King had now laid it down as a punishment, that if any one tried and could n't fell the oak, he should be put on a barren island, and both his ears were to be clipped off. But the two brothers did n't let themselves be scared by that; they were quite sure they could fell the oak, and Peter, as he was eldest, was to try his hand first; but it went with him as with all the rest who had hewn at the oak; for every chip he cut out, two grew in its place. So the King's men seized him, and clipped off both his ears, and put him out on the island.

Now Paul, he was to try his luck, but he fared just the same; when he had hewn two or three strokes, they began to see the oak grow, and so the King's men seized him too, and clipped his ears, and put him out on the island; and his ears they clipped closer, because they said he ought to have taken a lesson from his brother.

So now Jack was to try.

"If you *will* look like a marked sheep, we're quite ready to clip your ears at once, and then you'll save yourself some bother," said the King, for he was angry with him for his brothers' sake.

"Well, I'd like just to try first," said Jack, and so he got leave. Then he took his axe out of his wallet and fitted it to its haft.

"Hew away!" said he to his axe; and away it hewed, making the chips fly again, so that it was n't long before down came the oak.

When that was done, Jack pulled out his spade, and fitted it to its handle.

"Dig away!" said he to the spade; and so the spade began to dig and delve till the earth and rock flew out in splinters, and so he had the well soon dug out, you may think.

And when he had got it as big and deep as he chose, Jack took out his walnut and laid it in one corner of the well, and pulled the plug of moss out.

"Trickle and run," said Jack; and so the nut trickled and ran, till the water gushed out of the hole in a stream, and in a short time the well was brimful.

Then Jack had felled the oak which shaded the King's palace, and dug a well in the palace-yard, and so he got the Princess and half the kingdom, as the King had said; but it was lucky for Peter and Paul that they had lost their ears, else they had heard each hour and day how every one said, "Well, after all, Jack was n't so much out of his mind when he took to wondering."

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For the next story from the Norse group the translation by H. L. Braekstad is used. It is better known under the more familiar title of the Dasent version, "Why the Sea Is Salt." Braekstad's translation of the Asbjörnsen and Moe stories, illustrated by Norwegian artists, appeared in two volumes called *Round the Yule Log* and *Fairy Tales from the North*. The story of the magic hand-mill is the story of how an evil brother violated the Christmas spirit and how his curse was turned into good fortune for his better-disposed relative. The naïve idea of the common folk as to the devil's home is especially interesting, as is the acceptance of the fact that a Christmas celebration includes a fine open fire of wood, even in a place of unusual warmth. But perhaps we should remember that in Norse mythology the evil place would be associated with intense cold. Of more importance, however, is the fact that the magic quern brings not good but disaster to those who try to use it in the service of greed.

THE QUERN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

Once upon a time in the old, old days there were two brothers, one of whom was rich and the other poor. When Christmas Eve came the poor brother had not a morsel in the house, neither of meat nor bread; and so he went to his rich brother and asked for a trifle for Christmas, in heaven's name. It was not the first time the brother had helped him, but he was always very close-fisted, and was not particularly glad to see him this time.

"If you'll do what I tell you, you shall have a whole ham," he said. The poor brother promised he would, and was very grateful into the bargain.

"There it is, and now go to the devil!" said the rich brother, and threw the ham across to him.

"Well, what I have promised I must keep," said the other one. He took the ham, and set out. He walked and walked the whole day, and as it was getting dark he came to a place where the lights were shining brightly. "This is most likely the place," thought the man with the ham.

In the woodshed stood an old man with a long white beard, cutting firewood for Christmas.

"Good evening," said he with the ham.

"Good evening to you," said the man. "Where are you going so late?"

"I am going to the devil—that is to say, if I am on the right way," answered the poor man.

"Yes, you are quite right; this is his place," said the old man. "When you get in, they will all want to buy your ham, for ham is scarce food here; but you must not sell it unless you get the hand-quern, which stands just behind the door. When you come out again, I'll teach you how to use it. You will find it useful in many ways."

The man with the ham thanked him for all the information, and knocked at the door.

When he got in, it happened just as the old man had said. All the imps, both big and small, flocked around him like ants in a field, and the one outbid the other for the ham.

"Well," said the man, "my good woman and I were to have it for Christmas Eve, but since you want it so badly I will let you have it. But if I am going to part with it, I want that hand-quern which stands behind the door."

The devil did not like to part with it, and higgled and haggled with the man, but he stuck to what he had said, and in the end the devil had to part with the quern.

When the man came out, he asked the old wood-cutter how he was to use the quern, and when he had learned this, he thanked the old man and set out homewards as quickly as he could; but after all he did not get home till the clock struck twelve on Christmas Eve.

"Where in all the world have you been?" said his wife. "Here have I been sitting, hour after hour, waiting and watching for you, and have not had as much as two chips to lay under the porridge pot."

"Well, I could n't get back before," said the man. "I have had a good many things to look after, and I've had a long way to walk as well; but now I'll show you something," said he, and put the quern on the table. He asked it first to grind candles, then a cloth, and then food and beer, and everything else that was good for Christmas cheer; and as he spoke the quern brought them forth. The woman crossed herself time after time and wanted to know where her husband had got the quern from; but this he would not tell her.

"It does not matter where I got it from; you see the quern is good and the mill stream is not likely to freeze," said the man. So he ground food and drink and all good things during Christmas; and the third day he invited his friends, as he wanted to give them a feast. When the rich brother saw all that was in the house, he became both angry and furious, for he begrudged his brother everything.

"On Christmas Eve he was so needy that he came to me and asked for a trifle in heaven's name; and now he gives a feast, as if he were both a count and a king," said the brother. "Where did you get all your riches from?" he said to his brother.

"From just behind the door," he answered, for he did not care to tell his brother much about it. But later in the evening, when he had drunk a little freely, he could no longer resist, but brought out the quern.

"There you see that which has brought me all my riches," he said, and so he let the quern grind first one thing and then another.

When the brother saw this, he was determined to have the quern at all cost, and at last it was settled he should have it, but three hundred dollars was to be the price of it. The brother was, however, to keep it till the harvest began; "for if I keep it so long, I can grind out food for many years to come," he thought.

During that time you may be sure the quern did not rust, and when the harvest began the rich brother got it; but the other had taken great care not to show him how to use it.

It was evening when the rich brother got the quern home, and in the morning he asked his wife to go out and help the haymakers; he would get the breakfast ready himself to-day, he said.

When it was near breakfast time he put the quern on the breakfast table.

"Grind herrings and broth, and do it quickly and well," said the man, and the quern began to bring forth herrings and broth, and filled first all the dishes and tubs, and afterwards began flooding the whole kitchen.

The man fiddled and fumbled and tried to stop the quern, but however much he twisted and fingered it, the quern went on grinding, and in a little while the broth reached so high that the man was very near drowning. He then pulled open the parlor door, but it was not long before the quern had filled the parlor also, and it was just in the very nick of time that the man put his hand down into the broth and got hold of the latch, and when he had got the door open, he was soon out of the parlor, you may be sure. He rushed out, and the herrings and the broth came pouring out after him, like a stream, down the fields and meadows.

The wife, who was out haymaking, now thought it took too long a time to get the breakfast ready.

"If my husband does n't call us soon, we must go home whether or no: I don't suppose he knows much about making broth, so I must go and help him," said the wife to the haymakers.

They began walking homewards, but when they had got a bit up the hill they met the stream of broth with the herrings tossing about in it and the man himself running in front of it all.

"I wish all of you had a hundred stomachs each!" shouted the man; "but take care you don't get drowned." And he rushed past them as if the Evil One was at his heels, down to where his brother lived. He asked him for heaven's sake to take back the quern, and that at once. "If it goes on grinding another hour the whole parish will perish in broth and herrings," he said. But the brother would not take it back on any account before his brother had paid him three hundred dollars more, and this he had to do. The poor brother now had plenty of money, and before long he bought a farm much grander than the one on which his rich brother lived, and with the quern he ground so much gold that he covered the farmstead with gold plates and, as it lay close to the shore, it glittered and shone far out at sea. All those who sailed past wanted to call and visit the rich man in the golden house, and everybody wanted to see the wonderful quern, for its fame had spread both far and wide, and there was no one who had not heard it spoken of.

After a long while there came a skipper who wanted to see the quern; he asked if it could grind salt. Yes, that it could, said he who owned it; and when the skipper heard this he wanted the quern by hook or by crook, cost what it might, for if he had it he thought he need not sail far away across dangerous seas for cargoes of salt.

At first the man did not want to part with it, but the skipper both begged and prayed, and at last he sold it and got many, many thousand dollars for it.

As soon as the skipper had got the quern on his back he did not stop long, for he was afraid the man would change his mind, and as for asking how to use it, he had no time to do that; he made for his ship as quickly as he could, and when he had got out to sea a bit he had the quern brought up on deck.

"Grind salt, and that both quickly and well," said the skipper, and the quern began to grind out salt so that it spurted to all sides.

When the skipper had got the ship filled he wanted to stop the quern, but however much he tried and whatever he did the quern went on grinding, and the mound of salt grew higher and higher, and at last the ship sank.

There at the bottom of the sea stands the quern grinding till this very day, and that is the reason why the sea is salt.

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The next seven stories are from the best known of all collections of folk tales, the *Kinder und Hausmärchen* (1812–1815) of the brothers Jacob Grimm (1785–1863) and Wilhelm Grimm (1786–1859). They worked together as scholarly investigators in the field of philology. The world is indebted to them for the creation of the science of folklore. Other writers, such as Perrault, had published collections of folklore, but these two brothers were the first to collect, classify, and publish folk tales in a scientific way. With the trained judgment of scholars they excluded from the stories all details that seemed new or foreign, and put them as nearly as possible into the form in which they had been told by the folk. These *Household Tales* were first made accessible in English in the translation of Edgar Taylor, published in two volumes in 1823 and 1826, and revised in 1837. There have been later translations, notably the complete one by Margaret

Hunt in 1884, but the Taylor version has been the main source of the popular retellings for nearly a hundred years. It included only about fifty of the two hundred tales, and was illustrated by the famous artist George Cruikshank. An edition including all the Taylor translations and the original etchings was issued in 1868 with an introduction by John Ruskin. It is still reprinted under the title, *Grimm's Popular Stories.*

"The Traveling Musicians" is from the Taylor translation. It is sometimes called "The Bremen Town Musicians," or simply "The Town Musicians." The story is widespread, showing its great popularity. Jacobs finds "the fullest and most dramatic form" in the Irish "Jack and His Comrades," which he includes in his *Celtic Fairy Tales.* Jacobs also gives an English version by way of America, "How Jack Sought His Fortune," in his *English Fairy Tales.* The successful outcome for these distressed and deserving poor adventurers appeals as a fine stroke of poetic justice.

THE TRAVELING MUSICIANS

An honest farmer had once an ass that had been a faithful servant to him a great many years, but was now growing old and every day more and more unfit for work. His master therefore was tired of keeping him and began to think of putting an end to him; but the ass, who saw that some mischief was in the wind, took himself slyly off and began his journey towards the great city, "for there," thought he, "I may turn musician."

After he had traveled a little way, he spied a dog lying by the road-side and panting as if he were very tired. "What makes you pant so, my friend?" said the ass.

"Alas!" said the dog, "my master was going to knock me on the head because I am old and weak and can no longer make myself useful to him in hunting; so I ran away: but what can I do to earn my livelihood?"

"Hark ye!" said the ass, "I am going to the great city to turn musician: suppose you go with me and try what you can do in the same way?" The dog said he was willing, and they jogged on together.

Before they had gone far, they saw a cat sitting in the middle of the road and making a most rueful face. "Pray, my good lady," said the ass, "what's the matter with you? You look quite out of spirits!"

"Ah, me!" said the cat, "how can one be in good spirits when one's life is in danger? Because I am beginning to grow old and had rather lie at my ease by the fire than run about the house after the mice, my mistress laid hold of me and was going to drown me; and though I have been lucky enough to get away from her, I do not know what I am to live upon."

"Oh!" said the ass, "by all means go with us to the great city. You are a good night-singer and may make your fortune as a musician." The cat was pleased with the thought and joined the party.

Soon afterwards, as they were passing by a farmyard, they saw a cock perched upon a gate, screaming out with all his might and main. "Bravo!" said the ass; "upon my word you make a famous noise; pray what is all this about?"

"Why," said the cock, "I was just now saying that we should have fine weather for our washing-day, and yet my mistress and the cook don't thank me for my pains, but threaten to cut off my head tomorrow and make broth of me for the guests that are coming on Sunday."

"Heaven forbid!" said the ass; "come with us, Master Chanticleer; it will be better, at any rate, than staying here to have your head cut off! Besides, who knows? If we take care to sing in tune, we may get up some kind of a concert: so come along with us."

"With all my heart," said the cock: so they all four went on jollily together.

They could not, however, reach the great city the first day: so when night came on they went into a wood to sleep. The ass and the dog laid themselves down under a great tree, and the cat climbed up into the branches; while the cock, thinking that the higher he sat the safer he should be, flew up to the very top of the tree, and then, according to his custom, before he went to sleep, looked out on all sides of him to see that everything was well. In doing this, he saw afar off something bright and shining; and calling to his companions said, "There must be a house no great way off, for I see a light."

"If that be the case," said the ass, "we had better change our quarters, for our lodging is not the best in the world!"

"Besides," added the dog, "I should not be the worse for a bone or two, or a bit of meat." So they walked off together towards the spot where Chanticleer had seen the light; and as they drew near, it became larger and brighter, till they at last came close to a house in which a gang of robbers lived.

The ass, being the tallest of the company, marched up to the window and peeped in. "Well, Donkey," said Chanticleer, "what do you see?"

"What do I see?" replied the ass, "why I see a table spread with all kinds of good things, and robbers sitting round it making merry."

"That would be a noble lodging for us," said the cock.

"Yes," said the ass, "if we could only get in": so they consulted together how they should contrive to get the robbers out; and at last they hit upon a plan. The ass placed himself upright on his hind-legs, with his fore-feet resting against the window; the dog got upon his back; the cat scrambled up to the dog's shoulders, and the cock flew up and sat upon the cat's head. When all was ready, a signal was given, and they began their music. The ass brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the cock screamed; and then they all broke through the window at once and came tumbling into the room, amongst the broken glass, with a most hideous clatter! The robbers, who had been not a little frightened by the opening concert, had now no doubt that some frightful hobgoblin had broken in upon them, and scampered away as fast as they could.

The coast once clear, our travelers soon sat down and dispatched what the robbers had left, with as much eagerness as if they had not expected to eat again for a month. As soon as they had satisfied themselves, they put out the lights and each once more sought out a resting-place to his own liking. The donkey laid himself down upon a heap of straw in the yard; the dog stretched himself upon a mat behind the door; the cat rolled herself up on the hearth before the warm ashes; and the cock perched upon a beam on the top of the house; and, as they were all rather tired with their journey, they soon fell asleep.

But about midnight, when the robbers saw from afar that the lights were out and that all seemed quiet, they began to think that they had been in too great a hurry to run away; and one of them, who was bolder than the rest, went to see what was going on. Finding everything still, he marched into the kitchen and groped about till he found a match in order to light a candle; and then, espying the glittering fiery eyes of the cat, he mistook them for live coals and held the match to them to light it. But the cat, not understanding this joke, sprung at his face, and spit, and scratched at him. This frightened him dreadfully, and away he ran to the back door; but there the dog jumped up and bit him in the leg; and as he was crossing over the yard the ass kicked him; and the cock, who had been awakened by the noise, crowed with all his might. At this the robber ran back as fast as he could to his comrades and told the captain "how a horrid witch had got into the house, and had spit at him and scratched his face with her long bony fingers; how a man with a knife in his hand had hidden himself behind the door and stabbed him in the leg; how a black monster stood in the yard and struck him with a club, and how the devil sat upon the top of the house and cried out, 'Throw the rascal up here!'"

After this the robbers never dared to go back to the house; but the musicians were so pleased with their quarters that they took up their abode there; and there they are, I dare say, at this very day.

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The Taylor translation of Grimm is used for "The Blue Light." This tale contains several of the elements most popular in children's stories. There is merit in distress, an old witch, the magic blue light, the little black dwarf, and the exceeding great reward at the end. From this very story or some variant of it Hans Christian Andersen must have drawn the inspiration for "The Tinder Box" (No. 196).

THE BLUE LIGHT

A soldier had served a king his master many years, till at last he was turned off without pay or reward. How he should get his living he did not know; so he set out and journeyed homeward all day in a very downcast mood, until in the evening he came to the edge of a deep wood. The road leading that way, he pushed forward; but before he had gone far, he saw a light glimmering through the trees, towards which he bent his weary steps; and soon he came to a hut where no one lived but an old witch. The poor fellow begged for a night's lodging and something to eat and drink; but she would listen to nothing. However, he was not easily got rid of; and at last she said, "I think I will take pity on you this once; but if I do, you must dig over all my garden for me in the morning." The soldier agreed very willingly to anything she asked, and he became her guest.

The next day he kept his word and dug the garden very neatly. The job lasted all day; and in the evening, when his mistress would have sent him away, he said, "I am so tired with my work that I must beg you to let me stay over the night."

The old lady vowed at first she would not do any such thing; but after a great deal of talk he carried his point, agreeing to chop up a whole cart-load of wood for her the next day.

This task too was duly ended; but not till towards night, and then he found himself so tired that he begged a third night's rest; and this too was given, but only on his pledging his word that he next day would fetch the witch the blue light that burnt at the bottom of the well.

When morning came she led him to the well's mouth, tied him to a long rope, and let him down. At the bottom sure enough he found the blue light as the witch had said, and at once made the signal for her to draw him up again. But when she had pulled him up so near to the top that she could reach him with her hands, she said, "Give me the light: I will take care of it,"—meaning to play him a trick by taking it for herself and letting him fall again to the bottom of the well.

But the soldier saw through her wicked thoughts, and said, "No, I shall not give you the light till I find myself safe and sound out of the well."

At this she became very angry and dashed him, with the light she had longed for many a year, down to the bottom. And there lay the poor soldier for a while in despair, on the damp mud below, and feared that his end was nigh. But his pipe happened to be in his pocket still half full, and he thought to himself, "I may as well make an end of smoking you out; it is the last pleasure I shall have in this world." So he lit it at the blue light and began to smoke.

Up rose a cloud of smoke, and on a sudden a little black dwarf was seen making his way through the midst of it. "What do you want with me, soldier?" said he.

"I have no business with you," answered he.

But the dwarf said, "I am bound to serve you in every thing, as lord and master of the blue light."

"Then first of all, be so good as to help me out of this well." No sooner said than done: the dwarf took him by the hand and drew him up, and the blue light of course with him. "Now do me another piece of kindness," said the soldier: "pray let that old lady take my place in the well."

When the dwarf had done this, and lodged the witch safely at the bottom, they began to ransack her treasures; and the soldier made bold to carry off as much of her gold and silver as he well could. Then the dwarf said, "If you should chance at any time to want me, you have nothing to do but to light your pipe at the blue light, and I will soon be with you."

The soldier was not a little pleased at his good luck, and went to the best inn in the first town he came to and ordered some fine clothes to be made and a handsome room to be got ready for him. When all was ready, he called his little man to him and said, "The king sent me away penniless and left me to hunger and want. I have a mind to show him that it is my turn to be master now; so bring me his daughter here this evening, that she may wait upon me and do what I bid her."

"That is rather a dangerous task," said the dwarf. But away he went, took the princess out of her bed, fast asleep as she was, and brought her to the soldier.

Very early in the morning he carried her back; and as soon as she saw her father, she said, "I had a strange dream last night. I thought I was carried away through the air to a soldier's house, and there I waited upon him as his servant." Then the king wondered greatly at such a story; but told her to make a hole in her pocket and fill it with peas, so that if it were really as she said, and the whole was not a dream, the peas might fall out in the streets as she passed through, and leave a clue to tell whither she had been taken. She did so; but the dwarf had heard the king's plot; and when evening came, and the soldier said he must bring him the princess again, he strewed peas over several of the streets, so that the few that fell from her pocket were not known from the others; and the people amused themselves all the next day picking up peas and wondering where so many came from.

When the princess told her father what had happened to her the second time, he said, "Take one of your shoes with you and hide it in the room you are taken to."

The dwarf heard this also; and when the soldier told him to bring the king's daughter again, he said, "I cannot save you this time; it will be an unlucky thing for you if you are found out—as I think you will." But the soldier would have his own way. "Then you must take care and make the best of your way out of the city gate very early in the morning," said the dwarf.

The princess kept one shoe on as her father bid her, and hid it in the soldier's room; and when she got back to her father, he ordered it to be sought for all over the town; and at last it was found where she had hid it. The soldier had run away, it is true; but he had been too slow and was soon caught and thrown into a strong prison and loaded with chains. What was worse, in the hurry of his flight, he had left behind him his great treasure, the blue light, and all his gold, and had nothing left in his pocket but one poor ducat.

As he was standing very sorrowful at the prison grating, he saw one of his comrades, and calling out to him said, "If you will bring me a little bundle I left in the inn, I will give you a ducat."

His comrade thought this very good pay for such a job; so he went away and soon came back bringing the blue light and the gold. Then the prisoner soon lit his pipe. Up rose the smoke, and with it came his old friend, the little dwarf. "Do not fear, master," said he: "keep up your heart at your trial and leave everything to take its course;—only mind to take the blue light with you."

The trial soon came on; the matter was sifted to the bottom; the prisoner found guilty, and his doom passed:—he was ordered to be hanged forthwith on the gallows-tree.

But as he was led out, he said he had one favor to beg of the king. "What is it?" said his majesty.

"That you will deign to let me smoke one pipe on the road."

"Two, if you like," said the king.

Then he lit his pipe at the blue light, and the black dwarf was before him in a moment. "Be so good as to kill, slay, or put to flight all these people," said the soldier: "and as for the king, you may cut him into three pieces."

Then the dwarf began to lay about him, and soon got rid of the crowd around: but the king begged hard for mercy; and, to save his life, agreed to let the soldier have the princess for his wife and to leave the kingdom to him when he died.

175

The following tale is from Taylor's translation of Grimm. The cheerful industry and the kindly gratitude of the shoemaker and his wife, together with the gayety of the little elves, make the story altogether charming. No doubt its popularity was helped by Cruikshank's famous accompanying etching, showing the scene at the close, in which the two elves "are drawn with a point at once so precise and vivacious, so full of keen fun and inimitably happy invention, that I have not found their equal in comic etching anywhere. . . . The picturesque details of the room are etched with the same felicitous intelligence; but the marvel of the work is in the expression of the strange little faces, and the energy of the comical wee limbs." (Hamerton, *Etching and Etchers.*)

THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

There was once a shoemaker who worked very hard and was very honest; but still he could not earn enough to live upon, and at last all he had in the world was gone, except just leather enough to make one pair of shoes. Then he cut them all ready to make up the next day, meaning to get up early in the morning to work. His conscience was clear and his heart light amidst all his troubles; so he went peaceably to bed, left all his cares to heaven, and fell asleep. In the morning, after he had said his prayers, he set himself down to his work, but to his great wonder, there stood the shoes, all ready made, upon the table. The good man knew not what to say or think of this strange event. He looked at the workmanship: there was not one false stitch in the whole job, and all was so neat and true that it was a complete masterpiece.

That same day a customer came in, and the shoes pleased him so well that he willingly paid a price higher than usual for them; and the poor shoemaker with the money bought leather enough to make two pairs more. In the evening he cut the work and went to bed early that he might get up and begin betimes next day: but he was saved all the trouble, for when he got up in the morning the work was finished ready to his hand. Presently in came buyers, who paid him handsomely for his goods, so that he bought leather enough for four pairs more. He cut out the work again over night, and found it finished in the morning as before; and so it went on for some time: what was got ready in the evening was always done by daybreak, and the good man soon became thriving and prosperous again.

One evening about Christmas time, as he and his wife were sitting over the fire chatting together, he said to her, "I should like to sit up and watch to-night, that we may see who it is that comes and does my work for me." The wife liked the thought; so they left a light burning and hid themselves in the corner of the room behind a curtain that was hung up there, and watched what should happen.

As soon as it was midnight, there came two little naked dwarfs; and they sat themselves upon the shoemaker's bench, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to ply with their little fingers, stitching and rapping and tapping away at such a rate that the shoemaker was all amazement and could not take his eyes off for a moment. And on they went till the job was quite finished, and the shoes stood ready for use upon the table. This was long before daybreak; and then they bustled away as quick as lightning.

The next day the wife said to the shoemaker, "These little wights have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them and do them a good office in return. I am quite vexed to see them run about as they do; they have nothing upon their backs to keep off the cold. I'll tell you what, I will make each of them a shirt, and a coat and waistcoat, and a pair of pantaloons into the bargain; do you make each of them a little pair of shoes."

The thought pleased the good shoemaker very much; and one evening, when all the things were ready, they laid them on the table instead of the work that they used to cut out, and then went and hid themselves to watch what the little elves would do. About midnight they came in and were going to sit down to their work as usual; but when they saw the clothes lying for them, they laughed and were greatly delighted. Then they dressed themselves in the twinkling of an eye, and danced and capered and sprang about as merry as could be, till at last they danced out at the door and over the green; and the shoemaker saw them no more; but everything went well with him from that time forward, as long as he lived.

176

In a note regarding "The Fisherman and His Wife," Taylor calls attention to the interesting fact that this tale became a great favorite after the battle of Waterloo "during the fervor of popular feeling on the downfall of the late Emperor of France." The catastrophe attendant upon Napoleon's ambitious efforts seemed to the popular mind to be paralleled by the penalty following the final wish of the wife "to be like unto God." But observe that Taylor, unlike more recent translators, felt under the necessity of softening "the boldness of the lady's ambition." The versions of the verse charm used in summoning the fish differ strikingly in the various translations. That of Taylor's first edition, used here, seems to fit the story better than any other, though tellers of the story may, properly enough, not agree. Taylor's revised version of 1837 reads:

"O man of the sea!
Hearken to me!
My wife Ilsabill
Will have her own will,
And hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

Mrs. Hunt's version runs:

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Come, I pray thee, come to me;
For my wife, good Ilsabil,
Wills not as I'd have her will."

The moral of the story is plain for those who need it: Greed overreaches itself. Who grasps too much loses all. Don't ride a free horse to death.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

There was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a ditch, close by the sea-side. The fisherman used to go out all day long a-fishing; and one day, as he sat on the shore with his rod, looking at the shining water and watching his line, all on a sudden his float was dragged away deep under the sea: and in drawing it up he pulled a great fish out of the water. The fish said to him, "Pray let me live: I am not a real fish; I am an enchanted prince. Put me in the water again, and let me go."

"Oh!" said the man, "you need not make so many words about the matter. I wish to have nothing to do with a fish that can talk; so swim away as soon as you please." Then he put him back into the water, and the fish darted straight down to the bottom and left a long streak of blood behind him.

When the fisherman went home to his wife in the ditch, he told her how he had caught a great fish, and how it had told him it was an enchanted prince, and that on hearing it speak he had let it go again.

"Did you not ask it for anything?" said the wife.

"No," said the man, "what should I ask for?"

"Ah!" said the wife, "we live very

wretchedly here in this nasty stinking ditch. Do go back, and tell the fish we want a little cottage."

The fisherman did not much like the business; however he went to the sea, and when he came there the water looked all yellow and green. And he stood at the water's edge, and said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

Then the fish came swimming to him, and said, "Well, what does she want?"

"Ah!" answered the fisherman, "my wife says that when I had caught you, I ought to have asked you for something before I let you go again. She does not like living any longer in the ditch, and wants a little cottage."

"Go home, then," said the fish. "She is in the cottage already."

So the man went home and saw his wife standing at the door of a cottage. "Come in, come in," said she; "is not this much better than the ditch?" And there was a parlor, and a bed-chamber, and a kitchen; and behind the cottage there was a little garden with all sorts of flowers and fruits, and a court-yard full of ducks and chickens.

"Ah!" said the fisherman, "how happily we shall live!"

"We will try to do so at least," said his wife.

Everything went right for a week or two, and then Dame Alice said, "Husband, there is not room enough in this cottage; the court-yard and garden are a great deal too small. I should like to have a large stone castle to live in; so go to the fish again, and tell him to give us a castle."

"Wife," said the fisherman, "I don't like to go to him again, for perhaps he will be angry. We ought to be content with the cottage."

"Nonsense!" said the wife; "he will do it very willingly. Go along, and try."

The fisherman went; but his heart was very heavy: and when he came to the sea, it looked blue and gloomy, though it was quite calm, and he went close to it and said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"Well, what does she want now?" said the fish.

"Ah!" said the man very sorrowfully, "my wife wants to live in a stone castle."

"Go home then," said the fish. "She is standing at the door of it already." So away went the fisherman and found his wife standing before a great castle. "See," said she, "is not this grand?" With that they went into the castle together and found a great many servants there and the rooms all richly furnished and full of golden chairs and tables; and behind the castle was a garden, and a wood half a mile long, full of sheep, and goats, and hares, and deer; and in the court-yard were stables and cow-houses.

"Well," said the man, "now will we live contented and happy in this beautiful castle for the rest of our lives."

"Perhaps we may," said the wife; "but let us consider and sleep upon it before we make up our minds": so they went to bed.

The next morning when Dame Alice awoke, it was broad daylight, and she jogged the fisherman with her elbow and said, "Get up, husband, and bestir yourself, for we must be king of all the land."

"Wife, wife," said the man, "why should we wish to be king? I will not be king."

"Then I will," said Alice.

"But, wife," answered the fisherman, "how can you be king? The fish cannot make you a king."

"Husband," said she, "say no more about it, but go and try. I will be king!"

So the man went away, quite sorrowful to think that his wife should want to be king. The sea looked a dark grey color, and was covered with foam as he cried out,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"Well, what would she have now?" said the fish.

"Alas!" said the man, "my wife wants to be king."

"Go home," said the fish. "She is king already."

Then the fisherman went home; and as he came close to the palace, he saw a troop of soldiers and heard the sound of drums and trumpets; and when he entered in, he saw his wife sitting on a high throne of gold and diamonds, with a golden crown upon her head; and on each side of her stood six beautiful maidens, each a head taller than the other. "Well, wife," said the fisherman, "are you king?"

"Yes," said she, "I am king."

And when he had looked at her for a long time, he said, "Ah, wife! what a fine thing it is to be king! Now we shall never have anything more to wish for."

"I don't know how that may be," said she; "never is a long time. I am king, 'tis true, but I begin to be tired of it, and I think I should like to be emperor."

"Alas, wife! why should you wish to be emperor?" said the fisherman.

"Husband," said she, "go to the fish; I say I will be emperor."

"Ah, wife!" replied the fisherman, "the fish cannot make an emperor, and I should not like to ask for such a thing."

"I am king," said Alice, "and you are my slave, so go directly!"

So the fisherman was obliged to go; and he muttered as he went along, "This will come to no good. It is too much to ask. The fish will be tired at last, and then we shall repent of what we have done." He soon arrived at the sea, and the water was quite black and muddy, and a mighty whirlwind blew over it; but he went to the shore, and said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What would she have now!" said the fish.

"Ah!" said the fisherman, "she wants to be emperor."

"Go home," said the fish. "She is emperor already."

So he went home again; and as he came near he saw his wife sitting on a very lofty throne made of solid gold, with a great crown on her head full two yards high, and on each side of her stood her guards and attendants in a row, each one smaller than the other, from the tallest giant down to a little dwarf no bigger than my finger. And before her stood princes, and dukes, and earls: and the fisherman went up to her and said, "Wife, are you emperor?"

"Yes," said she, "I am emperor."

"Ah!" said the man as he gazed upon her, "what a fine thing it is to be emperor!"

"Husband," said she, "why should we stay at being emperor; I will be pope next."

"O wife, wife!" said he, "how can you be pope? There is but one pope at a time in Christendom."

"Husband," said she, "I will be pope this very day."

"But," replied the husband, "the fish cannot make you pope."

"What nonsense!" said she, "if he can make an emperor, he can make a pope. Go and try him."

So the fisherman went. But when he came to the shore the wind was raging, and the sea was tossed up and down like boiling water, and the ships were in the greatest distress and danced upon the waves most fearfully. In the middle of the sky there was a little blue, but toward the south it was all red as if a dreadful storm were rising. At this the fisherman was terribly frightened, and trembled, so that his knees knocked together: but he went to the shore and said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now?" said the fish.

"Ah!" said the fisherman, "my wife wants to be pope."

"Go home," said the fish. "She is pope already."

Then the fisherman went home and found his wife sitting on a throne that was two miles high; and she had three great crowns on her head, and around stood all the pomp and power of the Church; and on each side were two rows of burning lights of all sizes, the greatest as large as the highest and biggest tower in the world, and the least no larger than a small rushlight. "Wife," said the fisherman as he looked at all this grandeur, "are you pope?"

"Yes," said she, "I am pope,"

"Well, wife," replied he, "it is a grand thing to be pope; and now you must be content, for you can be nothing greater."

"I will consider of that," said the wife. Then they went to bed: but Dame Alice could not sleep all night for thinking what she should be next. At last morning came, and the sun rose. "Ha!" thought she as she looked at it through the window, "cannot I prevent the sun rising?" At this she was very angry, and she wakened her husband and said, "Husband, go to the fish and tell him I want to be lord of the sun and moon." The fisherman was half asleep, but the thought frightened him so much that he started and fell out of bed. "Alas, wife!" said he, "cannot you be content to be pope?"

"No," said she, "I am very uneasy, and cannot bear to see the sun and moon rise without my leave. Go to the fish directly."

Then the man went trembling for fear; and as he was going down to the shore a dreadful storm arose, so that the trees and the rocks shook; and the heavens became black, and the lightning played, and the thunder rolled; and you might have seen in the sea great black waves like mountains with a white crown of foam upon them; and the fisherman said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,

For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now?" said the fish.

"Ah!" said he, "she wants to be lord of the sun and moon." "Go home," said the fish, "to your ditch again!" And there they live to this very day.

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The Grimm version of "The Sleeping Beauty" is, by all odds, the finest one. Its perfect economy in the use of story materials has always been admired. Perrault's version drags in an unnecessary ogre and spoils a good story by not knowing when to stop. The Grimm title is "Dornröschen," and the more literal translation, "Brier Rose," is the one generally used as the English title, rather than the one given by Taylor, whose translation follows. Tennyson has a very beautiful poetic rendering of this story in his "Day-Dream."

ROSE-BUD

Once upon a time there lived a king and queen who had no children; and this they lamented very much. But one day as the queen was walking by the side of the river, a little fish lifted its head out of the water and said, "Your wish shall be fulfilled, and you shall soon have a daughter."

What the little fish had foretold soon came to pass; and the queen had a little girl that was so very beautiful that the king could not cease looking on it for joy, and determined to hold a great feast. So he invited not only his relations, friends, and neighbors, but also all the fairies, that they might be kind and good to his little daughter.

Now there were thirteen fairies in his kingdom, and he had only twelve golden dishes for them to eat out of, so he was obliged to leave one of the fairies without an invitation. The rest came, and after the feast was over they gave all their best gifts to the little princess: one gave her virtue, another beauty, another riches, and so on till she had all that was excellent in the world. When eleven had done blessing her, the thirteenth, who had not been invited and was very angry on that account, came in and determined to take her revenge. So she cried out, "The king's daughter shall in her fifteenth year be wounded by a spindle, and fall down dead."

Then the twelfth, who had not yet given her gift, came forward and said that the bad wish must be fulfilled, but that she could soften it, and that the king's daughter should not die, but fall asleep for a hundred years.

But the king hoped to save his dear child from the threatened evil and ordered that all the spindles in the kingdom should be bought up and destroyed. All the fairies' gifts were in the meantime fulfilled, for the princess was so beautiful, and well-behaved, and amiable, and wise that every one who knew her loved her. Now it happened that on the very day she was fifteen years old the king and queen were not at home, and she was left alone in the palace. So she roved about by herself and looked at all the rooms and chambers till at last she came to an old tower, to which there was a narrow staircase ending with a little door. In the door there was a golden key, and when she turned it the door sprang open, and there sat an old lady spinning away very busily. "Why, how now, good mother," said the princess, "what are you doing there?"

"Spinning," said the old lady, and nodded her head.

"How prettily that little thing turns round!" said the princess, and took the spindle and began to spin. But scarcely had she touched it before the prophecy was fulfilled, and she fell down lifeless on the ground.

However, she was not dead, but had only fallen into a deep sleep; and the king and the queen, who just then came home, and all their court, fell asleep too; and the horses slept in the stables, and the dogs in the court, the pigeons on the housetop and the flies on the walls. Even the fire on the hearth left off blazing and went to sleep; and the meat that was roasting stood still; and the cook, who was at that moment pulling the kitchen-boy by the hair to give him a box on the ear for something he had done amiss, let him go, and both fell asleep; and so everything stood still, and slept soundly.

A large hedge of thorns soon grew round the palace, and every year it became higher and thicker till at last the whole palace was surrounded and hid, so that not even the roof or the chimneys could be seen. But there went a report through all the land of the beautiful sleeping Rose-Bud (for so was the king's daughter called); so that from time to time several kings' sons came and tried to break through the thicket into the palace. This they could never do, for the thorns and bushes laid hold of them as it were with hands, and there they stuck fast and died miserably.

After many many years there came a king's son into that land, and an old man told him the story of the thicket of thorns, and how a beautiful palace stood behind it, in which was a wondrous princess, called Rose-Bud, asleep with all her court. He told, too, how he had heard from his grandfather that many many princes had come, and had tried to break through the thicket, but had stuck fast and died. Then the young prince said, "All this shall not frighten me. I will go and see Rose-Bud." The old man tried to dissuade him, but he persisted in going.

Now that very day were the hundred years completed; and as the prince came to the thicket, he saw nothing but beautiful flowering shrubs, through which he passed with ease, and they closed after him as firm as ever. Then he came at last to the palace, and there in the court lay the dogs asleep, and the horses in the stables, and on the roof sat the pigeons fast asleep with their heads under their wings; and when he came into the palace, the flies slept on the walls, and the cook in the kitchen was still holding up her hand as if she would beat the boy, and the maid sat with a black fowl in her hand ready to be plucked.

Then he went on still further, and all was so still that he could hear every breath he drew; till at last he came to the old tower and opened the door of the little room in which Rose-Bud was, and there she lay fast asleep, and looked so beautiful that he could not take his eyes off, and he stooped down and gave her a kiss. But the moment he kissed her she opened her eyes and awoke and smiled upon him. Then they went out together, and presently the king and queen also awoke, and all the court, and they gazed on one another with great wonder. And the horses got up and shook themselves, and the dogs jumped about and barked; the pigeons took their heads from under their wings and looked about and flew into the fields; the flies on the walls buzzed away;

the fire in the kitchen blazed up and cooked the dinner, and the roast meat turned round again; the cook gave the boy the box on his ear so that he cried out, and the maid went on plucking the fowl. And then was the wedding of the prince and Rose-Bud celebrated, and they lived happily together all their lives long.

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The story of "Rumpelstiltskin" is taken from Margaret Hunt's translation of Grimm. It is the same story as "Tom Tit Tot" (No. 160), and is given in order that the teacher may compare the two. Grimm's is the most familiar of the many versions of this tale and is probably the best for use with children, although the "little man" lacks some of the fascinating power of "that" with its twirling tail.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Once there was a miller who was poor, but who had a beautiful daughter. Now it happened that he had to go and speak to the King, and in order to make himself appear important he said to him, "I have a daughter who can spin straw into gold."

The King said to the miller, "That is an art which pleases me well. If your daughter is as clever as you say, bring her tomorrow to my palace, and I will try what she can do."

And when the girl was brought to him he took her into a room which was quite full of straw, gave her a spinning-wheel and a reel, and said, "Now set to work, and if by tomorrow morning early you have not spun this straw into gold during the night, you must die." Thereupon he himself locked up the room, and left her in it alone. So there sat the poor miller's daughter, and for her life could not tell what to do. She had no idea how straw could be spun into gold, and she grew more and more miserable, until at last she began to weep.

But all at once the door opened, and in came a little man, and said, "Good evening, Mistress Miller; why are you crying so?"

"Alas!" answered the girl, "I have to spin straw into gold, and I do not know how to do it."

"What will you give me," said the manikin, "if I do it for you?"

"My necklace," said the girl. The little man took the necklace, seated himself in front of the wheel, and "whir, whir, whir," three turns, and the reel was full; then he put another on, and "whir, whir, whir," three times round, and the second was full, too. And so it went on until the morning, when all the straw was spun, and all the reels were full of gold. By daybreak the King was already there, and when he saw the gold he was astonished and delighted, but his heart became only more greedy. He had the miller's daughter taken into another room full of straw, which was much larger, and commanded her to spin that also in one night if she valued her life. The girl knew not how to help herself, and was crying, when the door again opened, and the little man appeared, and said, "What will you give me if I spin the straw into gold for you?"

"The ring on my finger," answered the girl.

The little man took the ring, again began to turn the wheel, and by morning had spun all the straw into glittering gold.

The King rejoiced beyond measure at the sight, but still he had not gold enough; and he had the miller's daughter taken into a still larger room full of straw, and said, "You must spin this, too, in the course of this night; but if you succeed, you shall be my wife." "Even if she be a miller's daughter," thought he, "I could not find a richer wife in the whole world."

When the girl was alone the manikin came again for the third time, and said, "What will you give me if I spin the straw for you this time also?"

"I have nothing left that I could give," answered the girl.

"Then promise me, if you should become Queen, your first child."

"Who knows whether that will ever happen?" thought the miller's daughter; and, not knowing how else to help herself in this strait, she promised the manikin what he wanted, and for that he once more spun the straw into gold.

And when the King came in the morning, and found all as he had wished, he took her in marriage, and the pretty miller's daughter became a Queen.

A year after, she had a beautiful child, and she never gave a thought to the manikin. But suddenly he came into her room, and said, "Now give me what you promised."

The Queen was horror-struck, and offered the manikin all the riches of the kingdom if he would leave her the child. But the manikin said, "No, something that is living is dearer to me than all the treasures in the world."

Then the Queen began to weep and cry, so that the manikin pitied her. "I will give you three days' time," said he; "if by that time you find out my name, then shall you keep your child."

So the Queen thought the whole night of all the names that she had ever heard, and she sent a messenger over the country to inquire, far and wide, for any other names that there might be. When the manikin came the next day, she began with Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar, and said all the names she knew, one after another; but to every one the little man said, "That is not my name." On the second day she had inquiries made in the neighborhood as to the names of the people there, and she repeated to the manikin the most uncommon and curious. "Perhaps your name is Shortribs, or Sheepshanks, or Laceleg?" but he always answered, "That is not my name."

On the third day the messenger came back again, and said, "I have not been able to find a single new name, but as I came to a high mountain at the end of the forest, where the fox and the hare bid each other good-night, there I saw a little house, and before the house a fire was burning, and round about the fire quite a ridiculous little man was jumping; he hopped upon one leg, and shouted:

"'To-day I bake, to-morrow brew,
The next I 'll have the young Queen's child.
Ha! glad am I that no one knew
That Rumpelstiltskin I am styled.'"

You may think how glad the Queen was when she heard the name! And when soon afterwards the little man came in, and asked, "Now, Mistress Queen, what is my name?"

At first she said, "Is your name Conrad?"

"No."

"Is your name Harry?"

"No."

"Perhaps your name is Rumpelstiltskin?"

"The devil has told you that! the devil has told you that!" cried the little man, and in his anger he plunged his right foot so deep into the earth that his whole leg went in; and then in rage he pulled at his left leg so hard with both hands that he tore himself in two.

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Margaret Hunt's translation of Grimm's "Snow-White and Rose-Red" follows. It has long been recognized as one of the most beautiful and appealing of folk tales. The scenic effects, the domestic life with its maternal and filial affection, the kindness to animals and helpfulness to each other and to those in distress, the adventures with dwarf and bear, the magic enchantment of goodness through the power of evil, and the happy conclusion following the removal of this enchantment—all these are blended into a perfect union that never fails to delight the listener of any age.

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

There was once a poor widow who lived in a lonely cottage. In front of the cottage was a garden wherein stood two rose-trees, one of which bore white and the other red roses. She had two children who were like the two rose-trees, and one was called Snow-white, and the other Rose-red. They were as good and happy, as busy and cheerful as ever two children in the world were, only Snow-white was more quiet and gentle than Rose-red. Rose-red liked better to run about in the meadows and fields seeking flowers and catching butterflies; but Snow-white sat at home with her mother, and helped her with her housework, or read to her when there was nothing to do.

The two children were so fond of each other that they always held each other by the hand when they went out together, and when Snow-white said, "We will not leave each other," Rose-red answered, "Never so long as we live," and their mother would add, "What one has she must share with the other."

They often ran about the forest alone and gathered red berries, and no beasts did them any harm, but came close to them trustfully. The little hare would eat a cabbage-leaf out of their hands, the roe grazed by their side, the stag leaped merrily by them, and the birds sat still upon the boughs and sang whatever they knew.

No mishap overtook them; if they had stayed too late in the forest, and night came on, they laid themselves down near each other upon the moss and slept until morning came, and their mother knew this and had no distress on their account.

Once when they had spent the night in the wood and the dawn had roused them, they saw a beautiful child in a shining white dress sitting near their bed. He got up and looked quite kindly at them, but said nothing and went away into the forest. And when they looked round they found that they had been sleeping quite close to a precipice, and would certainly have fallen into it in the darkness if they had gone only a few paces farther. And their mother told them that it must have been the angel who watches over good children.

Snow-white and Rose-red kept their mother's little cottage so neat that it was a pleasure to look inside it. In the summer Rose-red took care of the house, and every morning laid a wreath of flowers by her mother's bed before she awoke, in which was a rose from each tree. In the winter Snow-white lit the fire and hung the kettle on the crane. The kettle was of copper and shone like gold, so brightly was it polished. In the evening, when the snowflakes fell, the mother said, "Go, Snow-white, and bolt the door," and then they sat round the hearth, and the mother took her spectacles and read aloud out of a large book, and the two girls listened as they sat and spun. And close by them lay a lamb upon the floor, and behind them upon a perch sat a white dove with its head hidden beneath its wings.

One evening, as they were thus sitting comfortably together, some one knocked at the door as if he wished to be let in. The mother said, "Quick, Rose-red, open the door, it must be a traveler who is seeking shelter." Rose-red went and pushed back the bolt, thinking that it was a poor man, but it was not; it was a bear that stretched his broad, black head within the door.

Rose-red screamed and sprang back, the lamb bleated, the dove fluttered, and Snow-white hid herself behind her mother's bed. But the bear began to speak and said, "Do not be afraid, I will do you no harm! I am half-frozen, and only want to warm myself a little beside you."

"Poor bear," said the mother, "lie down by the fire, only take care that you do not burn your coat." Then she cried, "Snow-white, Rose-red, come out; the bear will do you no harm; he means well." So they both came out, and by-and-by the lamb and dove came nearer, and were not afraid of him.

The bear said, "Here, children, knock the snow out of my coat a little"; so they brought the broom and swept the bear's hide clean; and he stretched himself by the fire and growled contentedly and comfortably. It was not long before they grew quite at home and played tricks with their clumsy guest. They tugged his hair with their hands, put their feet upon his back and rolled him about, or they took a hazel-switch and beat him, and when he growled they laughed. But the bear took it all in good part, only when they were too rough he called out, "Leave me alive, children—

"Snowy-white, Rosy-red,
Will you beat your lover dead?"

When it was bed-time, and the others went to bed, the mother said to the bear, "You can lie there by the hearth, and then you will be safe from the cold and the bad weather." As soon as day dawned the two children let him out, and he trotted across the snow into the forest.

Henceforth the bear came every evening at the same time, laid himself down by the hearth, and let the children amuse themselves with him as much as they liked; and they got so used to him that the doors were never fastened until their black friend had arrived.

When spring had come and all outside was green, the bear said one morning to Snow-white, "Now I must go away, and cannot come back for the whole summer."

"Where are you going, then, dear bear?" asked Snow-white.

"I must go into the forest and guard my treasures from the wicked dwarfs. In the winter, when the earth is frozen hard, they are obliged to stay below and cannot work their way through; but now, when the sun has thawed and warmed the earth, they break through it, and come out to pry and steal; and what once gets into their hands, and in their caves, does not easily see daylight again."

Snow-white was quite sorry for his going away, and as she unbolted the door for him, and the bear was hurrying out, he caught against the bolt and a piece of his hairy coat was torn off, and it seemed to Snow-white as if she had seen gold shining through it, but she was not sure about it. The bear ran away quickly, and was soon out of sight behind the trees.

A short time afterwards the mother sent her children into the forest to get fire-wood. There they found a big tree which lay felled on the ground, and close by the trunk something was jumping backwards and forwards in the grass, but they could not make out what it was. When they came nearer they saw a dwarf with an old withered face and a snow-white beard a yard long. The end of the beard was caught in a crevice of the tree, and the little fellow was jumping backwards and forwards like a dog tied to a rope, and did not know what to do.

He glared at the girls with his fiery red eyes and cried, "Why do you stand there? Can you not come here and help me?"

"What are you about there, little man?" asked Rose-red.

"You stupid, prying goose!" answered the dwarf; "I was going to split the tree to get a little wood for cooking. The little bit of food that one of us wants gets burnt up directly with thick logs; we do not swallow so much as you coarse, greedy folk. I had just driven the wedge safely in, and everything was going as I wished; but the wretched wood was too smooth and suddenly sprang asunder, and the tree closed so quickly that I could not pull out my beautiful white beard; so now it is tight in and I cannot get away, and you silly, sleek, milk-faced things laugh! Ugh! how odious you are!"

The children tried very hard, but they could not pull the beard out, it was caught too fast. "I will run and fetch some one," said Rose-red.

"You senseless goose!" snarled the dwarf; "why should you fetch some one? You are already two too many for me; can you not think of something better?"

"Don't be impatient," said Snow-white, "I will help you," and she pulled her scissors out of her pocket, and cut off the end of the beard.

As soon as the dwarf felt himself free he laid hold of a bag which lay amongst the roots of the tree, and which was full of gold, and lifted it up, grumbling to himself, "Uncouth people, to cut off a piece of my fine beard. Bad luck to you!" and then he swung the bag upon his back, and went off without even once looking at the children.

Some time after that Snow-white and Rose-red went to catch a dish of fish. As they came near the brook they saw something like a large grasshopper jumping towards the water, as if it were going to leap in. They ran to it and found it was the dwarf. "Where are you going?" said Rose-red; "you surely don't want to go into the water?"

"I am not such a fool!" cried the dwarf; "don't you see that the accursed fish wants to pull me in?"

The little man had been sitting there fishing, and unluckily the wind had twisted his beard with the fishing line; just then a big fish bit, and the feeble creature had not strength to pull it out; the fish kept the upper hand and pulled the dwarf towards him. He held on to all the reeds and rushes, but it was of little good, he was forced to follow the movements of the fish, and was in urgent danger of being dragged into the water.

The girls came just in time; they held him fast and tried to free his beard from the line, but all in vain, beard and line were entangled fast together. Nothing was left but to bring out the scissors and cut the beard, whereby a small part of it was lost. When the dwarf saw that he screamed out, "Is that civil, you toadstool, to disfigure one's face? Was it not enough to clip off the end of my beard? Now you have cut off the best part of it. I cannot let myself be seen by my people. I wish you had been made to run the soles off your shoes!" Then he took out a sack of pearls which lay in the rushes, and without saying a word more he dragged it away and disappeared behind a stone.

It happened that soon afterwards the mother sent the two children to the town to buy needles and thread, and laces and ribbons. The road led them across a heath upon which huge pieces of rock lay strewn here and there. Now they noticed a large bird hovering in the air, flying slowly round and round above them; it sank lower and lower, and at last settled near a rock not far off. Directly afterwards they heard a loud, piteous cry. They ran up and saw with horror that the eagle had seized their old acquaintance the dwarf, and was going to carry him off.

The children, full of pity, at once took tight hold of the little man, and pulled against the eagle so long that at last he let his booty go. As soon as the dwarf had recovered from his first fright he cried with his shrill voice, "Could you not have done it more carefully? You dragged at my brown coat so that it is all torn and full of holes, you helpless, clumsy creatures!" Then he took up a sack full of precious stones, and slipped away again under the rock into his hole. The girls, who by this time were used to his thanklessness, went on their way and did their business in the town.

As they crossed the heath again on their way home they surprised the dwarf, who had emptied out his bag of precious stones in a clean spot, and had not thought that any one would come there so late. The evening sun shone upon the brilliant stones; they glittered and sparkled with all colors so beautifully that the children stood still and looked at them. "Why do you stand gaping there?" cried the dwarf, and his ashen-gray face became copper-red with rage. He was going on with his bad words when a loud growling was heard, and a black bear came trotting towards them out of the forest. The dwarf sprang up in a fright, but he could not get to his cave, for the bear was already close. Then in the dread of his heart he cried, "Dear Mr. Bear, spare me, I will give you all my treasures; look, the beautiful jewels lying there! Grant me my life; what do you want with such a slender little fellow as I? You would not feel me between your teeth. Come, take these two wicked girls, they are tender morsels for you, fat as young quails; for mercy's sake eat them!" The bear took no heed of his words, but gave the wicked creature a single blow with his paw, and he did not move again.

The girls had run away, but the bear called to them, "Snow-white and Rose-red, do not be afraid; wait, I will come with you." Then they knew his voice and waited, and when he came up to them suddenly his bearskin fell off, and he stood there a handsome man, clothed all in gold. "I am a King's son," he said, "and I was bewitched by that wicked dwarf, who had stolen my treasures. I have had to run about the forest as a savage bear until I was freed by his death. Now he has got his well-deserved punishment."

Snow-white was married to him, and Rose-red to his brother, and they divided between them the great treasures which the dwarf had gathered together in his cave. The old mother lived peacefully and happily with her children for many years. She took the two rose-trees with her, and they stood before her window, and every year bore the most beautiful roses, white and red.

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Whether it is possible to trace all folk tales to India, as some scholars have contended, is a matter yet open to debate. But there can be no doubt that some of the most instructing and valuable of folk tales for use with children are found in the various collections of Indian stories made since the pioneer work of Mary Frere in her *Old Deccan Days* (1868). A voluminous literature of collections and comment has grown up and is constantly increasing. Four stories that have won great favor with children are given immediately following as the ones probably best fitted for an introductory course. "The Lambikin" is one of the most popular of all. It is an accumulative droll in character and should be told early along with, say, "The Story of the Three Little Pigs." The children will be sure to notice that Lambikin trundling along in his drumikin has some similarity to the wise pig who traveled so fast down hill in his new churn. The story is taken from *Tales from the Punjab*, collected by Flora Annie Steel, with very valuable notes and analyses by Captain R. C. Temple.

THE LAMBIKIN

Once upon a time there was a wee wee Lambikin, who frolicked about on his little tottery legs, and enjoyed himself amazingly. Now one day he set off to visit his Granny, and was jumping with joy to think of all the good things he should get from her, when whom should he meet but a Jackal, who looked at the tender young morsel and said: "Lambikin! Lambikin! I'll EAT YOU!"

But Lambikin only gave a little frisk and said:

"To Granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."

The Jackal thought this reasonable, and let Lambikin pass.

By and by he met a Vulture, and the Vulture, looking hungrily at the tender morsel before him, said: "Lambikin! Lambikin! I'll EAT YOU!"

But Lambikin only gave a little frisk, and said:

"To Granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."

The Vulture thought this reasonable, and let Lambikin pass.

And by and by he met a Tiger, and then a Wolf, and a Dog, and an Eagle, and all these, when they saw the tender little morsel, said: "Lambikin! Lambikin! I'll EAT YOU!"

But to all of them Lambikin replied, with a little frisk:

"To Granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."

At last he reached his Granny's house, and said, all in a great hurry, "Granny, dear, I've promised to get very fat; so, as people ought to keep their promises, please put me into the corn-bin *at once*."

So his Granny said he was a good boy, and put him into the corn-bin, and there the greedy little Lambikin stayed for seven days, and ate, and ate, and ate, until he could scarcely waddle, and his Granny said he was fat enough for anything, and must go home. But cunning little Lambikin said that would never do, for some animal would be sure to eat him on the way back, he was so plump and tender.

"I'll tell you what you must do," said Master Lambikin, "you must make a little drumikin out of the skin of my little brother who died, and then I can sit inside and trundle along nicely, for I'm as tight as a drum myself."

So his Granny made a nice little drumikin out of his brother's skin, with the wool inside, and Lambikin curled himself up snug and warm in the middle, and trundled away gayly. Soon he met with the Eagle, who called out:

"Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?"

And Mr. Lambikin, curled up in his soft warm nest, replied:

"Lost in the forest, and so are you,
On, little Drumikin! Tum-pa, tum-too!"

"How very annoying!" sighed the Eagle, thinking regretfully of the tender morsel he had let slip.

Meanwhile Lambikin trundled along, laughing to himself, and singing:

"Tum-pa, tum-too;
Tum-pa, tum-too!"

Every animal and bird he met asked him the same question:

"Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?"

And to each of them the little sly-boots replied:

"Lost in the forest, and so are you,
On, little Drumikin! Tum-pa, tum-too;
Tum-pa, tum-too; tum-pa, tum-too!"

Then they all sighed to think of the tender little morsel they had let slip.

At last the Jackal came limping along, for all his sorry looks as sharp as a needle, and he too called out:

"Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?"

And Lambikin, curled up in his snug little nest, replied gayly:

"Lost in the forest, and so are you,
On, little Drumikin! Tum-pa—"

But he never got any further, for the Jackal recognized his voice at once, and cried: "Hullo! you've turned yourself inside out, have you? Just you come out of that!"

Whereupon he tore open Drumikin and gobbled up Lambikin.

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The next story, dealing with the idea of "measure for measure," is from Mary Frere's *Old Deccan Days*. Miss Frere spent many years in India, where her father was a government official. She took down the tales as told by her *ayah*, or lady's maid, who in turn had heard them from her hundred-year-old grandmother. It may be said of this story that while retaliation is certainly not the highest law of conduct, yet the ungracious, inconsiderate action of the jackal makes it impossible to feel the least sympathy for him.

TIT FOR TAT

There once lived a Camel and a Jackal who were great friends. One day the Jackal said to the Camel, "I know that there is a fine field of sugar cane on the other side of the river. If you will take me across, I'll show you the place. This plan will suit me as well as you. You will enjoy eating the sugar cane, and I am sure to find many crabs, bones, and bits of fish by the river side, on which to make a good dinner."

The Camel consented, and swam across the river, taking the Jackal, who could not swim, on his back. When they reached the other side, the Camel went to eat the sugar cane, and the Jackal ran up and down the river bank, devouring all the crabs, bits of fish, and bones he could find.

But being so much smaller an animal, he had made an excellent meal before the Camel had eaten more than two or three mouthfuls; and no sooner had he finished his dinner than he ran round and round the sugar-cane field, yelping and howling with all his might.

The villagers heard him, and thought, "There is a Jackal among the sugar canes; he will be scratching holes in the ground and spoiling the roots of the plants." And they went down to the place to drive him away. But when they got there they found to their surprise not only a Jackal, but a Camel who was eating the sugar canes! This made them very angry, and they caught the poor Camel and drove him from the field and beat him until he was nearly dead.

When the villagers had gone, the Jackal said to the Camel, "We had better go home." And the Camel, said, "Very well; then jump upon my back, as you did before."

So the Jackal jumped upon the Camel's back, and the Camel began to recross the river. When they had got well into the water, the Camel said, "This is a pretty way in which you have treated me, friend Jackal. No sooner had you finished your own dinner than you must go yelping about the place loud enough to arouse the whole village, and bring all the villagers down to beat me black and blue, and turn me out of the field before I had eaten two mouthfuls! What in the world did you make such a noise for?"

"I don't know," said the Jackal. "It is a custom I have. I always like to sing a little after dinner."

The Camel waded on through the river. The water reached up to his knees — then above them — up, up, up, higher and higher, until at last he was obliged to swim.

Then turning to the Jackal, he said, "I feel very anxious to roll."

"Oh, pray don't; why do you wish to do so?" asked the Jackal.

"I don't know," answered the Camel. "It is a custom I have. I always like to have a little roll after dinner."

So saying, he rolled over in the water, shaking the Jackal off as he did so. And the Jackal was drowned, but the Camel swam safely ashore.

182

The fine story following is from Steel's *Tales of the Punjab*. Scholars have pointed out a hundred or more variants. Such trickery as that used by the jackal in trapping the tiger is the common thing to find in folk tales where oppressed weakness is matched against ruthless and tyrannic power. The tiger's ingratitude precludes any desire to "take his part." The attitude of the three judges is determined in each case by the fact that the experience of each has hardened him and rendered him completely hopeless and unsympathetic. "The work of the buffalo in the oil-press," says Captain Temple, '"is the synonym all India over—and with good reason—for hard and thankless toil for another's benefit."

THE TIGER, THE BRAHMAN, AND THE JACKAL

Once upon a time a tiger was caught in a trap. He tried in vain to get out through the bars, and rolled and bit with rage and grief when he failed.

By chance a poor Brahman came by. "Let me out of this cage, O pious one!" cried the tiger.

"Nay, my friend," replied the Brahman mildly; "you would probably eat me if I did."

"Not at all!" swore the tiger with many oaths; "on the contrary, I should be forever grateful, and serve you as a slave."

Now, when the tiger sobbed and sighed and wept and swore, the pious Brahman's heart softened, and at last he consented to open the door of the cage. Out popped the tiger, and, seizing the poor man, cried, "What a fool you are! What is to prevent my eating you now, for after being cooped up so long I am just terribly hungry?"

In vain the Brahman pleaded for his life; the most he could gain was a promise to abide by the decision of the first three things he chose to question as to the justice of the tiger's action.

So the Brahman first asked a *pipal* tree what it thought of the matter, but the *pipal* tree replied coldly, "What have you to complain about? Don't I give shade and shelter to every one who passes by, and don't they in return tear down my branches to feed their cattle? Don't whimper—be a man!"

Then the Brahman, sad at heart, went further afield till he saw a buffalo turning a well-wheel; but he fared no better from it, for it answered: "You are a fool to expect gratitude! Look at me! While I gave milk they fed me on cotton-seed and oil-cake, but now I am dry they yoke me here, and give me refuse as fodder!"

The Brahman, still more sad, asked the road to give him its opinion.

"My dear sir," said the road, "how foolish you are to expect anything else! Here am I, useful to everybody, yet all, rich and poor, great and small, trample on me as they go past, giving me nothing but the ashes of their pipes and the husks of their grain!"

On this the Brahman turned back sorrowfully, and on the way he met a jackal, who called out, "Why, what's the matter, Mr. Brahman? You look as miserable as a fish out of water!"

The Brahman told him all that had occurred. "How very confusing!" said the jackal, when the recital was ended; "would you mind telling me over again, for everything seems so mixed up?"

The Brahman told it all over again, but the jackal shook his head in a distracted sort of way, and still could not understand.

"It's very odd," said he sadly, "but it all seems to go in at one ear and out at the other! I will go to the place where it all happened, and then, perhaps, I shall be able to give a judgment."

So they returned to the cage, by which the tiger was waiting for the Brahman, and sharpening his teeth and claws.

"You've been away a long time!" growled the savage beast, "but now let us begin our dinner."

"*Our* dinner!" thought the wretched Brahman, as his knees knocked together with fright; "what a remarkably delicate way of putting it!"

"Give me five minutes, my lord!" he pleaded, "in order that I may explain matters to the jackal here, who is somewhat slow in his wits."

The tiger consented, and the Brahman began the whole story over again, not missing a single detail, and spinning as long a yarn as possible.

"Oh, my poor brain! oh, my poor brain!" cried the jackal, wringing its paws. "Let me see! how did it all begin? You were in the cage, and the tiger came walking by—"

"Pooh!" interrupted the tiger, "what a fool you are! *I* was in the cage."

"Of course!" cried the jackal, pretending to tremble with fright; "yes! I was in the cage—no, I wasn't—dear! dear! where are my wits? Let me see—the tiger was in the Brahman, and the cage came walking by—no, that's not it, either! Well, don't mind me, but begin your dinner, for I shall never understand!"

"Yes, you shall!" returned the tiger, in a rage at the jackal's stupidity; "I'll *make* you understand! Look here—I am the tiger—"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And that is the Brahman—"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And that is the cage—"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And I was in the cage—do you understand?"

"Yes—no——Please, my lord—"

"Well?" cried the tiger impatiently.

"Please, my lord! How did you get in?"

"How? Why in the usual way, of course!"

"Oh, dear me! my head is beginning to whirl again! Please don't be angry, my lord, but what is the usual way?"

At this the tiger lost patience, and jumping into the cage, cried, "This way! Now do you understand how it was?"

"Perfectly!" grinned the jackal, as he dexterously shut the door, "and if you will permit me to say so, I think matters will remain as they were!"

183

The story that follows is from Mrs. Kingscote's *Tales of the Sun*, as reprinted in Joseph Jacobs' *Indian Fairy Tales*. Mr. Jacobs explains that he "changed the Indian mercantile numerals into those of English 'back-slang,' which make a very good parallel." As in other cases, the value of Jacobs' collection must be emphasized. If the teacher is limited to a single book for story material from the Hindoos, that book must be the one made by Joseph Jacobs. With well-chosen tales, with the slight changes here and there necessary for use with children, with just enough scholarship packed out of the way in the introduction and notes, the book has no rival.

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL

In a certain village there lived ten cloth merchants, who always went about together. Once upon a time they had traveled far afield, and were returning home with a great deal of money which they had obtained by selling their wares. Now there happened to be a dense forest near their village, and this they reached early one morning. In it there lived three notorious robbers, of whose existence the traders had never heard, and while they were still in the middle of it the robbers stood before them, with swords and cudgels in their hands, and ordered them to lay down all they had. The traders had no weapons with them, and so, though they were many more in number, they had to submit themselves to the robbers, who took away everything from them, even the very clothes they wore, and gave to each only a small loin-cloth a span in breadth and a cubit in length.

The idea that they had conquered ten men and plundered all their property now took possession of the robbers' minds. They seated themselves like three monarchs before the men they had plundered, and ordered them to dance to them before returning home. The merchants now mourned their fate. They had lost all they had, except their loin-cloth, and still the robbers were not satisfied, but ordered them to dance.

There was among the ten merchants one who was very clever. He pondered over the calamity that had come upon him and his friends, the dance they would have to perform, and the magnificent manner in which the three robbers had seated themselves on the grass. At the same time he observed that these last had placed their weapons on the ground, in the assurance of having thoroughly cowed the traders, who were now commencing to dance; and, as a song is always sung by the leader on such occasions, to which the rest keep time with hands and feet, he thus began to sing:

"We are enty men,
They are erith men:
If each erith man,
Surround eno men
Eno man remains.
Ta, tai tom, tadingana."

The robbers were all uneducated, and thought that the leader was merely singing a song as usual. So it was in one sense; for the leader commenced from a distance, and had sung the song over twice before he and his companions commenced to approach the robbers. They had understood his meaning, because they had been trained in trade.

When two traders discuss the price of an article in the presence of a purchaser, they use a riddling sort of language.

"What is the price of this cloth?" one trader will ask.

"Enty rupees," another will reply, meaning "ten rupees."

Thus there is no possibility of the purchaser knowing what is meant unless he be acquainted with trade language. By the rules of this secret language erith means "three," enty means "ten," and eno means "one." So the leader by his song meant to hint to his fellow-traders that they were ten men, the robbers only three, that if three pounced upon each of the robbers, nine of them could hold them down, while the remaining one bound the robbers' hands and feet.

The three thieves, glorying in their victory, and little understanding the meaning of the song and the intentions of the dancers, were proudly seated chewing betel and tobacco. Meanwhile the song was sung a third time. *Tâ tai tôm* had left the lips of the singer; and, before *tadingana* was out of them, the traders separated into parties of three, and each party pounced upon a thief.

The remaining one — the leader himself — tore up into long narrow strips a large piece of cloth, six cubits long, and tied the hands and feet of the robbers. These were entirely humbled now, and rolled on the ground like three bags of rice!

The ten traders now took back all their property, and armed themselves with the swords and cudgels of their enemies; and when they reached their village they often amused their friends and relatives by relating their adventure.

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In recent years several Japanese stories have made their way into the list of those frequently used in the lower grades. Some of these are of unusual beauty and suggestiveness. The oriental point of view is so different from that of western children that these stories often cannot be used in their fully original form, although it would be a distinct loss if the available elements were therefore discarded. So, in this instance departing from the plan of giving only authentic copies of the tales here reprinted, the excellent retold versions of two Japanese stories are given as made by Teresa Peirce Williston in her *Japanese Fairy Tales*. (Copyrighted. Used by permission of the publishers, Rand McNally & Co.) In these simple versions the point to the story is made clear in natural fashion without undue moralizing.

THE MIRROR OF MATSUYAMA

VERSION BY TERESA PEIRCE WILLISTON

In Matsuyama there lived a man, his wife, and their little daughter. They loved each other very much, and were very happy together. One day the man came home very sad. He had received a message from the Emperor, which said that he must take a journey to far-off Tokio.

They had no horses and in those days there were no railroads in Japan. The man knew that he must walk the whole distance. It was not the long walk that he minded, however. It was because it would take him many days from home.

Still he must obey his Emperor, so he made ready to start. His wife was very sorry that he must go, and yet a little proud, too, for no one else in the village had ever taken so long a journey.

She and the baby walked with him down to the turn in the road. There they stood and watched him through their tears, as he followed the path up through the pines on the mountain side. At last, no larger than a speck, he disappeared behind the hills. Then they went home to await his return.

For three long weeks they waited. Each day they spoke of him, and counted the days until they should see his dear face again. At last the time came. They walked down to the turn in the road to wait for his coming. Up on the mountain side some one was walking toward them. As he came nearer they could see that it was the one for whom they waited.

The good wife could scarcely believe that her husband was indeed safe home again. The baby girl laughed and clapped her hands to see the toys he brought her.

There was a tiny image of Uzume, tne laughter-loving goddess. Next came a little red monkey of cotton, with a blue head. When she pressed the spring he ran to the top of the rod. Oh, how wonderful was the third gift! It was a *tombo*, or dragon fly. When she first looked at it she saw only a piece of wood shaped like a T. The cross piece was painted with different bright colors.

But the queer thing, when her father twirled it between his fingers, would rise in the air, dipping and hovering like a real dragon fly.

Last, of course, there was a *ninghio*, or doll, with a sweet face, slanting eyes, and such wonderful hair. Her name was O-Hina-San.

He told of the Feast of the Dead which he had seen in Tokio. He told of the beautiful lanterns, the Lanterns of the Dead; and the pine torches burning before each house. He told of the tiny boats made of barley straw and filled with food that are set floating away on the river, bearing two tiny lanterns to guide them to the Land of the Dead.

At last her husband handed the wife a small white box. "Tell me what you see inside," he said. She opened it and took out something round and bright.

On one side were buds and flowers of frosted silver. The other side at first looked as clear and bright as a pool of water. When she moved it a little she saw in it a most beautiful woman.

"Oh, what a beautiful picture!" she cried. "It is of a woman and she seems to be smiling and talking just as I am. She has on a blue dress just like mine, too! How strange!"

Then her husband laughed and said: "That is a mirror. It is yourself you see reflected in it. All the women in Tokio have them."

The wife was delighted with her present, and looked at it very often. She liked to see the smiling red lips, the laughing eyes, and beautiful dark hair.

After a while she said to herself: "How foolish this is of me to sit and gaze at myself in this mirror! I am not more beautiful than other women. How much better for me to enjoy others' beauty, and forget my own face. I shall only remember that it must always be happy and smiling or it will make no one else happy. I do not wish any cross or angry look of mine to make any one sad."

She put the mirror carefully away in its box. Only twice in a year she looked at it. Then it was to see if her face was still such as would make others happy.

The years passed by in their sweet and simple life until the baby had grown to be a big girl. Her *ninghio*, her *tombo*, the image of Uzume, even the cotton monkey, were put carefully away for her own children.

This girl was the very image of her mother. She was just as sweet and loving, just as kind and helpful.

One day her mother became very ill. Although the girl and her father did all they could for her, she grew worse and worse.

At last she knew that she must die, so she called her daughter to her and said: "My child, I know that I must soon leave you, but I wish to leave something with you in my place. Open this box and see what you find in it."

The girl opened the box and looked for the first time in a mirror. "Oh, mother dear!" she cried. "I see you here. Not thin and pale as you are now, but happy and smiling, as you have always been."

Then her mother said: "When I am gone, will you look in this every morning and every night? If anything troubles you, tell me about it. Always try to do right, so that you will see only happiness here."

Every morning when the sun rose and the birds began to twitter and sing, the girl rose and looked in her mirror. There she saw the bright, happy face that she remembered as her mother's.

Every evening when the shadows fell and the birds were asleep, she looked again. She told it all that had happened during the day. When it had been a happy day the face smiled back at her. When she was sad the face looked sad, too. She was very careful not to do anything unkind, for she knew how sad the face would be then.

So each day she grew more kind and loving, and more like the mother whose face she saw each day and loved.

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This favorite story of "The Tongue-Cut Sparrow" is from Mrs. Williston's *Japanese Fairy Tales*. (Copyrighted. Used by permission.)

THE TONGUE-CUT SPARROW

VERSION BY TERESA PEIRCE WILLISTON

In a little old house in a little old village in Japan lived a little old man and his little old wife.

One morning when the old woman slid open the screens which form the sides of all Japanese houses, she saw, on the doorstep, a poor little sparrow. She took him up gently and fed him. Then she held him in the bright morning sunshine until the cold dew was dried from his wings. Afterward she let him go, so that he might fly home to his nest, but he stayed to thank her with his songs.

Each morning, when the pink on the mountain tops told that the sun was near, the sparrow perched on the roof of the house and sang out his joy.

The old man and woman thanked the sparrow for this, for they liked to be up early and at work. But near them there lived a cross old woman who did not like to be awakened so early. At last she became so angry that she caught the sparrow and cut his tongue. Then the poor little sparrow flew away to his home, but he could never sing again.

When the kind woman knew what had happened to her pet she was very sad. She said to her husband, "Let us go and find our poor little sparrow." So they started together, and asked of each bird by the wayside: "Do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow lives? Do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow went?"

In this way they followed until they came to a bridge. They did not know which way to turn, and at first could see no one to ask.

At last they saw a Bat hanging head downward, taking his daytime nap. "Oh, friend Bat, do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow went?" they asked.

"Yes. Over the bridge and up the mountain," said the Bat. Then he blinked his sleepy eyes and was fast asleep again.

They went over the bridge and up the mountain, but again they found two roads and did not know which one to take. A little Field Mouse peeped through the leaves and grass, so they asked him, "Do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow went?"

"Yes. Down the mountain and through the woods," said the Field Mouse.

Down the mountain and through the woods they went, and at last came to the home of their little friend.

When he saw them coming the poor little sparrow was very happy indeed.

He and his wife and children all came and bowed their heads down to the ground to show their respect. Then the Sparrow rose and led the old man and the old woman into his house, while his wife and children hastened to bring them boiled rice, fish, cress, and saké.

After they had feasted, the Sparrow wished to please them still more, so he danced for them what is called the "sparrow-dance."

When the sun began to sink, the old man and woman started for home. The Sparrow brought out two baskets. "I would like to give you one of these," he said. "Which will you take?" One basket was large and looked very full, while the other one seemed very small and light. The old people thought they would not take the large basket, for that might have all the Sparrow's treasure in it, so they said, "The way is long and we are very old, so please let us take the smaller one."

They took it and walked home over the mountain and across the bridge, happy and contented.

When they reached their own home they decided to open the basket and see what the Sparrow had given them. Within the basket they found many rolls of silk and piles of gold, enough to make them rich, so they were more grateful than ever to the Sparrow.

The cross old woman who had cut the Sparrow's tongue was peering in through the screen when they opened their basket. She saw the rolls of silk and the piles of gold, and planned how she might get some for herself.

The next morning she went to the kind woman and said: "I am so sorry that I cut the tongue of your Sparrow. Please tell me the way to his home so that I may go to him and tell him I am sorry."

The kind woman told her the way and she set out. She went across the bridge, over the mountain, and through the woods. At last she came to the home of the little Sparrow.

He was not so glad to see this old woman, yet he was very kind to her and did everything to make her feel welcome. They made a feast for her, and when she started home the Sparrow brought out two baskets as before. Of course the woman chose the large basket, for she thought that would have even more wealth than the other one.

It was very heavy, and caught on the trees as she was going through the wood. She could hardly pull it up the mountain with her, and she was all out of breath when she reached the top. She did not get to the bridge until it was dark. Then she was so afraid of dropping the basket into the river that she scarcely dared to step.

When at last she reached home she was so tired that she was half dead, but she pulled the screens close shut, so that no one could look in, and opened her treasure.

Treasure indeed! A whole swarm of horrible creatures burst from the basket the moment she opened it. They stung her and bit her, they pushed her and pulled her, they scratched her and laughed at her screams.

At last she crawled to the edge of the room and slid aside the screen to get away from the pests. The moment the door was opened they swooped down upon her, picked her up, and flew away with her. Since then nothing has ever been heard of the old woman.

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The tale of "The Straw Ox" as given in *Cossack Fairy Tales*, by R. Nesbit Bain, is one of the masterpieces among folk stories. It is of the accumulative type, winding up rapidly to the point where the old couple have secured, through the straw ox, all the raw material needed for comfortable clothing. Then comes the surprising release of the captured animals under promise to make contributions, each in his own way, to the welfare of the poverty-stricken couple. And then, the greatest surprise of all, the quick unwinding of the plot with the return of the grateful animals according to promise. "And the old man was glad, and the old woman was glad," and we are glad for their sake, and also for the sake of the bear and the wolf and the fox and the hare.

THE STRAW OX

There was once upon a time an old man and an old woman. The old man worked in the fields as a pitch-burner, while the old woman sat at home and spun flax. They were so poor that they could save nothing at all; all their earnings went in bare food, and when that was gone there was nothing left. At last the old woman had a good idea: "Look now, husband," cried she, "make me a straw ox, and smear it all over with tar."

"Why, you foolish woman!" said he, "what's the good of an ox of that sort?"

"Never mind," said she, "you just make it. I know what I am about."

What was the poor man to do? He set to work and made the ox of straw, and smeared it all over with tar.

The night passed away, and at early dawn the old woman took her distaff, and drove the straw ox out into the steppe to graze, and she herself sat down behind a hillock, and began spinning her flax, and cried: "Graze away, little ox, while I spin my flax. Graze away, little ox, while I spin my flax!"

And while she spun, her head drooped down and she began to doze, and while she was dozing, from behind the dark wood and from the back of the huge pines a bear came rushing out upon the ox and said: "Who are you? Speak, and tell me!"

And the ox said: "A three-year-old heifer am I, made of straw and smeared with tar."

"Oh!" said the bear, "stuffed with straw and trimmed with tar, are you? Then give me your straw and tar, that I may patch up my ragged fur again!"

"Take some," said the ox, and the bear fell upon him and began to tear away at the tar.

He tore and tore, and buried his teeth in it till he found he could n't let go again. He tugged and he tugged but it was no good, and the ox dragged him gradually off, goodness knows where.

Then the old woman awoke, and there was no ox to be seen. "Alas! old fool that I am!" cried she, "perchance it has gone home." Then she quickly caught up her distaff and spinning board, threw them over her shoulders, and hastened off home, and she saw that the ox had dragged the bear up to the fence, and in she went to her old man.

"Dad, dad," she cried, "look, look! The ox has brought us a bear. Come out and kill it!" Then the old man jumped up, tore off the bear, tied him up, and threw him in the cellar.

Next morning, between dark and dawn, the old woman took her distaff and drove the ox into the steppe to graze. She herself sat down by a mound, began spinning, and said: "Graze, graze away, little ox, while I spin my flax! Graze, graze away, little ox, while I spin my flax!"

And while she spun, her head drooped down and she dozed. And lo! from behind the dark wood, from the back of the huge pines, a gray wolf came rushing out upon the ox and said: "Who are you? Come, tell me!"

"I am a three-year-old heifer, stuffed with straw and trimmed with tar," said the ox.

"Oh! trimmed with tar, are you? Then give me of your tar to tar my sides, that the dogs and the sons of dogs tear me not!"

"Take some," said the ox. And with that the wolf fell upon him and tried to tear the tar off. He tugged and tugged, and tore with his teeth, but could get none off. Then he tried to let go, and could n't; tug and worry as he might, it was no good.

When the old woman woke, there was no heifer in sight. "Maybe my heifer has gone home!" she cried. "I'll go home and see." When she got there she was astonished for by the paling stood the ox with the wolf still tugging at it. She ran and told her old man, and her old man came and threw the wolf into the cellar also.

On the third day the old woman again drove her ox into the pastures to graze, and sat down by a mound and dozed off. Then a fox came running up. "Who are you?" it asked the ox.

"I'm a three-year-old heifer, stuffed with straw and daubed with tar."

"Then give me some of your tar to smear my sides with, when those dogs and sons of dogs tear my hide!"

"Take some," said the ox. Then the fox fastened her teeth in him and could n't draw them out again. The old woman told her old man, and he took and cast the fox into the cellar in the same way. And after that they caught Pussy Swift-foot likewise.

So when he had got them all safely the old man sat down on a bench before the cellar and began sharpening a knife. And the bear said to him: "Tell me, daddy, what are you sharpening your knife for?"

"To flay your skin off, that I may make a leather jacket for myself and a pelisse for my old woman."

"Oh! Don't flay me, daddy dear! Rather let me go, and I'll bring you a lot of honey."

"Very well, see you do it," and he unbound and let the bear go.

Then he sat down on the bench and again began sharpening his knife. And the wolf asked him: "Daddy, what are you sharpening your knife for?"

"To flay off your skin, that I may make me a warm cap against the winter."

"Oh! Don't flay me, daddy dear, and I'll bring you a whole herd of little sheep."

"Well, see that you do it," and he let the wolf go.

Then he sat down, and began sharpening his knife again. The fox put out her little snout, and asked him: "Be so kind, dear daddy, and tell me why you are sharpening your knife!"

"Little foxes," said the old man, "have nice skins that do capitally for collars and trimmings, and I want to skin you!"

"Oh! Don't take my skin away, daddy dear, and I will bring you hens and geese."

"Very well, see that you do it," and he let the fox go.

The hare now alone remained, and the old man began sharpening his knife on the hare's account.

"Why do you do that?" asked Puss. He replied: "Little hares have nice little, soft, warm skins, which will make me nice gloves and mittens against the winter!"

"Oh! daddy dear! Don't flay me, and I'll bring you kale and good cauliflower, if only you let me go!"

Then he let the hare go also.

Then they went to bed; but very early in the morning, when it was neither dusk nor dawn, there was a noise in the doorway like "Durrrrrr!"

"Daddy!" cried the old woman, "there's some one scratching at the door; go and see who it is!"

The old man went out, and there was the bear carrying a whole hive full of honey. The old man took the honey from the bear; but no sooner did he lie down again than there was another "Durrrrr!" at the door. The old man looked out and saw the wolf driving a whole flock of sheep into the courtyard. Close on his heels came the fox, driving before him the geese and hens, and all manner of fowls; and last of all came the hare, bringing cabbage and kale, and all manner of good food.

And the old man was glad, and the old woman was glad. And the old man sold the sheep and oxen, and got so rich that he needed nothing more.

As for the straw-stuffed ox, it stood in the sun till it fell to pieces.

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"The Adventures of Connla the Comely" is one of the romances in *The Book of the Dun Cow*, the oldest manuscript of miscellaneous Gaelic literature in existence. It was made about 1100 A.D. and is now preserved in the Royal Irish Academy at Dublin. The contents were transcribed from older books, some of the stories being older by many centuries. The story of Connla is "one of the many tales that illustrate the ancient and widespread superstition that fairies sometimes take away mortals to their palaces in the fairy forts and pleasant green hills." This conception is often referred to as the Earthly Paradise or the Isle of Youth. It is represented in the King Arthur stories by the Vale of Avalon to which the weeping queens carried the king after his mortal wound in "that last weird battle in the west." Conn the Hundred-fighter reigned in the second century of the Christian era (123–157 A.D.), and this story of his son must have sprung up soon after. According to Jacobs, it is the oldest fairy tale of modern Europe.

The following version of the tale is from Joseph Jacobs' *Celtic Fairy Tales*, which with its companion volume, *More Celtic Fairy Tales*, forms a standard source book for the usable stories in that field. Mr. Jacobs, as always, keeps to the authoritative versions while reducing them to forms at once available for educational purposes.

CONNLA AND THE FAIRY MAIDEN

Connla of the Fiery Hair was son of Conn of the Hundred Fights. One day as he stood by the side of his father on the height of Usna, he saw a maiden clad in strange attire towards him coming.

"Whence comest thou, maiden?" said Connla.

"I come from the Plains of the Ever Living," she said, "there where is neither death nor sin. There we keep holiday alway, nor need we help from any in our joy. And in all our pleasure we have no strife. And because we have our homes in the round green hills, men call us the Hill Folk."

The king and all with him wondered much to hear a voice when they saw no one. For save Connla alone, none saw the Fairy Maiden.

"To whom art thou talking, my son?" said Conn the king.

Then the maiden answered, "Connla speaks to a young, fair maid, whom neither death nor old age awaits. I love Connla, and now I call him away to the Plain of Pleasure, Moy Mell, where Boadag is king for aye, nor has there been sorrow or complaint in that land since he held the kingship. Oh, come with me, Connla of the Fiery Hair, ruddy as the dawn, with thy tawny skin. A fairy crown awaits thee to grace thy comely face and royal form. Come, and never shall thy comeliness fade, nor thy youth, till the last awful day of judgment."

The king in fear at what the maiden said, which he heard though he could not see her, called aloud to his Druid, Coran by name. "O Coran of the many spells," he said, "and of the cunning magic, I call upon thy aid. A task is upon me too great for all my skill and wit, greater than any laid upon me since I seized the kingship. A maiden unseen has met us, and by her power would take from me my dear, my comely son. If thou help not, he will be taken from thy king by woman's wiles and witchery."

Then Coran the Druid stood forth and chanted his spells towards the spot where the maiden's voice had been heard. And none heard her voice again, nor could Connla see her longer. Only as she vanished before the Druid's mighty spell, she threw an apple to Connla.

For a whole month from that day Connla would take nothing, either to eat or to drink, save only from that apple. But as he ate, it grew again and always kept whole. And all the while there grew within him a mighty yearning and longing after the maiden he had seen.

But when the last day of the month of waiting came, Connla stood by the side of the king his father on the Plain of Arcomin, and again he saw the maiden come towards him, and again she spoke to him. " 'Tis a glorious place, forsooth, that Connla holds among shortlived mortals awaiting the day of death. But now the folk of life, the ever-living ones, beg and bid thee come to Moy Mell, the Plain of Pleasure, for they have learnt to know thee, seeing thee in thy home among thy dear ones."

When Conn the king heard the maiden's voice he called to his men aloud and said: "Summon swift my Druid Coran, for I see she has again this day the power of speech."

Then the maiden said: "O mighty Conn, Fighter of a Hundred Fights, the Druid's power is little loved; it has little honor in the mighty land, peopled with so many of the upright. When the Law comes, it will do away with the Druid's magic spells that issue from the lips of the false black demon."

Then Conn the king observed that since the coming of the maiden Connla his son spoke to none that spake to him. So Conn of the Hundred Fights said to him, "Is it to thy mind what the woman says, my son?"

" 'Tis hard upon me," said Connla; "I love my own folk above all things; but yet a longing seizes me for the maiden."

When the maiden heard this, she answered and said: "The ocean is not so strong as the waves of thy longing. Come with me in my curragh, the gleaming, straight-gliding crystal canoe. Soon can we reach Boadag's realm. I see the bright sun sink, yet far as it is, we can reach it before dark. There is, too, another land worthy of thy journey, a land joyous to all that seek it. Only wives and maidens dwell there. If thou wilt, we can seek it and live there alone together in joy."

When the maiden ceased to speak, Connla of the Fiery Hair rushed away from his kinsmen and sprang into the curragh, the gleaming, straight-gliding crystal canoe. And then they all, king and court, saw it glide away over the bright sea towards the setting sun, away and away, till eye could see it no longer. So Connla and the Fairy Maiden went forth on the sea, and were no more seen, nor did any know whither they went.

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One of the best of the volumes of Irish tales is Lady Wilde's *Ancient Legends of Ireland*, and one of the best stories in that volume is her version of the witch story of "The Horned Women." The story is compact and restrained in the telling, and carries effectively to the listener the "creepy" spell of the witches. The way in which the house was prepared against the enchantments of the returning witches furnishes a good illustration of some of the deep-seated superstitions of the folk.

THE HORNED WOMEN

A rich woman sat up late one night carding and preparing wool, while all the family and servants were asleep. Suddenly a knock was given at the door, and a voice called, "Open! Open!"

"Who is there?" said the woman of the house.

"I am the Witch of the one Horn," was answered.

The mistress, supposing that one of her neighbors had called and required assistance, opened the door, and a woman entered, having in her hand a pair of wool carders, and bearing a horn on her forehead, as if growing there. She sat down by the fire in silence, and began to card the wool with violent haste. Suddenly she paused, and said aloud: "Where are the women; they delay too long."

Then a second knock came to the door, and a voice called as before, "Open! Open!"

The mistress felt herself constrained to rise and open to the call, and immediately a second witch entered, having two horns on her forehead, and in her hand a wheel for spinning wool.

"Give me place," she said, "I am the Witch of the two Horns"; and she began to spin as quick as lightning.

And so the knocks went on, and the call was heard, and the witches entered, until at last, twelve women sat round the fire — the first with one horn, the last with twelve horns.

And they carded the thread, and turned their spinning wheels, and wound and wove.

All were singing together an ancient rhyme, but no word did they speak to the mistress of the house. Strange to hear and frightful to look upon were these twelve women, with their horns and their wheels; and the mistress felt near to death, and she tried to rise that she might call for help, but she could not move, nor could she utter a word or a cry, for the spell of the witches was upon her.

Then one of them called to her in Irish, and said, "Rise, woman, and make us a cake." Then the mistress searched for a vessel to bring water from the well that she might mix the meal and make the cake, but she could find none.

And they said to her, "Take a sieve, and bring water in it." And she took the sieve and went to the well; but the water poured from it, and she could fetch none for the cake, and she sat down by the well and wept.

Then came a voice by her, and said, "Take yellow clay and moss and bind them together, and plaster the sieve so that it will hold."

This she did, and the sieve held the water for the cake; and the voice said again: "Return, and when thou comest to the north angle of the house cry aloud three times, and say, 'The mountain of the Fenian women and the sky over it is all on fire.'"

And she did so.

When the witches inside heard the call, a great and terrible cry broke from their lips, and they rushed forth with wild lamentations and shrieks, and fled away to Slievenamon, where was their chief abode. But the Spirit of the Well bade the mistress of the house to enter and prepare her home against the enchantments of the witches, if they returned again.

And first, to break their spells, she sprinkled the water in which she had washed her child's feet (the feet-water) outside the door on the threshold; secondly, she took the cake which the witches had made in her absence, of meal mixed with the blood drawn from the sleeping family, and she broke the cake in bits, and placed a bit in the mouth of each sleeper, and they were restored; and she took the cloth they had woven, and placed it half in and half out of the chest with the padlock; and, lastly, she secured the door with a great crossbeam fastened in the jambs, so that they could not enter, and having done these things she waited.

Not long were the witches in coming, and they raged and called for vengeance.

"Open! Open!" they screamed. "Open, feet-water!"

"I cannot," said the feet-water; "I am scattered on the ground, and my path is down to the Lough."

"Open, open, wood and trees and beam!" they cried to the door.

"I cannot," said the door, "for the beam is fixed in the jambs, and I have no power to move."

"Open, open, cake that we have made and mingled with blood!" they cried again.

"I cannot, said the cake, "for I am broken and bruised, and my blood is on the lips of the sleeping children."

Then the witches rushed through the air with great cries, and fled back to Slievenamon, uttering strange curses on the Spirit of the Well, who had wished their ruin. But the woman and the house were left in peace, and a mantle dropped by one of the witches was kept hung up by the mistress as a sign of the night's awful contest; and this mantle was in possession of the same family from generation to generation for five hundred years after.

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The story of "King O'Toole and His Goose" is from Samuel Lover's *Stories and Legends of the Irish Peasantry*, as reprinted in slightly abridged form in William Butler Yeats's *Irish Fairy Tales*. The extreme form of the dialect is kept as in the original, since the humor is largely dependent on the language of the peasant who tells the story. It will serve as a good illustration for practice work for the amateur storyteller. Probably most teachers would find it necessary to "reduce" this dialect or to eliminate it altogether. Mr. Jacobs, who includes this story in his *Celtic Fairy Tales*, reduces the dialect very materially, keeping just enough to remind one that it is Irish. He also says the final word as to the moral of the story: "This is a moral apologue on the benefits of keeping your word. Yet it is told with such humor and vigor, that the moral glides insensibly into the heart."

KING O'TOOLE AND HIS GOOSE

"By Gor, I thought all the world, far and near, heerd o' King O'Toole — well, well, but the darkness of mankind is ontellible! Well, sir, you must know, as you did n't hear it afore, that there was a king, called King O'Toole, who was a fine ould king in the ould ancient times, long ago; and it was him that owned the churches in the early days. The king, you see, was the right sort; he was the rale boy, and loved sport as he loved his life, and huntin' in partic'lar; and from the risin' o' the sun, up he got, and away he wint over the mountains beyant afther the deer; and the fine times them wor.

"Well, it was all mighty good, as long as the king had his health; but, you see, in coorse of time the king grew ould, by raison he was stiff in his limbs, and when he got sthriken in years, his heart failed him, and he was lost intirely for want o' divarshin, bekase he could n't go a huntin' no longer; and, by dad, the poor king was obleeged at last for to get a goose to divart him. Oh, you may laugh, if you like, but it's truth I'm tellin' you; and the way the goose divarted him was this-a-way: You see, the goose used for to swim across the lake, and go divin' for throut, and cotch fish on a Friday for the king, and flew every other day round about the lake, divartin' the poor king. All went on mighty well, antil, by dad, the goose got sthriken in years like her master, and could n't divart him no longer, and then it was that the poor king was lost complate. The king was walkin' one mornin' by the edge of the lake, lamentin' his cruel fate, and thinkin' o' drownin' himself, that could get no divarshun in life, when all of a suddint, turnin' round the corner beyant, who should he meet but a mighty dacent young man comin' up to him.

"'God save you,' says the king to the young man.

"'God save you kindly, King O'Toole,' says the young man. 'Thrue for you,' says the king. 'I am King O'Toole,' says he, 'prince and plennypennytinchery o' these parts,' says he; 'but how kem ye to know that?' says he. 'Oh, never mind,' says Saint Kavin.

"You see it was Saint Kavin, sure enough — the saint himself in disguise, and nobody else. 'Oh, never mind,' says he, 'I know more than that. May I make bowld to ax how is your goose, King O'Toole?' says he. 'Bluran-agers, how kem ye to know about my goose?' says the king. 'Oh, no matther; I was given to understand it,' says Saint Kavin. After some more talk the king says, 'What are you?' 'I'm an honest man,' says Saint Kavin. 'Well, honest man,' says the king, 'and how is it you make your money so aisy?' 'By makin' ould things as good as new,' says Saint Kavin. 'Is it a tinker you are?' says the king. 'No,' says the saint; 'I'm no tinker by thrade, King O'Toole; I've a betther thrade than a tinker,' says he — 'what would you say,' says he, 'if I made your ould goose as good as new?'

"My dear, at the word o' makin' his goose as good as new, you'd think the poor ould king's eyes was ready to jump out iv his head. With that the king whistled, and down kem the poor goose, all as one as a hound, waddlin' up to the poor cripple, her masther, and as like him as two pays. The minute the saint clapt his eyes on the goose, 'I'll do the job for you,' says he, 'King O'Toole.' 'By *Jaminee!*' says King O'Toole, 'if you do, but I'll say you're the cleverest fellow in the sivin parishes.' 'Oh, by dad,' says Saint Kavin, 'you must say more nor that—my horn's not so soft all out,' says he, 'as to repair your ould goose for nothin'; what'll you gi' me if I do the job for you?—that's the chat,' says Saint Kavin. 'I'll give you whatever you ax,' says the king; 'is n't that fair?' 'Divil a fairer,' says the saint; 'that's the way to do business. Now,' says he, 'this is the bargain I'll make with you, King O'Toole: will you gi' me all the ground the goose flies over, the first offer, afther I make her as good as new?' 'I will,' says the king. 'You won't go back o' your word?' says Saint Kavin. 'Honor bright!' says King O'Toole, howldin' out his fist. 'Honor bright!' says Saint Kavin, back agin, 'it's a bargain. Come here!' says he to the poor ould goose—'come here, you unfort'nate ould cripple, and it's I that'll make you the sportin' bird.' With that, my dear, he took up the goose by the two wings—'Criss o' my crass and you,' says he, markin' her to grace with the blessed sign at the same minute—and throwin' her up in the air, 'whew,' says he, jist givin' her a blast to help her; and with that, my jewel, she tuk to her heels, flyin' like one o' the aigles themselves and cuttin' as many capers as a swallow before a shower of rain.

"Well, my dear, it was a beautiful sight to see the king standin' with his mouth open, lookin' at his poor ould goose flyin' as light as a lark, and betther nor ever she was: and when she lit at his fut, patter her an the head, and, '*Ma vourneen*,' says he, 'but you are the *darlint* o' the world.' 'And what do you say to me,' says Saint Kavin, 'for makin' her the like?' 'By gor,' says the king, 'I say nothin' bates the art o' man, barrin' the bees.' 'And do you say no more nor that?' says Saint Kavin. 'And that I'm behoulden to you,' says the king. 'But will you give me all the ground the goose flew over?' says Saint Kavin. 'I will,' says King O'Toole, 'and you're welkim to it,' says he, 'though it's the last acre I have to give.' 'But you'll keep your word thrue?' says the saint. 'As thrue as the sun,' says the king. 'It's well for you, King O'Toole, that you said that word,' says he; 'for if you did n't say that word, *the devil receave the bit o' your goose id ever fly agin.*'

"Whin the king was as good as his word, Saint Kavin was *plazed* with him, and thin it was that he made himself known to the king. 'And,' says he, 'King O'Toole, you're a dacent man, for I only kem here to *thry you.* You don't know me,' says he, 'bekase I'm disguised.' 'Musha! thin,' says the king, 'who are you?' 'I'm Saint Kavin,' said the Saint, blessin' himself. 'Oh, queen iv heaven!' says the king makin' the sign o' the crass betune his eyes, and fallin' down on his knees before the saint; 'is it the great Saint Kavin,' says he, 'that I've been discoorsin' all this time without knowin' it,' says he, 'all as one as if he was a lump iv a *gosson?* — and so you're a saint?' says the king. 'I am,' says Saint Kavin. 'By gor, I thought I was only talking to a dacent boy,' says the king. 'Well, you know the differ now,' says the saint. 'I'm Saint Kavin,' says he, 'the greatest of all the saints.'

"And so the king had his goose as good as new, to divart him as long as he lived: and the saint supported him afther he kem into his property, as I tould you, until the day iv his death — and that was soon afther; for the poor goose thought he was ketchin' a throut one Friday; but, my jewel, it was a mistake he made — and instead of a throut, it was a thievin' horse-eel; and by gor, instead iv the goose killin' a throut for the king's supper, — by dad, the eel killed the king's goose — and small blame to him; but he did n't ate her, bekase he darn't ate what Saint Kavin had laid his blessed hands on."

SECTION IV

FAIRY STORIES—MODERN FANTASTIC TALES

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SECTION IV: FAIRY STORIES—MODERN FANTASTIC TALES

INTRODUCTORY

The difficulties of classification are very apparent here, and once more it must be noted that illustrative and practical purposes rather than logical ones are served by the arrangement adopted. The modern fanciful story is here placed next to the real folk story instead of after all the groups of folk products. The Hebrew stories at the beginning belong quite as well, perhaps even better, in Section V, while the stories at the end of Section VI shade off into the more modern types of short tales. Then the fact that other groups of modern stories are to follow later, illustrating more realistic studies of life and the very recent and remarkably numerous writings centering around animal life, limits the list here. Many of the animal stories might, with equal propriety, be placed under the head of the fantastic.

The child's natural literature. The world has lost certain secrets as the price of an advancing civilization. It is a commonplace of observation that no one can duplicate the success of Mother Goose, whether she be thought of as the maker of jingles or the teller of tales. The conditions of modern life preclude the generally naïve attitude that produced the folk rhymes, ballads, tales, proverbs, fables, and myths. The folk saw things simply and directly. The complex, analytic, questioning mind is not yet, either in or out of stories. The motives from which people act are to them plain and not mixed. Characters are good or bad. They feel no need of elaborately explaining their joys and sorrows. Such experiences come with the day's work. "To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new." The zest of life with them is emphatic. Their humor is fresh, unbounded, sincere; there is no trace of cynicism. In folk literature we do not feel the presence of a "writer" who is mightily concerned about maintaining his reputation for wisdom, originality, or style. Hence the freedom from any note of straining after effect, of artificiality. In the midst of a life limited to fundamental needs, their literature deals with fundamentals. On the whole, it was a literature for entertainment. A more learned upper class may have concerned itself then about "problems" and "purposes," as the whole world does now, but the literature of the folk had no such interests.

Without discussing the limits of the culture-epoch theory of human development as a complete guide in education, it is clear that the young child passes through a period when his mind looks out upon the world in a manner analogous to that of the folk as expressed in their literature. Quarrel with the fact as we may, it still remains a fact that his nature craves these old stories and will not be satisfied with something "just as good."

The modern fairy story. The advance of civilization has been accompanied by a wistful longing for the simplicities left by the way. In some periods this interest in the past has been more marked than in others. When the machinery of life has weighed too heavily on the human spirit, men have turned for relief to a contemplation of the "good old times" and have preached crusades of a "return to nature."

Many modern writers have tried to recapture some of the power of the folk tale by imitating its method. In many cases they have had a fair degree of success: in one case, that of Hans Christian Andersen, the success is admittedly very complete. As a rule, however, the sharpness of the sense of wonder has been blunted, and many imitators of the old fairy tale succeed in keeping only the shell. Another class of modern fantastic tale is that of the *pourquoi* story, which has the explanation of something as its object. Such tales grow out of the attempt to use the charm of old stories as a means of conveying instruction, somewhat after the method of those parents who covered up our bitter medicine with some of our favorite jam. Even "Little Red Riding Hood," as we saw, has been turned into a flower myth. So compelling is this pedagogical motive that so-called nature myths have been invented or made from existing stories in great numbers. The practical results please many teachers, but it may be questioned whether the gain is sufficient to compensate children for the distorting results upon masterpieces.

Wide range of the modern fairy tale. The bibliography will suggest something of the treasures in the field of the modern fanciful story. From the delightful nonsense of *Alice in Wonderland* and the "travelers' tales" of *Baron Munchausen* to the profound seriousness of *The King of the Golden River* and *Why the Chimes Rang* is a far cry. There are the rich fancies of Barrie and Maeterlinck, at the same time delicate as the promises of spring and brilliant as the fruitions of summer. One may be blown away to the land of Oz, he may lose his shadow with Peter Schlemihl, he may outdo the magic carpet with his Traveling-Cloak, he may visit the courts of kings with his Wonderful Chair; Miss Muffet will invite us to her Christmas party, Lemuel Gulliver will lead us to lands not marked in the school atlas; on every side is a world of wonder.

Some qualities of these modern tales. Every age produces after its own fashion, and we must expect to find the modern user of the fairy-story method expressing through it the qualities of his own outlook upon the world. Interest in the picturesque aspects of landscape will be emphasized, as in the early portions of "The Story of Fairyfoot" and, with especial magnificence of style, throughout *The King of the Golden River*. There will appear the saddened mood of the modern in the face of the human miseries that make happiness a mockery, as in "The Happy Prince." The destructive effects of the possessive instinct upon all that is finest in human nature is reflected in "The Prince's Dream." That the most valuable efforts are often those performed with least spectacular settings may be discerned in "The Knights of the Silver Shield," while the lesson of kindly helpfulness is the burden of "Old Pipes and the Dryad." In many modern stories the reader is too much aware of the conscious efforts of style and structure. The thoughtful child will sometimes be too much distressed by the more somber modern story, and should not hear too many of the gloomy type.

Andersen the consummate master. Hans Christian Andersen is the acknowledged master of the modern story for children. What are the sources of his success? Genius is always unexplainable except in terms of itself, but some things are clear. To begin, he makes a mark — drives down a peg: "There came a soldier marching along the high road—*one, two! one, two!*" and you are off. No backing and filling, no jockeying for position, no elaborate setting of the stage. The story's the thing! Next, the language is the language of common oral speech, free and unrestrained. The rigid forms of the grammar are eschewed. There is no beating around the bush. Seeing through the eyes of the child, he uses the language that is natural to such sight: "Aha! there sat the dog with eyes as big as mill-wheels." In quick dramatic fashion the story unrolls before your vision: "So the soldier cut the witch's head off. There she lay!" No agonizing over the cruelty of it, the lack of sympathy. It is a joke after the child's own heart, and with a hearty laugh at this end to an impostor, the listener is on with the story. The logic is the logic of childhood: "And everyone could see she was a real princess, for she was so lovely." When Andersen deals with some of the deeper truths of existence, as in "The Nightingale" or "The Ugly Duckling," he still manages to throw it all into the form that is natural and convincing and simple to the child. He never mounts a pedestal and becomes a grown-up philosopher. Perhaps Andersen's secret lay in the fact that some fairy godmother invested him at birth with a power to see things so completely as a child sees them that he never questioned the dignity of the method. In few of his stories is there any evidence of a constraint due to a conscious attempt to write down to the understandings of children.

SUGGESTIONS FOR READING

The most valuable discussion of the difficulties to be mastered in writing the literary fairy tale, and the story of the only very complete mastery yet made, will be found in the account of Hans Christian Andersen in *Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century*, by Georg Brandes. Now and then hints of importance on such stories and their value for children may be found in biographies of the more prominent writers represented in the section and mentioned in the bibliography, and in magazine articles and reviews. These latter may be located by use of the periodical indexes found in most libraries. For the proper attitude which the schools should have toward fiction and fanciful writing in general, nothing could be better than two lectures on "Children's Reading," in *On the Art of Reading*, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

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The rabbis of old were good story-tellers. They were essentially teachers and they understood that the best sermon is a story. "They were fond of the parable, the anecdote, the apt illustration, and their legends that have been transmitted to us, all aglow with the light and life of the Orient, possess perennial charm." It is possible to find in rabbinical sources a large number of brief stories that have the power of entertaining as well as of emphasizing some qualities of character that are important in all ages. The plan of this book does not include the wonderful stories of the Old Testament, which are easy of access to any teacher and may be used as experience directs. The Hebrew stories following correspond very nearly to the folk anecdote and are placed in this section because of their literary form.

Dr. Abram S. Isaacs (1851—) is a professor in New York University and is also a rabbi. The selection that follows is from his *Stories from the Rabbis.* (Copyrighted. Used by special permission of The Bloch Publishing Company, New York.) Taking advantage of the popular superstition that a four-leaved clover is a sign of good luck, Dr. Isaacs has grouped together four parable-like stories, each of which deals with wealth as a subject. The editors are responsible for the special titles given. The messages of these stories might be summarized as follows: If you would be lucky, (1) be honest because it is right to be honest, (2) value good friends more highly than gold, (3) let love accompany each gift of charity, and (4) use common sense in your business ventures.

A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER

ABRAM S. ISAACS

1. The Rabbi and The Diadem

Great was the alarm in the palace of Rome, which soon spread throughout the entire city. The Empress had lost her costly diadem, and it could not be found. They searched in every direction, but it was all in vain. Half distracted, for the mishap boded no good to her or her house, the Empress redoubled her exertions to regain her precious possession, but without result. As a last resource it was proclaimed in the public streets:

"The Empress has lost a priceless diadem. Whoever restores it within thirty days shall receive a princely reward. But he who delays, and brings it after thirty days, shall lose his head."

In those times all nationalities flocked toward Rome; all classes and creeds could be met in its stately halls and crowded thoroughfares. Among the rest was a rabbi, a learnèd sage from the East, who loved goodness and lived a righteous life, in the stir and turmoil of the Western world. It chanced one night as he was strolling up and down, in busy meditation, beneath the clear, moonlit sky, he saw the diadem sparkling at his feet. He seized it quickly, brought it to his dwelling, where he guarded it carefully until the thirty days had expired, when he resolved to return it to the owner.

He proceeded to the palace, and, undismayed at sight of long lines of soldiery and officials, asked for an audience with the Empress.

"What dost thou mean by this?" she inquired, when he told her his story and gave her the diadem. "Why didst thou delay until this hour? Dost thou know the penalty? Thy head must be forfeited."

"I delayed until now," the rabbi answered calmly, "so that thou mightst know that I return thy diadem, not for the sake of the reward, still less out of fear of punishment; but solely to comply with the Divine command not to withhold from another the property which belongs to him."

"Blessed be thy God!" the Empress answered, and dismissed the rabbi without further reproof; for had he not done right for right's sake?

2. Friendship

A certain father was doubly blessed — he had reached a good old age, and had ten sons. One day he called them to his side, and after repeated expressions of affection, told them that he had acquired a fortune by industry and economy, and would give them one hundred gold pieces each before his death, so that they might begin business for themselves, and not be obliged to wait until he had passed away. It happened, however, that, soon after, he lost a portion of his property, much to his regret, and had only nine hundred and fifty gold pieces left. So he gave one hundred to each of his nine sons. When his youngest son, whom he loved most of all, asked naturally what was to be his share, the father replied:

"My son, I promised to give each of thy brothers one hundred gold pieces. I shall keep my word to them. I have fifty left. Thirty I shall reserve for my funeral expenses, and twenty will be thy portion. But understand this — I possess, in addition, ten friends, whom I give over to thee as compensation for the loss of the eighty gold pieces. Believe me, they are worth more than all the gold and silver."

The youth tenderly embraced his parent, and assured him that he was content, such was his confidence and affection. In a few days the father died, and the nine sons took their money, and without a thought of their youngest brother and the small amount he had received, followed each his own fancy. But the youngest son, although his portion was the least, resolved to heed his father's words, and hold fast to the ten friends. When a short time had elapsed he prepared a simple feast, went to the ten friends of his father, and said to them: "My father, almost in his last words, asked me to keep you, his friends, in honor. Before I leave this place to seek my fortune elsewhere, will you not share with me a farewell meal, and aid me thus to comply with his dying request?"

The ten friends, stirred by his earnestness and cordiality, accepted his invitation with pleasure, and enjoyed the repast, although they were used to richer fare. When the moment for parting arrived, however, one of them rose and spoke: "My friends, it seems to me that of all the sons of our dear friend that has gone, the youngest alone is mindful of his father's friendship for us, and reverences his memory. Let us, then, be true friends to him, for his own sake as well, and provide for him a generous sum, that he may begin business here, and not be forced to live among strangers."

The proposal, so unexpected and yet so merited, was received with applause. The youth, proud of their friendship, soon became a prosperous merchant, who never forgot that faithful friends were more valuable than gold or silver, and left an honored name to his descendants.

3. True Charity

There lived once a very wealthy man, who cared little for money, except as a means for helping others. He used to adopt a peculiar plan in his method of charitable relief. He had three boxes made for the three different classes of people whom he desired to assist. In one box he put gold pieces, which he distributed among artists and scholars, for he honored knowledge and learning as the highest possession. In the second box he placed silver pieces for widows and orphans, for whom his sympathies were readily awakened. In the third were copper coins for the general poor and beggars—no one was turned away from his dwelling without some gift, however small.

That the man was beloved by all, need hardly be said. He rejoiced that he was enabled to do so much good, retained his modest bearing, and continued to regard his wealth as only an incentive to promote the happiness of mankind, without distinction of creed or nationality. Unhappily, his wife was just the opposite. She rarely gave food or raiment to the poor, and felt angry at her husband's liberality, which she considered shameless extravagance.

The day came when in the pressure of various duties he had to leave his house, and could not return until the morrow. Unaware of his sudden departure, the poor knocked at the door as usual for his kind gifts; but when they found him absent, they were about to go away or remain in the street, being terrified at the thought of asking his wife for alms. Vexed at their conduct, she exclaimed impetuously: "I will give to the poor according to my husband's method."

She seized the keys of the boxes, and first opened the box of gold. But how great was her terror when she gazed at its contents—frogs jumping here and there. Then she went to the silver box, and it was full of ants. With troubled heart, she opened the copper box, and it was crowded with creeping bugs. Loud then were her complaints, and bitter her tears, at the deception, and she kept her room until her husband returned.

No sooner did the man enter the room, annoyed that so many poor people were kept waiting outside, than she asked him: "Why did you give me keys to boxes of frogs, ants, and bugs, instead of gold, silver, and copper? Was it right thus to deceive your wife, and disappoint the poor?"

"Not so," rejoined her husband. "The mistake must be yours, not mine. I have given you the right keys. I do not know what you have done with them. Come, let me have them. I am guiltless of any deception." He took the keys, quickly opened the boxes, and found the coins as he had left them. "Ah, dear wife," said he, when she had regained her composure, "your heart, I fear, was not in the gift, when you wished to give to the poor. It is the feeling that prompts us to aid, not the mere money, which is the chief thing after all."

And ever after, her heart was changed. Her gifts blessed the poor of the land, and aroused their love and reverence.

4. An Eastern Garden

In an Eastern city a lovely garden flourished, whose beauty and luxuriance awakened much admiration. It was the owner's greatest pleasure to watch its growth, as leaf, flower, and tree seemed daily to unfold to brighter bloom. One morning, while taking his usual stroll through the well-kept paths, he was surprised to find that some blossoms were picked to pieces. The next day he noticed more signs of mischief, and rendered thus more observant he gave himself no rest until he had discovered the culprit. It was a little trembling bird, whom he managed to capture, and was about to kill in his anger, when it exclaimed: "Do not kill me, I beg you, kind sir. I am only a wee, tiny bird. My flesh is too little to satisfy you. I would not furnish one-hundredth of a meal to a man of your size. Let me free without any hesitation, and I shall teach you something that will be of much use to you and your friends."

"I would dearly like to put an end to you," replied the man, "for you were rapidly putting an end to my garden. It is a good thing to rid the world of such annoyances. But as I am not revengeful, and am always glad to learn something useful, I shall set you free this time." And he opened his hand to give the bird more air.

"Attention!" cried the bird. "Here are three rules which should guide you through life, and if you observe them you will find your path made easier: Do not cry over spilt milk; do not desire what is unattainable, and do not believe what is impossible."

The man was satisfied with the advice, and let the bird escape; but it had scarcely regained its liberty, when, from a high tree opposite, it exclaimed:

"What a silly man! The idea of letting me escape! If you only knew what you have lost! But it is too late now."

"What have I lost?" the man asked, angrily.

"Why, if you had killed me, as you intended, you would have found inside of me a huge pearl, as large as a goose's egg, and you would have been a wealthy man forever."

"Dear little bird," the man said in his blandest tones; "sweet little bird, I will not harm you. Only come down to me, and I will treat you as if you were my own child, and give you fruit and flowers all day. I assure you of this most sacredly."

But the bird shook its head sagely, and replied: "What a silly man, to forget so soon the advice which was given him in all seriousness. I told you not to cry over spilt milk, and here you are, worrying over what has happened. I urged you not to desire the unattainable, and now you wish to capture me again. And, finally, I asked you not to believe what is impossible, and you are rashly imagining that I have a huge pearl inside of me, when a goose's egg is larger than my whole body. You ought to learn your lessons better in the future, if you would become wise," added the bird, as with another twist of its head it flew away, and was lost in the distance.

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A classic collection of short stories from the ancient Hebrew sages is the little book, *Hebrew Tales*, published in London in 1826 by the noted Jewish scholar Hyman Hurwitz (1770–1844). A modern handy edition of this book (about sixty tales) is published as Vol. II of the Library of Jewish Classics. Of special interest is the fact that it contained three stories by the poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who had published them first in his periodical, *The Friend*. Coleridge was much interested in Hebrew literature, and especially fond of speaking in parables, as those who know "The Ancient Mariner" will readily recall. The following is one of the three stories referred to, and it had prefixed to it the significant text, "The Lord helpeth man and beast." (Psalm XXXVI, 6.)

THE LORD HELPETH MAN AND BEAST

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

During his march to conquer the world, Alexander, the Macedonian, came to a people in Africa who dwelt in a remote and secluded corner, in peaceful huts, and knew neither war nor conqueror. They led him to the hut of their chief, who received him hospitably, and placed before him golden dates, golden figs, and bread of gold.

"Do you eat gold in this country?" said Alexander.

"I take it for granted," replied the chief, "that thou wert able to find eatable food in thine own country. For what reason, then, art thou come amongst us?"

"Your gold has not tempted me hither," said Alexander, "but I would become acquainted with your manners and customs."

"So be it," rejoined the other: "sojourn among us as long as it pleaseth thee."

At the close of this conversation, two citizens entered, as into their court of justice. The plaintiff said, "I bought of this man a piece of land, and as I was making a deep drain through it, I found a treasure. This is not mine, for I only bargained for the land, and not for any treasure that might be concealed beneath it; and yet the former owner of the land will not receive it." The defendant answered, "I hope I have a conscience, as well as my fellow citizen. I sold him the land with all its contingent, as well as existing advantages, and consequently, the treasure inclusively."

The chief, who was at the same time their supreme judge, recapitulated their words, in order that the parties might see whether or not he understood them aright. Then, after some reflection, said: "Thou hast a son, friend, I believe?"

"Yes."

"And thou," addressing the other, "a daughter?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, let thy son marry *thy* daughter, and bestow the treasure on the young couple for a marriage portion." Alexander seemed surprised and perplexed. "Think you my sentence unjust?" the chief asked him.

"Oh, no!" replied Alexander; "but it astonishes me."

"And how, then," rejoined the chief, "would the case have been decided in your country?"

"To confess the truth," said Alexander, "we should have taken both parties into custody, and have seized the treasure for the king's use."

"For the king's use!" exclaimed the chief; "does the sun shine on that country?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Does it rain there?"

"Assuredly."

"Wonderful! But are there tame animals in the country, that live on the grass and green herbs?"

"Very many, and of many kinds."

"Ay, that must, then, be the cause," said the chief: "for the sake of those innocent animals the All-gracious Being continues to let the sun shine, and the rain drop down on your country; since its inhabitants are unworthy of such blessings."

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By almost common consent Hans Christian Andersen (1805–1875), the Danish author, is the acknowledged master of all modern writers of fairy tales. He was born in poverty, the son of a poor shoemaker. With a naturally keen dramatic sense, his imagination was stirred by stories from the *Arabian Nights* and La Fontaine's *Fables*, by French and Spanish soldiers marching through his native city, and by listening to the wonderful folk tales of his country. On a toy stage and with toy actors these vivid impressions took actual form. The world continued a dramatic spectacle to him throughout his existence. His consuming ambition was for the stage, but he had none of the personal graces so necessary for success. He was ungainly and awkward, like his "ugly duckling." But when at last he began to write, he had the power to transfer to the page the vivid dramas in his mind, and this power culminated in the creation of fairy stories for children which he began to publish in 1835. It is usual to say that Andersen, like Peter Pan, "never grew up," and it is certain that he never lost the power of seeing things as children see them. Like many great writers whose fame now rests on the suffrages of child readers, Andersen seems at first to have felt that the *Tales* were slight and beneath his dignity. They are not all of the same high quality. Occasionally one of them becomes "too sentimental and sickly sweet," but the best of them have a sturdiness that is thoroughly refreshing.

The most acute analysis of the elements of Andersen's greatness as the ideal writer for children is that made by his fellow-countryman Georg Brandes in *Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century*. A briefer account on similar lines will be found in H. J. Boyesen's *Scandinavian Literature*. A still briefer account, eminently satisfactory for an introduction to Andersen, by Benjamin W. Wells, is in Warner's *Library of the World's Best Literature*. The interested student cannot, of course, afford to neglect Andersen's own *The Story of My Life*. Among the more elaborate biographies the *Life of Hans Christian Andersen* by R. Nisbet Bain is probably the best. The first translation of the *Tales* into English was made by Mary Howitt in 1846 and, as far as it goes, is still regarded as one of the finest. However, Andersen has been very fortunate in his many translators. The version by H. W. Dulcken has been published in many cheap forms and perhaps more widely read than any other. In addition to the stories in the following pages, some of those most suitable for use are "The Little Match Girl," "The Silver Shilling," "Five Peas in the Pod," "Hans Clodhopper," and "The Snow Queen." The latter is one of the longest and an undoubted masterpiece.

The first two stories following are taken from Mrs. Henderson's *Andersen's Best Fairy Tales*. (Copyright. Rand McNally & Co.) This little book contains thirteen stories in a very simple translation and also an excellent story of Andersen's life in a form most attractive to children. "The Princess and the Pea" is a story for the story's sake. The humor, perhaps slightly satirical, is based upon the notion so common in the old folk tales that royal personages are decidedly more delicate than the person of low degree. However, the tendency to think oneself of more consequence than another is not confined to any one class.

THE REAL PRINCESS

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

(Version by Alice Corbin Henderson)

There was once a Prince who wanted to marry a Princess. But it was only a *real* Princess that he wanted to marry.

He traveled all over the world to find a real one. But, although there were plenty of princesses, whether they were *real* princesses he could never discover. There was always something that did not seem quite right about them.

At last he had to come home again. But he was very sad, because he wanted to marry a *real* Princess.

One night there was a terrible storm. It thundered and lightened and the rain poured down in torrents. In the middle of the storm there came a knocking, knocking, knocking at the castle gate. The kind old King himself went down to open the castle gate.

It was a young Princess that stood outside the gate. The wind and the rain had almost blown her to pieces. Water streamed out of her hair and out of her clothes. Water ran in at the points of her shoes and out again at the heels. Yet she said that she was a *real* Princess.

"Well, we will soon find out about that!" thought the Queen.

She said nothing, but went into the bedroom, took off all the bedding, and put a small dried pea on the bottom of the bedstead. Then she piled twenty mattresses on top of the pea, and on top of these she put twenty feather beds. This was where the Princess had to sleep that night.

In the morning they asked her how she had slept through the night.

"Oh, miserably!" said the Princess. "I hardly closed my eyes the whole night long! Goodness only knows what was in my bed! I slept upon something so hard that I am black and blue all over. It was dreadful!"

So then they knew that she was a *real* Princess. For, through the twenty mattresses and the twenty feather beds, she had still felt the pea. No one but a *real* Princess could have had such a tender skin.

So the Prince took her for his wife. He knew now that he had a *real* Princess.

As for the pea, it was put in a museum where it may still be seen if no one has carried it away.

Now this is a true story!

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With some dozen exceptions, all of Andersen's *Tales* are based upon older stories, either upon some old folk tale or upon something that he ran across in his reading. Dr. Brandes, in his *Eminent Authors*, shows in detail how "The Emporer's New Clothes" came into being. "One day in turning over the leaves of Don Manuel's *Count Lucanor*, Andersen became charmed by the homely wisdom of the old Spanish story, with the delicate flavor of the Middle Ages pervading it, and he lingered over chapter vii, which treats of how a king was served by three rogues." But Andersen's story is a very different one in many ways from his Spanish original. For one thing, the meaning is so universal that no one can miss it. Most of us have, in all likelihood, at some time pretended to know what we do not know or to be what we are not in order to save our face, to avoid the censure or ridicule of others. "There is much concerning which people dare not speak the truth, through cowardice, through fear of acting otherwise than 'all the world,' through anxiety lest they should appear stupid. And the story is eternally new and it never ends. It has its grave side, but just because of its endlessness it has also its humorous side." When the absurd bubble of the grand procession is punctured by the child, whose mental honesty has not yet been spoiled by the pressure of convention, the Emperor "held himself stiffer than ever, and the chamberlains carried the invisible train." For it would never do to hold up the procession!

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

(Version by Alice Corbin Henderson)

Many years ago there lived an Emperor who thought so much of new clothes that he spent all his money on them. He did not care for his soldiers; he did not care to go to the theater. He liked to drive out in the park only that he might show off his new clothes. He had a coat for every hour of the day. They usually say of a king, "He is in the council chamber." But of the Emperor they said, "He is in the clothes closet!"

It was a gay city in which the Emperor lived. And many strangers came to visit it every day. Among these, one day, there came two rogues who set themselves up as weavers. They said they knew how to weave the most beautiful cloths imaginable. And not only were the colors and patterns used remarkably beautiful, but clothes made from this cloth could not be seen by any one who was unfit for the office he held or was too stupid for any use.

"Those would be fine clothes!" thought the Emperor. "If I wore those I could find out what men in my empire were not fit for the places they held. I could tell the clever men from the dunces! I must have some clothes woven for me at once!"

So he gave the two rogues a great deal of money that they might begin their work at once.

The rogues immediately put up two looms and pretended to be working. But there was nothing at all on their looms. They called for the finest silks and the brightest gold, but this they put into their pockets. At the empty looms they worked steadily until late into the night.

"I should like to know how the weavers are getting on with my clothes," thought the Emperor.

But he felt a little uneasy when he thought that any one who was stupid or was not fit for his office would be unable to see the cloth. Of course he had no fears for himself; but still he thought he would send some one else first, just to see how matters stood.

"I will send my faithful old Minister to the weavers," thought the Emperor. "He can see how the stuff looks, for he is a clever man, and no one is so careful in fulfilling duties as he is!"

So the good old Minister went into the room where the two rogues sat working at the empty looms.

"Mercy on us!" thought the old Minister, opening his eyes wide, "I can't see a thing!" But he didn't care to say so.

Both the rascals begged him to be good enough to step a little nearer. They pointed to the empty looms and asked him if he did not think the pattern and the coloring wonderful. The poor old Minister stared and stared as hard as he could, but he could not see anything, for, of course, there was nothing to see!

"Mercy!" he said to himself. "Is it possible that I am a dunce? I never thought so! Certainly no one must know it. Am I unfit for office? It will never do to say that I cannot see the stuff!"

"Well, sir, why do you say nothing of it?" asked the rogue who was pretending to weave.

"Oh, it is beautiful—charming!" said the old Minister, peering through his spectacles. "What a fine pattern, and what wonderful colors! I shall tell the Emperor that I am very much pleased with it."

"Well, we are glad to hear you say so," answered the two swindlers.

Then they named all the colors of the invisible cloth upon the looms, and described the peculiar pattern. The old Minister listened intently, so that he could repeat all that was said of it to the Emperor.

The rogues now began to demand more money, more silk, and more gold thread in order to proceed with the weaving. All of this, of course, went into their pockets. Not a single strand was ever put on the empty looms at which they went on working.

The Emperor soon sent another faithful friend to see how soon the new clothes would be ready. But he fared no better than the Minister. He looked and looked and looked, but still saw nothing but the empty looms.

"Isn't that a pretty piece of stuff?" asked both rogues, showing and explaining the handsome pattern which was not there at all.

"I am not stupid!" thought the man. "It must be that I am not worthy of my good position. That is, indeed, strange. But I must not let it be known!"

So he praised the cloth he did not see, and expressed his approval of the color and the design that were not there. To the Emperor he said, "It is charming!"

Soon everybody in town was talking about the wonderful cloth that the two rogues were weaving.

The Emperor began to think now that he himself would like to see the wonderful cloth while it was still on the looms. Accompanied by a number of his friends, among whom were the two faithful officers who had already beheld the imaginary stuff, he went to visit the two men who were weaving, might and main, without any fiber and without any thread.

"Isn't it splendid!" cried the two statesmen who had already been there, and who thought the others would see something upon the empty looms. "Look, your Majesty! What colors! And what a design!"

"What's this?" thought the Emperor. "I see nothing at all! Am I a dunce? Am I not fit to be Emperor? That would be the worst thing that could happen to me, if it were true."

"Oh, it is very pretty!" said the Emperor aloud. "It has my highest approval!"

He nodded his head happily, and stared at the empty looms. Never would he say that he could see nothing!

His friends, too, gazed and gazed, but saw no more than had the others. Yet they all cried out, "It is beautiful!" and advised the Emperor to wear a suit made of this cloth in a great procession that was soon to take place.

"It is magnificent, gorgeous!" was the cry that went from mouth to mouth. The Emperor gave each of the rogues a royal ribbon to wear in his buttonhole, and called them the Imperial Court Weavers.

The rogues were up the whole night before the morning of the procession. They kept more than sixteen candles burning. The people could see them hard at work, completing the new clothes of the Emperor. They took yards of stuff down from the empty looms; they made cuts in the air with big scissors; they sewed with needles without thread; and, at last, they said, "The clothes are ready!"

The Emperor himself, with his grandest courtiers, went to put on his new suit.

"See!" said the rogues, lifting their arms as if holding something. "Here are the trousers! Here is the coat! Here is the cape!" and so on. "It is as light as a spider's web. One might think one had nothing on. But that is just the beauty of it!"

"Very nice," said the courtiers. But they could see nothing; for there *was* nothing!

"Will your Imperial Majesty be graciously pleased to take off your clothes," asked the rogues, "so that we may put on the new ones before this long mirror?"

The Emperor took off all his own clothes, and the two rogues pretended to put on each new garment as it was ready. They wrapped him about, and they tied and they buttoned. The Emperor turned round and round before the mirror.

"How well his Majesty looks in his new clothes!" said the people. "How becoming they are! What a pattern! What colors! It is a beautiful dress!"

"They are waiting outside with the canopy which is to be carried over your Majesty in the procession," said the master of ceremonies.

"I am ready," said the Emperor. "Don't the clothes fit well?" he asked, giving a last glance into the mirror as though he were looking at all his new finery.

The men who were to carry the train of the Emperor's cloak stooped down to the floor as if picking up the train, and then held it high in the air. They did not dare let it be known that they could see nothing.

So the Emperor marched along under the bright canopy. Everybody in the streets and at the windows cried out: "How beautiful the Emperor's new clothes are! What a fine train! And they fit to perfection!"

No one would let it be known that he could see nothing, for that would have proved that he was unfit for office or that he was very, very stupid. None of the Emperor's clothes had ever been as successful as these.

"But he has nothing on!" said a little child.

"Just listen to the innocent!" said its father.

But one person whispered to another what the child had said. "He has nothing on! A child says he has nothing on!"

"But he has nothing on!" at last cried all the people.

The Emperor writhed, for he knew that this was true. But he realized that it would never do to stop the procession. So he held himself stiffer than ever, and the chamberlains carried the invisible train.

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In his story "The Nightingale," Andersen suggests that the so-called upper class of society may become so conventionalized as to be unable to appreciate true beauty. Poor fishermen and the little kitchen girl in the story recognize the beauty of the exquisite song of the nightingale, and Andersen shows his regard for royalty by having the emperor appreciate it twice. The last part of the story is especially impressive. When Death approached the emperor and took from him the symbols that had made him rank above his fellows, the emperor saw the realities of life and again perceived the beauty of the nightingale's song. This contact with real life made Death shrink away. Then the emperor learned Andersen's message to artificial society: If you would behold true beauty, you must have it in your own heart.

THE NIGHTINGALE

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

In China, you must know, the Emperor is a Chinaman, and all whom he has about him are Chinamen too. It happened a good many years ago, but that's just why it's worth while to hear the story before it is forgotten. The Emperor's palace was the most splendid in the world; it was made entirely of porcelain, very costly, but so delicate and brittle that one had to take care how one touched it. In the garden were to be seen the most wonderful flowers, and to the costliest of them silver bells were tied, which sounded, so that nobody should pass by without noticing the flowers. Yes, everything in the Emperor's garden was admirably arranged. And it extended so far that the gardener himself did not know where the end was. If a man went on and on, he came into a glorious forest with high trees and deep lakes. The wood extended straight down to the sea, which was blue and deep; great ships could sail, too, beneath the branches of the trees; and in the trees lived a Nightingale, which sang so splendidly that even the poor fisherman, who had many other things to do, stopped still and listened, when he had gone out at night to throw out his nets, and heard the Nightingale.

"How beautiful that is!" he said; but he was obliged to attend to his property, and thus forgot the bird. But when the next night the bird sang again, and the fisherman heard it, he exclaimed again, "How beautiful that is!"

From all the countries of the world travelers came to the city of the Emperor, and admired it, and the palace and the garden, but when they heard the Nightingale, they said, "That is the best of all!"

And the travelers told of it when they came home; and the learnèd men wrote many books about the town, the palace, and the garden. But they did not forget the Nightingale; that was placed highest of all; and those who were poets wrote most magnificent poems about the Nightingale in the wood by the deep lake.

The books went through all the world, and a few of them once came to the Emperor. He sat in his golden chair, and read, and read: every moment he nodded his head, for it pleased him to peruse the masterly descriptions of the city, the palace, and the garden. "But the Nightingale is the best of all," it stood written there.

"What's that?" exclaimed the Emperor. "I don't know the Nightingale at all! Is there such a bird in my empire, and even in my garden? I've never heard of that. To think that I should have to learn such a thing for the first time from books!"

And hereupon he called his cavalier. This cavalier was so grand that if anyone lower in rank than himself dared to speak to him, or to ask him any question, he answered nothing but "P!"— and that meant nothing.

"There is said to be a wonderful bird here called a Nightingale," said the Emperor. "They say it is the best thing in all my great empire. Why have I never heard anything about it?"

"I have never heard him named," replied the cavalier. "He has never been introduced at Court."

"I command that he shall appear this evening, and sing before me," said the Emperor. "All the world knows what I possess, and I do not know it myself!"

"I have never heard him mentioned," said the cavalier. "I will seek for him. I will find him."

But where was he to be found? The cavalier ran up and down all the staircases, through halls and passages, but no one among all those whom he met had heard talk of the Nightingale. And the cavalier ran back to the Emperor, and said that it must be a fable invented by the writers of books.

"Your Imperial Majesty cannot believe how much is written that is fiction, besides something that they call the black art."

"But the book in which I read this," said the Emperor, "was sent to me by the high and mighty Emperor of Japan and therefore it cannot be a falsehood. I *will* hear the Nightingale! It must be here this evening! It has my imperial favor; and if it does not come, all the Court shall be trampled upon after the Court has supped!"

"Tsing-pe!" said the cavalier; and again he ran up and down all the staircases, and through all the halls and corridors; and half the Court ran with him, for the courtiers did not like being trampled upon.

Then there was a great inquiry after the wonderful Nightingale, which all the world knew excepting the people at Court.

At last they met with a poor little girl in the kitchen, who said:

"The Nightingale? I know it well; yes, it can sing gloriously. Every evening I get leave to carry my poor sick mother the scraps from the table. She lives down by the strand; and when I get back and am tired, and rest in the wood, then I hear the Nightingale sing. And then the water comes into my eyes, and it is just as if my mother kissed me."

"Little kitchen girl," said the cavalier, "I will get you a place in the Court kitchen, with permission to see the Emperor dine, if you will but lead us to the Nightingale, for it is announced for this evening."

So they all went out into the wood where the Nightingale was accustomed to sing; half the Court went forth. When they were in the midst of their journey a cow began to low.

"Oh!" cried the Court pages, "now we have it! That shows a wonderful power in so small a creature! I have certainly heard it before."

"No, those are cows lowing," said the little kitchen girl. "We are a long way from the place yet."

Now the frogs began to croak in the marsh.

"Glorious!" said the Chinese Court preacher. "Now I hear it—it sounds just like little church bells."

"No, those are frogs," said the little kitchen maid. "But now I think we shall soon hear it."

And then the Nightingale began to sing.

"That is it!" exclaimed the little girl. "Listen, listen! and yonder it sits."

And she pointed to a little gray bird up in the boughs.

"Is it possible?" cried the cavalier. "I should never have thought it looked like that! How simple it looks! It must certainly have lost its color at seeing such grand people around."

"Little Nightingale!" called the little kitchen maid, quite loudly, "our gracious Emperor wishes you to sing before him."

"With the greatest pleasure!" replied the Nightingale, and began to sing most delightfully.

"It sounds just like glass bells!" said the cavalier. "And look at its little throat, how it's working! It's wonderful that we should never have heard it before. That bird will be a great success at Court."

"Shall I sing once more before the Emperor?" inquired the Nightingale, for it thought the Emperor was present.

"My excellent little Nightingale," said the cavalier, "I have great pleasure in inviting you to a Court festival this evening, when you shall charm his Imperial Majesty with your beautiful singing."

"My song sounds best in the green wood," replied the Nightingale; still it came willingly when it heard what the Emperor wished.

The palace was festively adorned. The walls and the flooring, which were of porcelain, gleamed in the rays of thousands of golden lamps. The most glorious flowers, which could ring clearly, had been placed in the passages. There was a running to and fro, and a thorough draught, and all the bells rang so loudly that one could not hear one's self speak.

In the midst of the great hall, where the Emperor sat, a golden perch had been placed, on which the Nightingale was to sit. The whole Court was there, and the little cook-maid had got leave to stand behind the door, as she had now received the title of a real Court cook. All were in full dress, and all looked at the little gray bird, to which the Emperor nodded.

And the Nightingale sang so gloriously that the tears came into the Emperor's eyes, and the tears ran down over his cheeks; then the Nightingale sang still more sweetly, that went straight to the heart. The Emperor was so much pleased that he said the Nightingale should have his golden slipper to wear round its neck. But the Nightingale declined this with thanks, saying it had already received a sufficient reward.

"I have seen tears in the Emperor's eyes—that is the real treasure to me. An Emperor's tears have a peculiar power. I am rewarded enough!" And then it sang again with a sweet, glorious voice.

"That's the most amiable coquetry I ever saw!" said the ladies who stood round about, and then they took water in their mouths to gurgle when anyone spoke to them. They thought they should be nightingales too. And the lackeys and chambermaids reported that they were satisfied also; and that was saying a good deal, for they are the most difficult to please. In short, the Nightingale achieved a real success.

It was now to remain at Court, to have its own cage, with liberty to go out twice every day and once at night. Twelve servants were appointed when the Nightingale went out, each of whom had a silken string fastened to the bird's legs, which they held very tight. There was really no pleasure in an excursion of that kind.

The whole city spoke of the wonderful bird, and whenever two people met, one said nothing but "Nightin," and the other said "gale"; and then they both sighed, and understood one another. Eleven pedlars' children were named after the bird, but not one of them could sing a note.

One day the Emperor received a large parcel, on which was written, "The Nightingale."

"There we have a new book about this celebrated bird," said the Emperor.

But it was not a book, but a little work of art, contained in a box—an artificial nightingale, which was to sing like a natural one, and was brilliantly ornamented with diamonds, sapphires, and rubies. So soon as the artificial bird was wound up, he could sing one of the pieces that he really sang, and then his tail moved up and down, and shone with silver and gold. Round his neck hung a little ribbon, and on that was written, "The Emperor of China's nightingale is poor compared to that of the Emperor of Japan."

"That is capital!" said they all, and he who had brought the artificial bird immediately received the title, Imperial Head-Nightingale-Bringer.

"Now they must sing together; what a duet that will be!" cried the courtiers.

And so they had to sing together; but it did not sound very well, for the real Nightingale sang its own way, and the artificial bird sang waltzes.

"That's not his fault," said the playmaster; "he's quite perfect, and very much in my style."

Now the artificial bird was to sing alone. It had just as much success as the real one, and then it was much handsomer to look at—it shone like bracelets and breastpins.

Three and thirty times over did it sing the same piece, and yet was not tired. The people would gladly have heard it again, but the Emperor said that the living Nightingale ought to sing something now. But where was it? No one had noticed that it had flown away out of the open window, back to the green wood.

"But what has become of that?" asked the Emperor.

And all the courtiers abused the Nightingale, and declared that it was a very ungrateful creature.

"We have the best bird after all," said they.

And so the artificial bird had to sing again, and that was the thirty-fourth time that they listened to the same piece. For all that they did not know it quite by heart, for it was so very difficult. And the playmaster praised the bird particularly; yes, he declared that it was better than a nightingale, not only with regard to its plumage and the many beautiful diamonds, but inside as well.

"For you see, ladies and gentlemen, and above all, your Imperial Majesty, with a real nightingale one can never calculate what is coming, but in this artificial bird, everything is settled. One can explain it; one can open it and make people understand where the waltzes come from, how they go, and how one follows up another."

"Those are quite our own ideas," they all said.

And the speaker received permission to show the bird to the people on the next Sunday. The people were to hear it sing too, the Emperor commanded: and they did hear it, and were as much pleased as if they had all got tipsy upon tea, for that's quite the Chinese fashion, and they all said, "Oh!" and held up their forefingers and nodded. But the poor fisherman, who had heard the real Nightingale, said:

"It sounds pretty enough, and the melodies resemble each other, but there's something wanting, though I know not what!"

The real Nightingale was banished from the country and empire. The artificial bird had its place on a silken cushion close to the Emperor's bed; all the presents it had received, gold and precious stones, were ranged about it; in title it had advanced to be the High Imperial After-Dinner-Singer, and in rank to Number One on the left hand; for the Emperor considered that side the most important on which the heart is placed, and even in an Emperor the heart is on the left side; and the playmaster wrote a work of five and twenty volumes about the artificial bird; it was very learnèd and very long, full of the most difficult Chinese words; but yet all the people declared that they had read it and understood it, for fear of being considered stupid, and having their bodies trampled on.

So a whole year went by. The Emperor, the Court, and all the other Chinese knew every little twitter in the artificial bird's song by heart. But just for that reason it pleased them best — they could sing with it themselves, and they did so. The street boys sang, "Tsi-tsi-tsi-glug-glug!" and the Emperor himself sang it too. Yes, that was certainly famous.

But one evening, when the artificial bird was singing its best, and the Emperor lay in bed listening to it, something inside the bird said, "Whizz!" Something cracked. "Whir-r-r!" All the wheels ran round, and then the music stopped.

The Emperor immediately sprang out of bed, and caused his body physician to be called; but what could *he* do? Then they sent for a watchmaker, and after a good deal of talking and investigation, the bird was put into something like order, but the watchmaker said that the bird must be carefully treated, for the barrels were worn, and it would be impossible to put new ones in in such a manner that the music would go. There was a great lamentation; only once in the year was it permitted to let the bird sing, and that was almost too much. But then the playmaster made a little speech full of heavy words, and said this was just as good as before — and so of course it was as good as before.

Now five years had gone by, and a real grief came upon the whole nation. The Chinese were really fond of their Emperor, and now he was ill, and could not, it was said, live much longer. Already a new Emperor had been chosen, and the people stood out in the street and asked the cavalier how the Emperor did.

"P!" said he, and shook his head.

Cold and pale lay the Emperor in his great, gorgeous bed; the whole Court thought him dead, and each one ran to pay homage to the new ruler. The chamberlains ran out to talk it over, and the ladies' maids had a great coffee party. All about, in all the halls and passages, cloth had been laid down so that no footstep could be heard, and therefore it was quiet there, quite quiet. But the Emperor was not dead yet; stiff and pale he lay on the gorgeous bed, with the long velvet curtains and the heavy gold tassels; high up, a window stood open, and the moon shone in upon the Emperor and the artificial bird.

The poor Emperor could scarcely breathe; it was just as if something lay upon his chest; he opened his eyes, and then he saw that it was Death who sat upon his chest, and had put on his golden crown, and held in one hand the Emperor's sword, in the other his beautiful banner. And all around, from among the folds of the splendid velvet curtains, strange heads peered forth; a few very ugly, the rest quite lovely and mild. These were all the Emperor's bad and good deeds, that stood before him now that Death sat upon his heart.

"Do you remember this?" whispered one to the other. "Do you remember that?" and then they told him so much that the perspiration ran from his forehead.

"I did not know that!" said the Emperor. "Music! music! the great Chinese drum!" he cried, "so that I need not hear all they say!"

And they continued speaking, and Death nodded like a Chinaman to all they said.

"Music! music!" cried the Emperor. "You little precious golden bird, sing, sing! I have given you gold and costly presents; I have even hung my golden slipper around your neck—sing now, sing!"

But the bird stood still; no one was there to wind him up, and he could not sing without that; but Death continued to stare at the Emperor with his great, hollow eyes, and it was quiet, fearfully quiet.

Then there sounded from the window, suddenly, the most lovely song. It was the little live Nightingale, that sat outside on a spray. It had heard of the Emperor's sad plight, and had come to sing to him of comfort and hope. As it sang the specters grew paler and paler; the blood ran quicker and more quickly through the Emperor's weak limbs; and even Death listened, and said:

"Go on, little Nightingale, go on!"

"But will you give me that splendid golden sword? Will you give me that rich banner? Will you give me the Emperor's crown?"

And Death gave up each of these treasures for a song. And the Nightingale sang on and on; and it sang of the quiet churchyard where the white roses grow, where the elder blossoms smell sweet, and where the fresh grass is moistened by the tears of survivors. Then Death felt a longing to see his garden, and floated out at the window in the form of a cold white mist.

"Thanks! thanks!" said the Emperor. "You heavenly little bird; I know you well. I banished you from my country and empire, and yet you have charmed away the evil faces from my couch, and banished Death from my heart! How can I reward you?"

"You have rewarded me!" replied the Nightingale. "I have drawn tears from your eyes, when I sang the first time—I shall never forget that. Those are the jewels that rejoice a singer's heart. But now sleep, and grow fresh and strong again. I will sing you something."

And it sang, and the Emperor fell into a sweet slumber. Ah! how mild and refreshing that sleep was! The sun shone upon him through the windows when he awoke refreshed and restored: not one of his servants had yet returned, for they all thought he was dead; only the Nightingale still sat beside him and sang.

"You must always stay with me," said the Emperor. "You shall sing as you please; and I'll break the artificial bird into a thousand pieces."

"Not so," replied the Nightingale. "It did well as long as it could; keep it as you have done till now. I cannot build my nest in the palace to dwell in it, but let me come when I feel the wish; then I will sit in the evening on the spray yonder by the window, and sing you something, so that you may be glad and thoughtful at once. I will sing of those who are happy and of those who suffer.

I will sing of good and of evil that remains hidden round about you. The little singing bird flies far around, to the poor fisherman, to the peasant's roof, to everyone who dwells far away from you and from your Court. I love your heart more than your crown, and yet the crown has an air of sanctity about it. I will come and sing to you—but one thing you must promise me."

"Everything!" said the Emperor; and he stood there in his imperial robes, which he had put on himself, and pressed the sword which was heavy with gold to his heart.

"One thing I beg of you: tell no one that you have a little bird who tells you everything. Then it will go all the better."

And the Nightingale flew away.

The servants came in to look at their dead Emperor, and—yes, there he stood, and the Emperor said, "Good-morning!"

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This story is a favorite for the Christmas season. It is loosely constructed, and rambles along for some time after it might have been expected to finish. Such rambling is often very attractive to childish listeners, as it allows the introduction of unexpected incidents. Miss Kready has some interesting suggestions about dramatizing this story in her *Study of Fairy Tales*, pp. 151–153. The translation is Dulcken's.

THE FIR TREE

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Out in the forest stood a pretty little Fir Tree. It had a good place; it could have sunlight, air there was in plenty, and all around grew many larger comrades—pines as well as firs. But the little Fir Tree wished ardently to become greater. It did not care for the warm sun and the fresh air; it took no notice of the peasant children, who went about talking together, when they had come out to look for strawberries and raspberries. Often they came with a whole pot-full, or had strung berries on a straw; then they would sit down by the little Fir Tree and say, "How pretty and small that one is!" and the Fir Tree did not like to hear that at all.

Next year he had grown a great joint, and the following year he was longer still, for in fir trees one can always tell by the number of rings they have how many years they have been growing.

"Oh, if I were only as great a tree as the other!" sighed the little Fir, "then I would spread my branches far around, and look out from my crown into the wide world. The birds would then build nests in my boughs, and when the wind blew I could nod just as grandly as the others yonder."

It took no pleasure in the sunshine, in the birds, and in the red clouds that went sailing over him morning and evening.

When it was winter, and the snow lay all around, white and sparkling, a hare would often come jumping along, and spring right over the little Fir Tree. Oh! this made him so angry. But two winters went by, and when the third came the little Tree had grown so tall that the hare was obliged to run round it.

"Oh! to grow, to grow, and become old; that's the only fine thing in the world," thought the Tree.

In the autumn woodcutters always came and felled a few of the largest trees; that was done this year too, and the little Fir Tree, that was now quite well grown, shuddered with fear, for the great stately trees fell to the ground with a crash, and their branches were cut off, so that the trees looked quite naked, long, and slender—they could hardly be recognized. But then they were laid upon wagons, and horses dragged them away out of the wood. Where were they going? What destiny awaited them?

In the spring, when the Swallows and the Stork came, the Tree asked them, "Do you know where they were taken? Did you not meet them?"

The Swallows knew nothing about it, but the Stork looked thoughtful, nodded his head, and said:

"Yes, I think so. I met many new ships when I flew out of Egypt; on the ships were stately masts; I fancy these were the trees. They smelt like fir. I can assure you they're stately—very stately."

"Oh that I were only big enough to go over the sea! What kind of thing is this sea, and how does it look?"

"It would take too long to explain all that," said the Stork, and he went away.

"Rejoice in thy youth," said the Sunbeams; "rejoice in thy fresh growth, and in the young life that is within thee."

And the wind kissed the Tree, and the dew wept tears upon it; but the Fir Tree did not understand that.

When Christmas-time approached, quite young trees were felled, sometimes trees which were neither so old nor so large as this Fir Tree, that never rested, but always wanted to go away. These young trees, which were always the most beautiful, kept all their branches; they were put upon wagons, and horses dragged them away out of the wood.

"Where are they all going?" asked the Fir Tree. "They are not greater than I—indeed, one of them was much smaller. Why do they keep all their branches? Whither are they taken?"

"We know that! We know that!" chirped the Sparrows. "Yonder in the town we looked in at the windows. We know where they go. Oh! they are dressed up in the greatest pomp and splendor that can be imagined. We have looked in at the windows, and have perceived that they are planted in the middle of a warm room, and adorned with the most beautiful things—gilt apples, honey-cakes, playthings, and many hundred candles."

"And then?" asked the Fir Tree, and trembled through all its branches. "And then? What happens then?"

"Why, we have not seen anything more. But it was incomparable."

"Perhaps I may be destined to tread this glorious path one day!" cried the Fir Tree, rejoicingly. "That is even better than traveling across the sea. How painfully I long for it! If it were only Christmas now! Now I am great and grown up, like the rest who were led away last year. Oh, if I were only on the carriage! If I were only in the warm room, among all the pomp and splendor! And then? Yes, then something even better will come, something far more charming, or else why should they adorn me so? There must be something grander, something greater still to come; but what? Oh! I'm suffering, I'm longing! I don't know myself what is the matter with me!"

"Rejoice in us," said Air and Sunshine. "Rejoice in thy fresh youth here in the woodland."

But the Fir Tree did not rejoice at all, but it grew and grew; winter and summer it stood there, green, dark green. The people who saw it said, "That's a handsome tree!" and at Christmas time it was felled before any one of the others. The ax cut deep into its marrow, and the tree fell to the ground with a sigh; it felt a pain, a sensation of faintness, and could not think at all of happiness, for it was sad at parting from its home, from the place where it had grown up; it knew that it should never again see the dear old companions, the little bushes and flowers all around—perhaps not even the birds. The parting was not at all agreeable.

The Tree only came to itself when it was unloaded in a yard, with other trees, and heard a man say:

"This one is famous; we want only this one!"

Now two servants came in gay liveries, and carried the Fir Tree into a large, beautiful saloon. All around the walls hung pictures, and by the great stove stood large Chinese vases with lions on the covers; there were rocking-chairs, silken sofas, great tables covered with picture books, and toys worth a hundred times a hundred dollars, at least the children said so. And the Fir Tree was put into a great tub filled with sand; but no one could see that it was a tub, for it was hung round with green cloth, and stood on a large, many-colored carpet. Oh, how the Tree trembled! What was to happen now? The servants, and the young ladies also, decked it out. On one branch they hung little nets, cut out of colored paper; every net was filled with sweetmeats; golden apples and walnuts hung down, as if they grew there, and more than a hundred little candles, red, white, and blue, were fastened to the different boughs. Dolls that looked exactly like real people—the tree had never seen such before—swung among the foliage, and high on the summit of the Tree was fixed a tinsel star. It was splendid, particularly splendid.

"This evening," said all, "this evening it will shine."

"Oh," thought the Tree, "that it were evening already! Oh, that the lights may be soon lit up! When may that be done? I wonder if trees will come out of the forest to look at me? Will the sparrows fly against the panes? Shall I grow fast here, and stand adorned in summer and winter?"

Yes, he did not guess badly. But he had a complete backache from mere longing, and the backache is just as bad for a Tree as the headache for a person.

At last the candles were lighted. What a brilliance, what splendor! The Tree trembled so in all its branches that one of the candles set fire to a green twig, and it was scorched.

"Heaven preserve us!" cried the young ladies; and they hastily put the fire out.

Now the Tree might not even tremble. Oh, that was terrible! It was so afraid of setting fire to some of its ornaments, and it was quite bewildered with all the brilliance. And now the folding doors were thrown open, and a number of children rushed in as if they would have overturned the whole Tree; the older people followed more deliberately. The little ones stood quite silent, but only for a minute; then they shouted till the room rang: they danced gleefully round the Tree, and one present after another was plucked from it.

"What are they about?" thought the Tree. "What's going to be done?"

And the candles burned down to the twigs, and as they burned down they were extinguished, and then the children received permission to plunder the Tree. Oh! they rushed in upon it, so that every branch cracked again: if it had not been fastened by the top and by the golden star to the ceiling, it would have fallen down.

The children danced about with their pretty toys. No one looked at the Tree except one old man, who came up and peeped among the branches, but only to see if a fig or an apple had not been forgotten.

"A story! A story!" shouted the children; and they drew a little fat man toward the tree; and he sat down just beneath it—"for then we shall be in the green wood," said he, "and the tree may have the advantage of listening to my tale. But I can only tell one. Will you hear the story of Ivede-Avede, or of Klumpey-Dumpey, who fell downstairs, and still was raised up to honor and married the Princess?"

"Ivede-Avede!" cried some, "Klumpey-Dumpey!" cried others, and there was a great crying and shouting. Only the Fir Tree was quite silent, and thought, "Shall I not be in it? Shall I have nothing to do in it?" But he had been in the evening's amusement, and had done what was required of him.

And the fat man told about Klumpey-Dumpey who fell downstairs, and yet was raised to honor and married the Princess. And the children clapped their hands, and cried, "Tell another! tell another!" for they wanted to hear about Ivede-Avede; but they only got the story of Klumpey-Dumpey. The Fir Tree stood quite silent and thoughtful; never had the birds in the wood told such a story as that. Klumpey-Dumpey fell downstairs, and yet came to honor and married the Princess!

"Yes, so it happens in the world!" thought the Fir Tree, and believed it must be true, because that was such a nice man who told it. "Well, who can know? Perhaps I shall fall downstairs, too, and marry a Princess!" And it looked forward with pleasure to being adorned again, the next evening, with candles and toys, gold and fruit. "To-morrow I shall not tremble," it thought.

"I will rejoice in all my splendor. To-morrow I shall hear the story of Klumpey-Dumpey again, and perhaps that of Ivede-Avede, too."

And the Tree stood all night quiet and thoughtful.

In the morning the servants and the chambermaid came in.

"Now my splendor will begin afresh," thought the Tree. But they dragged him out of the room, and upstairs to the garret, and here they put him in a dark corner where no daylight shone.

"What's the meaning of this?" thought the Tree. "What am I to do here? What is to happen?"

And he leaned against the wall, and thought, and thought. And he had time enough, for days and nights went by, and nobody came up; and when at length someone came, it was only to put some great boxes in a corner. Now the Tree stood quite hidden away, and the supposition is that it was quite forgotten.

"Now it's winter outside," thought the Tree. "The earth is hard and covered with snow, and people cannot plant me; therefore I suppose I'm to be sheltered here until spring comes. How considerate that is! How good people are! If it were only not so dark here, and so terribly solitary!—not even a little hare? That was pretty out there in the wood, when the snow lay thick and the hare sprang past; yes, even when he jumped over me; but then I did not like it. It is terribly lonely up here!"

"Piep! piep!" said a little Mouse, and crept forward, and then came another little one. They smelt at the Fir Tree, and then slipped among the branches.

"It's horribly cold," said the two little Mice, "or else it would be comfortable here. Don't you think so, you old Fir Tree?"

"I'm not old at all," said the Fir Tree. "There are many much older than I."

"Where do you come from?" asked the Mice. "And what do you know?" They were dreadfully inquisitive. "Tell us about the most beautiful spot on earth. Have you been there? Have you been in the store room, where cheeses lie on the shelves, and hams hang from the ceiling, where one dances on tallow candles, and goes in thin and comes out fat?"

"I don't know that," replied the Tree; "but I know the wood, where the sun shines and the birds sing."

And then it told all about its youth.

And the little Mice had never heard anything of the kind; and they listened and said:

"What a number of things you have seen! How happy you must have been!"

"I?" replied the Fir Tree; and it thought about what it had told. "Yes, those were really quite happy times." But then he told of the Christmas Eve, when he had been hung with sweetmeats and candles.

"Oh!" said the little Mice, "how happy you have been, you old Fir Tree!"

"I'm not old at all," said the Tree. "I only came out of the wood this winter. I'm only rather backward in my growth."

"What splendid stories you can tell!" said the little Mice.

And next night they came with four other little Mice, to hear what the Tree had to relate; and the more it said, the more clearly did it remember everything, and thought, "Those were quite merry days! But they may come again. Klumpey-Dumpey fell downstairs, and yet he married the Princess. Perhaps I may marry a Princess too!" And the Fir Tree thought of a pretty little Birch Tree that grew out in the forest; for the Fir Tree, that Birch was a real Princess.

"Who's Klumpey-Dumpey?" asked the little Mice.

And then the Fir Tree told the whole story. It could remember every single word; and the little Mice were ready to leap to the very top of the tree with pleasure. Next night a great many more Mice came, and on Sunday two Rats even appeared; but these thought the story was not pretty, and the little Mice were sorry for that, for now they also did not like it so much as before.

"Do you only know one story?" asked the Rats.

"Only that one," replied the Tree. "I heard that on the happiest evening of my life; I did not think then how happy I was."

"That's a very miserable story. Don't you know any about bacon and tallow candles—a store-room story?"

"No," said the Tree.

"Then we'd rather not hear you," said the Rats.

And they went back to their own people. The little Mice at last stayed away also; and then the Tree sighed and said:

"It was very nice when they sat round me, the merry little Mice, and listened when I spoke to them. Now that's past too. But I shall remember to be pleased when they take me out."

But when did that happen? Why, it was one morning that people came and rummaged in the garret: the boxes were put away, and the Tree brought out; they certainly threw him rather roughly on the floor, but a servant dragged him away at once to the stairs, where the daylight shone.

"Now life is beginning again!" thought the Tree.

It felt the fresh air and the first sunbeams, and now it was out in the courtyard. Everything passed so quickly that the Tree quite forgot to look at itself, there was so much to look at all round. The courtyard was close to a garden, and here everything was blooming; the roses hung fresh and fragrant over the little paling, the linden trees were in blossom, and the swallows cried, "Quinze-wit! quinze-wit! my husband's come!" But it was not the Fir Tree that they meant.

"Now I shall live!" said the Tree, rejoicingly, and spread its branches far out; but, alas! they were all withered and yellow; and it lay in the corner among nettles and weeds. The tinsel star was still upon it, and shone in the bright sunshine.

In the courtyard a couple of the merry children were playing who had danced round the tree at Christmas time, and had rejoiced over it. One of the youngest ran up and tore off the golden star.

"Look what is sticking to the ugly old fir tree!" said the child, and he trod upon the branches till they cracked again under his boots.

And the Tree looked at all the blooming flowers and the splendor of the garden, and then looked at itself, and wished it had remained in the dark corner of the garret; it thought of its fresh youth in the wood, of the merry Christmas Eve, and of the little Mice which had listened so pleasantly to the story of Klumpey-Dumpey.

"Past! past!" said the old Tree. "Had I but rejoiced when I could have done so! Past! past!"

And the servant came and chopped the Tree into little pieces; a whole bundle lay there; it blazed brightly under the great brewing copper, and it sighed deeply, and each sigh was like a little shot; and the children who were at play there ran up and seated themselves at the fire, looked into it, and cried "Puff! puff!" But at each explosion, which was a deep sigh, the Tree thought of a summer day in the woods, or of a winter night there, when the stars beamed; he thought of Christmas Eve and of Klumpey-Dumpey, the only story he had ever heard or knew how to tell; and then the Tree was burned.

The boys played in the garden, and the youngest had on his breast a golden star, which the Tree had worn on its happiest evening. Now that was past, and the Tree's life was past, and the story is past too: past! past!—and that's the way with all stories.

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The tale that follows was one of the author's earliest stories, published in 1835. It is clearly based upon an old folk tale, one variant of which is "The Blue Light" from the Grimm collection (No. 174). "It was a lucky stroke," says Brandes, "that made Andersen the poet of children. After long fumbling, after unsuccessful efforts, which must necessarily throw a false and ironic light on the self-consciousness of a poet whose pride based its justification mainly on the expectancy of a future which he felt slumbering within his soul, after wandering about for long years, Andersen . . . . one evening found himself in front of a little insignificant yet mysterious door, the door of the nursery story. He touched it, it yielded, and he saw, burning in the obscurity within, the little 'Tinder-Box' that became his Aladdin's lamp. He struck fire with it, and the spirits of the lamp—the dogs with eyes as large as teacups, as mill-wheels, as the round tower in Copenhagen—stood before him and brought him the three giant chests, containing all the copper, silver, and gold treasure stories of the nursery story. The first story had sprung into existence, and the 'Tinder-Box' drew all the others onward in its train. Happy is he who has found his 'tinder-box.'" The translation is by H. W. Dulcken.

THE TINDER-BOX

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

There came a soldier marching along the high road—*one, two! one, two!* He had his knapsack on his back and a saber by his side, for he had been in the wars, and now he wanted to go home. And on the way he met with an old witch; she was very hideous, and her under lip hung down upon her breast. She said, "Good evening, soldier. What a fine sword you have, and what a big knapsack! You're a proper soldier! Now you shall have as much money as you like to have."

"I thank you, you old witch!" said the soldier.

"Do you see that great tree?" quoth the witch; and she pointed to a tree which stood beside them. "It's quite hollow inside. You must climb to the top, and then you'll see a hole, through which you can let yourself down and get deep into the tree. I'll tie a rope round your body, so that I can pull you up again when you call me."

"What am I to do down in the tree?" asked the soldier.

"Get money," replied the witch. "Listen to me. When you come down to the earth under the tree, you will find yourself in a great hall: it is quite light, for above three hundred lamps are burning there. Then you will see three doors; those you can open, for the keys are hanging there. If you go into the first chamber, you'll see a great chest in the middle of the floor; on this chest sits a dog, and he's got a pair of eyes as big as two tea-cups. But you need not care for that. I'll give you my blue-checked apron, and you can spread it out upon the floor; then go up quickly and take the dog, and set him on my apron; then open the chest, and take as many shillings as you like. They are of copper: if you prefer silver, you must go into the second chamber. But there sits a dog with a pair of eyes as big as mill-wheels. But do not you care for that. Set him upon my apron, and take some of the money. And if you want gold, you can have that too—in fact, as much as you can carry—if you go into the third chamber. But the dog that sits on the money-chest there has two eyes as big as round towers. He is a fierce dog, you may be sure; but you need n't be afraid, for all that. Only set him on my apron, and he won't hurt you; and take out of the chest as much gold as you like."

"That's not so bad," said the soldier. "But what am I to give you, old witch? for you will not do it for nothing, I fancy."

"No," replied the witch, "not a single shilling will I have. You shall only bring me an old tinder-box which my grandmother forgot when she was down there last."

"Then tie the rope round my body," cried the soldier.

"Here it is," said the witch, "and here's my blue-checked apron."

Then the soldier climbed up into the tree, let himself slip down into the hole, and stood, as the witch had said, in the great hall where the three hundred lamps were burning.

Now he opened the first door. Ugh! there sat the dog with eyes as big as tea-cups, staring at him. "You're a nice fellow!" exclaimed the soldier; and he set him on the witch's apron, and took as many copper shillings as his pockets would hold, and then locked the chest, set the dog on it again, and went into the second chamber. Aha! there sat the dog with eyes as big as mill-wheels.

"You should not stare so hard at me," said the soldier; "you might strain your eyes." And he set the dog upon the witch's apron. And when he saw the silver money in the chest, he threw away all the copper money he had, and filled his pocket and his knapsack with silver only. Then he went into the third chamber. Oh, but that was horrid! The dog there really had eyes as big as towers, and they turned round and round in his head like wheels.

"Good evening!" said the soldier; and he touched his cap, for he had never seen such a dog as that before. When he had looked at him a little more closely, he thought, "That will do," and lifted him down to the floor, and opened the chest. Mercy! what a quantity of gold was there! He could buy with it the whole town, and the sugar sucking-pigs of the cake woman, and all the tin soldiers, whips, and rocking-horses in the whole world. Yes, that was a quantity of money! Now the soldier threw away all the silver coin with which he had filled his pockets and his knapsack, and took gold instead: yes, all his pockets, his knapsack, his boots, and his cap were filled, so that he could scarcely walk. Now indeed he had plenty of money. He put the dog on the chest, shut the door, and then called up through the tree, "Now pull me up, you old witch."

"Have you the tinder-box?" asked the witch.

"Plague on it!" exclaimed the soldier, "I had clean forgotten that." And he went and brought it.

The witch drew him up, and he stood on the high road again, with pockets, boots, knapsack, and cap full of gold.

"What are you going to do with the tinder-box?" asked the soldier.

"That's nothing to you," retorted the witch. "You've had your money — just give me the tinder-box."

"Nonsense!" said the soldier. "Tell me directly what you're going to do with it, or I'll draw my sword and cut off your head."

"No!" cried the witch.

So the soldier cut off her head. There she lay! But he tied up all his money in her apron, took it on his back like a bundle, put the tinder-box in his pocket, and went straight off toward the town.

That was a splendid town! And he put up at the very best inn and asked for the finest rooms, and ordered his favorite dishes, for now he was rich, as he had so much money. The servant who had to clean his boots certainly thought them a remarkably old pair for such a rich gentleman; but he had not bought any new ones yet. The next day he procured proper boots and handsome clothes. Now our soldier had become a fine gentleman; and the people told him of all the splendid things which were in their city, and about the King, and what a pretty Princess the King's daughter was.

"Where can one get to see her?" asked the soldier.

"She is not to be seen at all," said they, all together; "she lives in a great copper castle, with a great many walls and towers round about it; no one but the King may go in and out there, for it has been prophesied that she shall marry a common soldier, and the King can't bear that."

"I should like to see her," thought the soldier; but he could not get leave to do so. Now he lived merrily, went to the theater, drove in the King's garden, and gave much money to the poor; and this was very kind of him, for he knew from old times how hard it is when one has not a shilling. Now he was rich, had fine clothes, and gained many friends, who all said he was a rare one, a true cavalier; and that pleased the soldier well. But as he spent money every day and never earned any, he had at last only two shillings left; and he was obliged to turn out of the fine rooms in which he had dwelt, and had to live in a little garret under the roof, and clean his boots for himself, and mend them with a darning-needle. None of his friends came to see him, for there were too many stairs to climb.

It was quite dark one evening, and he could not even buy himself a candle, when it occurred to him that there was a candle-end in the tinder-box which he had taken out of the hollow tree into which the witch had helped him. He brought out the tinder-box and the candle-end; but as soon as he struck fire and the sparks rose up from the flint, the door flew open, and the dog who had eyes as big as a couple of tea-cups, and whom he had seen in the tree, stood before him, and said:

"What are my lord's commands?"

"What is this?" said the soldier. "That's a famous tinder-box, if I can get everything with it that I want! Bring me some money," said he to the dog: and *whisk!* the dog was gone, and *whisk!* he was back again, with a great bag full of shillings in his mouth.

Now the soldier knew what a capital tinder-box this was. If he struck it once, the dog came who sat upon the chest of copper money; if he struck it twice, the dog came who had the silver; and if he struck it three times, then appeared the dog who had the gold. Now the soldier moved back into the fine rooms, and appeared again in handsome clothes; and all his friends knew him again, and cared very much for him indeed.

Once he thought to himself, "It is a very strange thing that one cannot get to see the Princess. They all say she is very beautiful; but what is the use of that, if she has always to sit in the great copper castle with the many towers? Can I not get to see her at all? Where is my tinder-box?" And so he struck a light, and *whisk!* came the dog with eyes as big as tea-cups.

"It is midnight, certainly," said the soldier, "but I should very much like to see the Princess, only for one little moment."

And the dog was outside the door directly, and, before the soldier thought it, came back with the Princess. She sat upon the dog's back and slept; and everyone could see she was a real Princess, for she was so lovely. The soldier could not refrain from kissing her, for he was a thorough soldier. Then the dog ran back again with the Princess. But when morning came, and the King and Queen were drinking tea, the Princess said she had had a strange dream, the night before, about a dog and a soldier—that she had ridden upon the dog, and the soldier had kissed her.

"That would be a fine history!" said the Queen.

So one of the old Court ladies had to watch the next night by the Princess's bed, to see if this was really a dream, or what it might be.

The soldier had a great longing to see the lovely Princess again; so the dog came in the night, took her away, and ran as fast as he could. But the old lady put on water-boots, and ran just as fast after him. When she saw that they both entered a great house, she thought, "Now I know where it is"; and with a bit of chalk she drew a great cross on the door. Then she went home and lay down, and the dog came up with the Princess; but when he saw that there was a cross drawn on the door where the soldier lived, he took a piece of chalk too, and drew crosses on all the doors in the town. And that was cleverly done, for now the lady could not find the right door, because all the doors had crosses upon them.

In the morning early came the King and the Queen, the old Court lady and all the officers, to see where it was the Princess had been. "Here it is!" said the King, when he saw the first door with a cross upon it. "No, my dear husband, it is there!" said the Queen, who descried another door which also showed a cross. "But there is one, and there is one!" said all, for wherever they looked there were crosses on the doors. So they saw that it would avail them nothing if they searched on.

But the Queen was an exceedingly clever woman, who could do more than ride in a coach. She took her great gold scissors, cut a piece of silk into pieces, and made a neat little bag: this bag she filled with fine wheat flour, and tied it on the Princess's back; and when that was done, she cut a little hole in the bag, so that the flour would be scattered along all the way which the Princess should take.

In the night the dog came again, took the Princess on his back, and ran with her to the soldier, who loved her very much, and would gladly have been a prince, so that he might have her for his wife. The dog did not notice at all how the flour ran out in a stream from the castle to the windows of the soldier's house, where he ran up the wall with the Princess. In the morning the King and Queen saw well enough where their daughter had been, and they took the soldier and put him in prison.

There he sat. Oh, but it was dark and disagreeable there! And they said to him, "To-morrow you shall be hanged." That was not amusing to hear, and he had left his tinder-box at the inn. In the morning he could see, through the iron grating of the little window, how the people were hurrying out of the town to see him hanged. He heard the drums beat and saw the soldiers marching. All the people were running out, and among them was a shoemaker's boy with leather apron and slippers, and he galloped so fast that one of his slippers flew off, and came right against the wall where the soldier sat looking through the iron grating.

"Halloo, you shoemaker's boy! you need n't be in such a hurry," cried the soldier to him: "it will not begin till I come. But if you will run to where I lived, and bring me my tinder-box, you shall have four shillings; but you must put your best leg foremost."

The shoemaker's boy wanted to get the four shillings, so he went and brought the tinder-box, and — well, we shall hear now what happened.

Outside the town a great gallows had been built, and around it stood the soldiers and many hundred thousand people. The King and Queen sat on a splendid throne, opposite to the Judges and the whole Council. The soldier already stood upon the ladder; but as they were about to put the rope round his neck, he said that before a poor criminal suffered his punishment an innocent request was always granted to him. He wanted very much to smoke a pipe of tobacco, as it would be the last pipe he should smoke in this world. The King would not say "No" to this; so the soldier took his tinder-box and struck fire. One — two — three — ! and there suddenly stood all the dogs — the one with eyes as big as tea-cups, the one with eyes as large as mill-wheels, and the one whose eyes were as big as round towers.

"Help me now, so that I may not be hanged," said the soldier. And the dogs fell upon the Judge and all the Council, seized one by the leg and another by the nose, and tossed them all many feet into the air, so that they fell down and were all broken to pieces.

"I won't!" cried the King; but the biggest dog took him and the Queen and threw them after the others. Then the soldiers were afraid, and the people cried, "Little soldier, you shall be our King, and marry the beautiful Princess!"

So they put the soldier into the King's coach, and all the three dogs darted on in front and cried "Hurrah!" and the boys whistled through their fingers, and the soldiers presented arms. The Princess came out of the copper castle, and became Queen, and she liked that well enough. The wedding lasted a week, and the three dogs sat at the table too, and opened their eyes wider than ever at all they saw.

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The following is one of Andersen's early stories, published in 1838. It has always been a great favorite. Whimsically odd couples, in this case so constant in their devotion to each other, seemed to appeal to Andersen. The romance of the Whip Top and the Ball in the little story "The Lovers" deals with another odd couple. "Constant" or "steadfast" are terms sometimes used in the different versions instead of "hardy," and, if they seem better to carry the meaning intended, teachers should feel free to substitute one of them in telling or reading the story. The translation is by H. W. Dulcken.

THE HARDY TIN SOLDIER

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

There were once five-and-twenty tin soldiers; they were all brothers, for they had all been born of one old tin spoon.

They shouldered their muskets, and looked straight before them; their uniform was red and blue, and very splendid. The first thing they had heard in the world, when the lid was taken off their box, had been the words, "Tin soldiers!" These words were uttered by a little boy, clapping his hands: the soldiers had been given to him, for it was his birthday; and now he put them upon the table. Each soldier was exactly like the rest; but one of them had been cast last of all, and there had not been enough tin to finish him; but he stood as firmly upon his one leg as the others on their two; and it was just this Soldier who became remarkable.

On the table on which they had been placed stood many other playthings, but the toy that attracted most attention was a neat castle of cardboard. Through the little windows one could see straight into the hall. Before the castle some little trees were placed round a little looking-glass, which was to represent a clear lake. Waxen swans swam on this lake, and were mirrored in it. This was all very pretty; but the prettiest of all was a little lady, who stood at the open door of the castle; she was also cut out in paper, but she had a dress of the clearest gauze, and a little narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders, that looked like a scarf; and in the middle of this ribbon was a shining tinsel rose as big as her whole face. The little lady stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer; and then she lifted one leg so high that the Tin Soldier could not see it at all, and thought that, like himself, she had but one leg.

"That would be the wife for me," thought he; "but she is very grand. She lives in a castle, and I have only a box, and there are five-and-twenty of us in that. It is no place for her. But I must try to make acquaintance with her."

And then he lay down at full length behind a snuff-box which was on the table; there he could easily watch the little dainty lady, who continued to stand upon one leg without losing her balance.

When the evening came all the other tin soldiers were put into their box, and the people in the house went to bed. Now the toys began to play at "visiting," and at "war," and "giving balls." The tin soldiers rattled in their box, for they wanted to join, but could not lift the lid. The nutcracker threw somersaults, and the pencil amused itself on the table; there was so much noise that the canary woke up, and began to speak too, and even in verse. The only two who did not stir from their places were the Tin Soldier and the Dancing Lady: she stood straight up on the point of one of her toes, and stretched out both her arms; and he was just as enduring on his one leg; and he never turned his eyes away from her.

Now the clock struck twelve—and, bounce! the lid flew off the snuff-box; but there was no snuff in it, but a little black Goblin: you see, it was a trick.

"Tin Soldier!" said the Goblin, "don't stare at things that don't concern you."

But the Tin Soldier pretended not to hear him.

"Just you wait till to-morrow!" said the Goblin.

But when the morning came, and the children got up, the Tin Soldier was placed in the window; and whether it was the Goblin or the draught that did it, all at once the window flew open, and the Soldier fell head over heels out of the third story. That was a terrible passage! He put his leg straight up, and stuck with helmet downward and his bayonet between the paving-stones.

The servant-maid and the little boy came down directly to look for him, but though they almost trod upon him, they could not see him. If the Soldier had cried out "Here I am!" they would have found him; but he did not think it fitting to call out loudly, because he was in uniform.

Now it began to rain; the drops soon fell thicker, and at last it came down into a complete stream. When the rain was past, two street boys came by.

"Just look!" said one of them, "there lies a Tin Soldier. He must come out and ride in the boat."

And they made a boat out of a newspaper, and put the Tin Soldier in the middle of it, and so he sailed down the gutter, and the two boys ran beside him and clapped their hands. Goodness preserve us! how the waves rose in that gutter, and how fast the stream ran! But then it had been a heavy rain. The paper boat rocked up and down, and sometimes turned round so rapidly that the Tin Soldier trembled; but he remained firm, and never changed countenance, and looked straight before him, and shouldered his musket.

All at once the boat went into a long drain, and it became as dark as if he had been in his box.

"Where am I going now?" he thought. "Yes, yes, that's the Goblin's fault. Ah! if the little lady only sat here with me in the boat, it might be twice as dark for what I should care."

Suddenly there came a great Water Rat, which lived under the drain.

"Have you a passport?" said the Rat. "Give me your passport."

But the Tin Soldier kept silence, and held his musket tighter than ever.

The boat went on, but the Rat came after it. Hu! how he gnashed his teeth, and called out to the bits of straw and wood:

"Hold him! hold him! He has n't paid toll—he has n't shown his passport!"

But the stream became stronger and stronger. The Tin Soldier could see the bright daylight where the arch ended; but he heard a roaring noise which might well frighten a bolder man. Only think—just where the tunnel ended, the drain ran into a great canal; and for him that would have been as dangerous as for us to be carried down a great waterfall.

Now he was already so near it that he could not stop. The boat was carried out, the poor Tin Soldier stiffening himself as much as he could, and no one could say that he moved an eyelid. The boat whirled round three or four times, and was full of water to the very edge—it must sink. The Tin Soldier stood up to his neck in water, and the boat sank deeper and deeper, and the paper was loosened more and more; and now the water closed over the soldier's head. Then he thought of the pretty little Dancer, and how he should never see her again; and it sounded in the soldier's ears:

Farewell, farewell, thou warrier brave,
For this day thou must die!

And now the paper parted, and the Tin Soldier fell out; but at that moment he was snapped up by a great fish.

Oh, how dark it was in that fish's body! It was darker yet than in the drain tunnel; and then it was very narrow too. But the Tin Soldier remained unmoved, and lay at full length shouldering his musket.

The fish swam to and fro; he made the most wonderful movements, and then became quite still. At last something flashed through him like lightning. The daylight shone quite clear, and a voice said aloud, "The Tin Soldier!" The fish had been caught, carried to market, bought, and taken into the kitchen, where the cook cut him open with a large knife. She seized the Soldier round the body with both her hands and carried him into the room, where all were anxious to see the remarkable man who had traveled about in the inside of a fish; but the Tin Soldier was not at all proud. They placed him on the table, and there—no! What curious things may happen in the world. The Tin Soldier was in the very room in which he had been before! He saw the same children, and the same toys stood on the table; and there was the pretty castle with the graceful little Dancer. She was still balancing herself on one leg, and held the other extended in the air. She was hardy too. That moved the Tin Soldier; he was very nearly weeping tin tears, but that would not have been proper. He looked at her, but they said nothing to each other.

Then one of the little boys took the Tin Soldier and flung him into the stove. He gave no reason for doing this. It must have been the fault of the Goblin in the snuff-box.

The Tin Soldier stood there quite illuminated, and felt a heat that was terrible; but whether this heat proceeded from the real fire or from love he did not know. The colors had quite gone off from him; but whether that had happened on the journey, or had been caused by grief, no one could say. He looked at the little lady, she looked at him, and he felt that he was melting; but he still stood firm, shouldering his musket. Then suddenly the door flew open, and the draught of air caught the Dancer, and she flew like a sylph just into the stove to the Tin Soldier, and flashed up in a flame, and she was gone. Then the Tin Soldier melted down into a lump; and when the servant-maid took the ashes out next day, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. But of the Dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, and that was burned as black as a coal.

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"The Ugly Duckling" has always been regarded as one of Andersen's most exquisite stories. No one can fail to notice the parallel that suggests itself between the successive stages in the duckling's history and those in Andersen's own life. In this story, remarks Dr. Brandes, "there is the quintessence of the author's entire life (melancholy, humor, martyrdom, triumph) and of his whole nature: the gift of observation and the sparkling intellect which he used to avenge himself upon folly and wickedness, the varied faculties which constitute his genius." The standards of judgment used by the ducks, the turkey, the hen, and the cat are all delightfully and humorously satirical of human stupidity and shortsightedness. The translation used is by H. W. Dulcken.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

It was glorious out in the country. It was summer, and the cornfields were yellow, and the oats were green; the hay had been put up in stacks in the green meadows, and the stork went about on his long red legs, and chattered Egyptian, for this was the language he had learned from his good mother. All around the fields and meadows were great forests, and in the midst of these forests lay deep lakes. Yes, it was really glorious out in the country. In the midst of the sunshine there lay an old farm, surrounded by deep canals, and from the wall down to the water grew great burdocks, so high that little children could stand upright under the loftiest of them. It was just as wild there as in the deepest wood. Here sat a Duck upon her nest, for she had to hatch her young ones; but she was almost tired out before the little ones came; and then she so seldom had visitors. The other ducks liked better to swim about in the canals than to run up to sit down under a burdock and cackle with her.

At last one eggshell after another burst open. "Piep! piep!" it cried, and in all the eggs there were little creatures that stuck out their heads.

"Rap! rap!" they said; and they all came rapping out as fast as they could, looking all round them under the green leaves; and the mother let them look as much as they chose, for green is good for the eyes.

"How wide the world is!" said the young ones, for they certainly had much more room now than when they were in the eggs.

"Do you think this is all the world!" asked the mother. "That extends far across the other side of the garden, quite into the parson's field, but I have never been there yet. I hope you are all together," she continued, and stood up. "No, I have not all. The largest egg still lies there. How long is that to last? I am really tired of it." And she sat down again.

"Well, how goes it?" asked an old Duck who had come to pay her a visit.

"It lasts a long time with that one egg," said the Duck who sat there. "It will not burst. Now, only look at the others; are they not the prettiest ducks one could possibly see? They are all like their father; the bad fellow never comes to see me."

"Let me see the egg which will not burst," said the old visitor. "Believe me, it is a turkey's egg. I was once cheated in that way, and had much anxiety and trouble with the young ones, for they are afraid of the water. I could not get them to venture in. I quacked and clucked, but it was of no use. Let me see the egg. Yes, that's a turkey's egg! Let it lie there, and you teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little longer," said the Duck. "I've sat so long now that I can sit a few days more."

"Just as you please," said the old Duck; and she went away.

At last the great egg burst. "Piep! piep!" said the little one, and crept forth. It was very large and very ugly. The Duck looked at it.

"It's a very large duckling," said she; "none of the others look like that; can it really be a turkey chick? Now we shall soon find out. It must go into the water, even if I have to thrust it in myself."

The next day the weather was splendidly bright, and the sun shone on all the green trees. The Mother-Duck went down to the water with all her little ones. Splash! she jumped into the water. "Quack! quack!" she said, and then one duckling after another plunged in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up in an instant, and swam capitally; their legs went of themselves, and there they were, all in the water. The ugly gray Duckling swam with them.

"No, it's not a turkey," said she; "look how well it can use its legs, and how upright it holds itself. It is my own child! On the whole it's quite pretty, if one looks at it rightly. Quack! quack! come with me, and I'll lead you out into the great world, and present you in the poultry-yard; but keep close to me, so that no one may tread on you; and take care of the cats!"

And so they came into the poultry-yard. There was a terrible riot going on in there, for two families were quarreling about an eel's head, and the cat got it after all.

"See, that's how it goes in the world!" said the Mother-Duck; and she whetted her beak, for she, too, wanted the eel's head. "Only use your legs," she said. "See that you bustle about, and bow your heads before the old Duck yonder. She's the grandest of all here; she's of Spanish blood—that's why she's so fat; and do you see, she has a red rag round her leg; that's something particularly fine, and the greatest distinction a duck can enjoy; it signifies that one does not want to lose her, and that she's to be recognized by man and beast. Shake yourselves—don't turn in your toes; a well-brought-up Duck turns its toes quite out, just like father and mother, so! Now bend your necks and say 'Rap!'"

And they did so; but the other Ducks round about looked at them, and said quite boldly:

"Look there! now we're to have these hanging on, as if there were not enough of us already! And—fie—! how that Duckling yonder looks; we won't stand that!" And one duck flew up immediately, and bit it in the neck.

"Let it alone," said the mother; "it does no harm to anyone."

"Yes, but it's too large and peculiar," said the Duck who had bitten it; "and therefore it must be buffeted."

"Those are pretty children that the mother has there," said the old Duck with the rag round her leg. "They're all pretty but that one; that was a failure. I wish she could alter it."

"That cannot be done, my lady," replied the Mother-Duck. "It is not pretty, but it has a really good disposition, and swims as well as any other; I may even say it swims better. I think it will grow up pretty, and become smaller in time; it has lain too long in the egg, and therefore is not properly shaped." And then she pinched it in the neck, and smoothed its feathers. "Moreover, it is a drake," she said, "and therefore it is not of so much consequence. I think he will be very strong; he makes his way already."

"The other ducklings are graceful enough," said the old Duck. "Make yourself at home; and if you find an eel's head, you may bring it me."

And now they were at home. But the poor Duckling which had crept last out of the egg, and looked so ugly, was bitten and pushed and jeered, as much by the ducks as by the chickens.

"It is too big!" they all said. And the turkey-cock, who had been born with spurs, and therefore thought himself an Emperor, blew himself up like a ship in full sail, and bore straight down upon it; then he gobbled, and grew quite red in the face. The poor Duckling did not know where it should stand or walk;

it was quite melancholy, because it looked ugly and was scoffed at by the whole yard.

So it went on the first day; and afterward it became worse and worse. The poor Duckling was hunted about by every one; even its brothers and sisters were quite angry with it, and said, "If the cat would only catch you, you ugly creature!" And the mother said, "If you were only far away!" And the ducks bit it, and the chickens beat it, and the girl who had to feed the poultry kicked at it with her foot.

Then it ran and flew over the fence, and the little birds in the bushes flew up in fear.

"That is because I am so ugly!" thought the Duckling; and it shut its eyes, but flew no farther; thus it came out into the great moor, where the Wild Ducks lived. Here it lay the whole night long; and it was weary and downcast.

Toward morning the Wild Ducks flew up, and looked at their new companion.

"What sort of a one are you?" they asked; and the Duckling turned in every direction, and bowed as well as it could. "You are remarkably ugly!" said the Wild Ducks. "But that is very indifferent to us, so long as you do not marry into our family."

Poor thing! It certainly did not think of marrying, and only hoped to obtain leave to lie among the reeds and drink some of the swamp-water.

Thus it lay two whole days; then came thither two Wild Geese, or, properly speaking, two wild ganders. It was not long since each had crept out of an egg, and that's why they were so saucy.

"Listen, comrade," said one of them. "You're so ugly that I like you. Will you go with us, and become a bird of passage? Near here, in another moor, there are a few sweet lovely wild geese, all unmarried, and all able to say, 'Rap!' You've a chance of making your fortune, ugly as you are!"

"Piff! paff!" resounded through the air; and the two ganders fell down dead in the swamp, and the water became blood-red. "Piff! paff!" it sounded again, and whole flocks of wild geese rose up from the reeds. And then there was another report. A great hunt was going on. The hunters were lying in wait all round the moor, and some were even sitting up in the branches of the trees, which spread far over the reeds. The blue smoke rose up like clouds among the dark trees, and was wafted far away across the water; and the hunting dogs came—splash, splash!—into the swamp, and the rushes and the reeds bent down on every side. That was a fright for the poor Duckling! It turned its head, and put it under its wing; but at that moment a frightful great dog stood close by the Duckling. His tongue hung far out of his mouth and his eyes gleamed horrible and ugly; he thrust out his nose close against the Duckling, showed his sharp teeth, and—splash, splash!—on he went without seizing it.

"Oh, Heaven be thanked!" sighed the Duckling. "I am so ugly that even the dog does not like to bite me!"

And so it lay quite quiet, while the shots rattled through the reeds and gun after gun was fired. At last, late in the day, silence was restored; but the poor Duckling did not dare to rise up; it waited several hours before it looked round, and then hastened away out of the moor as fast as it could. It ran on over field and meadow; there was such a storm raging that it was difficult to get from one place to another.

Toward evening the Duck came to a little miserable peasant's hut. This hut was so dilapidated that it did not know on which side it should fall; and that's why it remained standing. The storm whistled round the Duckling in such a way that the poor creature was obliged to sit down, to stand against it; and the tempest grew worse and worse. Then the Duckling noticed that one of the hinges of the door had given way, and the door hung so slanting that the Duckling could slip through the crack into the room; and it did so.

Here lived a woman with her Tom Cat and her Hen. And the Tom Cat, whom she called Sonnie, could arch his back and purr. He could even give out sparks; but for that one had to stroke his fur the wrong way. The Hen had quite little short legs, and therefore she was called Chickabiddy-shortshanks; she laid good eggs, and the woman loved her as her own child.

In the morning the strange Duckling was at once noticed, and the Tom Cat began to purr, and the Hen to cluck.

"What's this?" said the woman, and looked all round; but she could not see well, and therefore she thought the Duckling was a fat duck that had strayed. "This is a rare prize," she said. "Now I shall have duck's eggs. I hope it is not a drake. We must try that."

And so the Duckling was admitted on trial for three weeks; but no eggs came. And the Tom Cat was master of the house, and the Hen was the lady, and they always said, "We and the world!" for they thought they were half the world, and by far the better half. The Duckling thought one might have a different opinion, but the Hen would not allow it.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No."

"Then you'll have the goodness to hold your tongue."

And the Tom Cat said, "Can you curve your back, and purr, and give out sparks?"

"No."

"Then you cannot have any opinion of your own when sensible people are speaking."

And the Duckling sat in a corner and was melancholy; then the fresh air and the sunshine streamed in; and it was seized with such a strange longing to swim on the water that it could not help telling the Hen of it.

"What are you thinking of?" cried the Hen. "You have nothing to do; that's why you have these fancies. Purr or lay eggs, and they will pass over."

"But it is so charming to swim on the water!" said the Duckling, "so refreshing to let it close above one's head, and to dive down to the bottom."

"Yes, that must be a mighty pleasure, truly," quoth the Hen. "I fancy you must have gone crazy. Ask the Cat about it—he's the cleverest animal I know—ask him if he likes to swim on the water, or to dive down: I won't speak about myself. Ask our mistress, the old woman; no one in the world is cleverer than she. Do you think she has any desire to swim, and to let the water close above her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the Duckling.

"We don't understand you? Then pray who is to understand you? You surely don't pretend to be cleverer than the Tom Cat and the old woman—I won't say anything of myself. Don't be conceited, child, and be grateful for all the kindness you have received. Did you not get into a warm room, and have you not fallen into company from which you may learn something? But you are a chatterer, and it is not pleasant to associate with you. You may believe me, I speak for your good. I tell you disagreeable things, and by that one may always know one's true friends. Only take care that you learn to lay eggs, or to purr and give out sparks!"

"I think I will go out into the wide world," said the Duckling.

"Yes, do go," replied the Hen.

And the Duckling went away. It swam on the water, and dived, but it was slighted by every creature because of its ugliness.

Now came the autumn. The leaves in the forest turned yellow and brown; the wind caught them so that they danced about, and up in the air it was very cold. The clouds hung low, heavy with hail and snow-flakes, and on the fence stood the raven, crying, "Croak! croak!" for mere cold; yes, it was enough to make one feel cold to think of this. The poor little Duckling certainly had not a good time. One evening—the sun was just setting in his beauty—there came a whole flock of great handsome birds out of the bushes; they were dazzlingly white, with long flexible necks; they were swans. They uttered a very peculiar cry, spread forth their glorious great wings, and flew away from that cold region to warmer lands, to fair open lakes. They mounted so high, so high! and the ugly little Duckling felt quite strange as it watched them. It turned round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched out its neck toward them, and uttered such a strange loud cry as frightened itself. Oh! it could not forget those beautiful, happy birds; and so soon as it could see them no longer, it dived down to the very bottom, and when it came up again, it was quite beside itself. It knew not the name of those birds, and knew not whither they were flying; but it loved them more than it had ever loved anyone. It was not at all envious of them. How could it think of wishing to possess such loveliness as they had? It would have been glad if only the ducks would have endured its company—the poor ugly creature!

And the winter grew cold, very cold! The Duckling was forced to swim about in the water, to prevent the surface from freezing entirely; but every night the hole in which it swam about became smaller and smaller. It froze so hard that the icy covering crackled again; and the Duckling was obliged to use its legs continually to prevent the hole from freezing up. At last it became exhausted, and lay quite still, and thus froze fast into the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant came by, and when he saw what had happened, he took his wooden shoe, broke the ice-crust to pieces, and carried the Duckling home to his wife. Then it came to itself again. The children wanted to play with it; but the Duckling thought they would do it an injury, and in its terror fluttered up into the milk-pan, so that the milk spurted down into the room. The woman clapped her hands, at which the Duckling flew down into the butter-tub, and then into the meal-barrel and out again. How it looked then! The woman screamed, and struck at it with the fire-tongs; the children tumbled over one another in their efforts to catch the Duckling; and they laughed and screamed finely. Happily the door stood open, and the poor creature was able to slip out between the shrubs into the newly-fallen snow; and there it lay quite exhausted.

But it would be too melancholy if I were to tell all the misery and care which the Duckling had to endure in the hard winter. It lay out on the moor among the reeds when the sun began to shine again and the larks to sing; it was a beautiful spring.

Then all at once the Duckling could flap its wings; they beat the air more strongly than before, and bore it strongly away; and before it well knew how all this had happened, it found itself in a great garden, where the elder trees smelt sweet, and bent their long green branches down to the canal that wound through the region. Oh, here it was so beautiful, such a gladness of spring! and from the thicket came three glorious white swans; they rustled their wings, and swam lightly on the water. The Duckling knew the splendid creatures, and felt oppressed by a peculiar sadness.

"I will fly away to them, to the royal birds! and they will kill me, because I, that am so ugly, dare to approach them. But it is of no consequence! Better to be killed by *them* than to be pursued by ducks, and beaten by fowls, and pushed about by the girl who takes care of the poultry-yard, and to suffer hunger in winter!" And it flew out into the water, and swam toward the beautiful swans: these looked at it, and came sailing down upon it with outspread wings. "Kill me!" said the poor creature, and bent its head down upon the water, expecting nothing but death. But what was this that it saw in the clear water? It beheld its own image—and, lo! it was no longer a clumsy dark-gray bird, ugly and hateful to look at, but—a swan.

It matters nothing if one was born in a duck-yard, if one has only lain in a swan's egg.

It felt quite glad at all the need and misfortune it had suffered, now it realized its happiness in all the splendor that surrounded it. And the great swans swam round it, and stroked it with their beaks.

Into the garden came little children, who threw bread and corn into the water; the youngest cried, "There is a new one!" and the other children shouted joyously, "Yes, a new one has arrived!" And they clapped their hands and danced about, and ran to their father and mother; and bread and cake were thrown into the water; and they all said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all! so young and handsome!" and the old swans bowed their heads before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing, for he did not know what to do; he was so happy, and yet not at all proud. He thought how he had been persecuted and despised; and now he heard them saying that he was the most beautiful of all the birds. Even the elder tree bent its branches straight down into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and mild. Then his wings rustled, he lifted his slender neck, and cried rejoicingly from the depths of his heart:

"I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was still the Ugly Duckling!"

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One of the really successful modern attempts at telling new fairy stories was *Granny's Wonderful Chair* (1857) by the blind poet Frances Browne (1816–1887). In spite of the obstacles due to blindness, poverty, and ill-health, she succeeded in educating herself, and after achieving some fame as a poet left her mountain village in county Donegal, Ireland, to make a literary career in Edinburgh and London. She published many volumes of poems, novels, and children's books. Only one of these is now much read or remembered, but it has taken a firm place in the affections of children. In *Granny's Wonderful Chair* there are seven stories, set in an interesting framework which tells of the adventures of the little girl Snowflower and her chair at the court of King Winwealth. This chair had magic power to transport Snowflower wherever she wished to go, like the magic carpet in the *Arabian Nights*. When she laid down her head and said, "Chair of my grandmother, tell me a story," a clear voice from under the cushion would at once begin to speak. Besides the story that follows, two of the most satisfactory in the collection are "The Greedy Shepherd" and "The Story of Merrymind." Perhaps one of the secrets of their charm is in the power of visualization which the author possessed. The pictures are all clear and definite, yet touched with the glamor of fairyland.

THE STORY OF FAIRYFOOT

FRANCES BROWNE

Once upon a time there stood far away in the west country a town called Stumpinghame. It contained seven windmills, a royal palace, a market place, and a prison, with every other convenience befitting the capital of a kingdom. A capital city was Stumpinghame, and its inhabitants thought it the only one in the world. It stood in the midst of a great plain, which for three leagues round its walls was covered with corn, flax, and orchards. Beyond that lay a great circle of pasture land, seven leagues in breadth, and it was bounded on all sides by a forest so thick and old that no man in Stumpinghame knew its extent; and the opinion of the learnèd was that it reached to the end of the world.

There were strong reasons for this opinion. First, that forest was known to be inhabited time out of mind by the fairies, and no hunter cared to go beyond its border—so all the west country believed it to be solidly full of old trees to the heart. Secondly, the people of Stumpinghame were no travelers—man, woman, and child had feet so large and heavy that it was by no means convenient to carry them far. Whether it was the nature of the place or the people, I cannot tell, but great feet had been the fashion there time immemorial, and the higher the family the larger were they. It was, therefore, the aim of everybody above the degree of shepherds, and suchlike rustics, to swell out and enlarge their feet by way of gentility; and so successful were they in these undertakings that, on a pinch, respectable people's slippers would have served for panniers.

Stumpinghame had a king of its own, and his name was Stiffstep; his family was very ancient and large-footed. His subjects called him Lord of the World, and he made a speech to them every year concerning the grandeur of his mighty empire. His queen, Hammerheel, was the greatest beauty in Stumpinghame. Her majesty's shoe was not much less than a fishing-boat; their six children promised to be quite as handsome, and all went well with them till the birth of their seventh son.

For a long time nobody about the palace could understand what was the matter—the ladies-in-waiting looked so astonished, and the king so vexed; but at last it was whispered through the city that the queen's seventh child had been born with such miserably small feet that they resembled nothing ever seen or heard of in Stumpinghame, except the feet of the fairies.

The chronicles furnished no example of such an affliction ever before happening in the royal family. The common people thought it portended some great calamity to the city; the learnèd men began to write books about it; and all the relations of the king and queen assembled at the palace to mourn with them over their singular misfortune. The whole court and most of the citizens helped in this mourning, but when it had lasted seven days they all found out it was of no use. So the relations went to their homes, and the people took to their work. If the learnèd men's books were written, nobody ever read them; and to cheer up the queen's spirits, the young prince was sent privately out to the pasture lands, to be nursed among the shepherds.

The chief man there was called Fleecefold, and his wife's name was Rough Ruddy. They lived in a snug cottage with their son Blackthorn and their daughter Brownberry, and were thought great people, because they kept the king's sheep. Moreover, Fleecefold's family were known to be ancient; and Rough Ruddy boasted that she had the largest feet in all the pastures. The shepherds held them in high respect, and it grew still higher when the news spread that the king's seventh son had been sent to their cottage. People came from all quarters to see the young prince, and great were the lamentations over his misfortune in having such small feet.

The king and queen had given him fourteen names, beginning with Augustus—such being the fashion in that royal family; but the honest country people could not remember so many; besides, his feet were the most remarkable thing about the child, so with one accord they called him Fairyfoot. At first it was feared this might be high treason, but when no notice was taken by the king or his ministers, the shepherds concluded it was no harm, and the boy never had another name throughout the pastures. At court it was not thought polite to speak of him at all. They did not keep his birthday, and he was never sent for at Christmas, because the queen and her ladies could not bear the sight. Once a year the undermost scullion was sent to see how he did, with a bundle of his next brother's cast-off clothes; and, as the king grew old and cross, it was said he had thoughts of disowning him.

So Fairyfoot grew in Fleecefold's cottage. Perhaps the country air made him fair and rosy—for all agreed that he would have been a handsome boy but for his small feet, with which nevertheless he learned to walk, and in time to run and to jump, thereby amazing everybody, for such doings were not known among the children of Stumpinghame. The news of court, however, traveled to the shepherds, and Fairyfoot was despised among them. The old people thought him unlucky; the children refused to play with him. Fleecefold was ashamed to have him in his cottage, but he durst not disobey the king's orders. Moreover, Blackthorn wore most of the clothes brought by the scullion. At last, Rough Ruddy found out that the sight of such horrid jumping would make her children vulgar; and, as soon as he was old enough, she sent Fairyfoot every day to watch some sickly sheep that grazed on a wild, weedy pasture, hard by the forest.

Poor Fairyfoot was often lonely and sorrowful; many a time he wished his feet would grow larger, or that people would n't notice them so much; and all the comfort he had was running and jumping by himself in the wild pasture, and thinking that none of the shepherds' children could do the like, for all their pride of their great feet.

Tired of this sport, he was lying in the shadow of a mossy rock one warm summer's noon, with the sheep feeding around, when a robin, pursued by a great hawk, flew into the old velvet cap which lay on the ground beside him. Fairyfoot covered it up, and the hawk, frightened by his shout, flew away.

"Now you may go, poor robin!" he said, opening the cap: but instead of the bird, out sprang a little man dressed in russet-brown, and looking as if he were an hundred years old. Fairyfoot could not speak for astonishment, but the little man said—

"Thank you for your shelter, and be sure I will do as much for you. Call on me if you are ever in trouble; my name is Robin Goodfellow"; and darting off, he was out of sight in an instant. For days the boy wondered who that little man could be, but he told nobody, for the little man's feet were as small as his own, and it was clear he would be no favorite in Stumpinghame. Fairyfoot kept the story to himself, and at last midsummer came. That evening was a feast among the shepherds. There were bonfires on the hills, and fun in the villages. But Fairyfoot sat alone beside his sheepfold, for the children of his village had refused to let him dance with them about the bonfire, and he had gone there to bewail the size of his feet, which came between him and so many good things. Fairyfoot had never felt so lonely in all his life, and remembering the little man, he plucked up spirit, and cried—

"Ho! Robin Goodfellow!"

"Here I am," said a shrill voice at his elbow; and there stood the little man himself.

"I am very lonely, and no one will play with me, because my feet are not large enough," said Fairyfoot.

"Come then and play with us," said the little man. "We lead the merriest lives in the world, and care for nobody's feet; but all companies have their own manners, and there are two things you must mind among us: first, do as you see the rest doing; and secondly, never speak of anything you may hear or see, for we and the people of this country have had no friendship ever since large feet came in fashion."

"I will do that, and anything more you like," said Fairyfoot; and the little man, taking his hand, led him over the pasture into the forest and along a mossy path among old trees wreathed with ivy (he never knew how far), till they heard the sound of music and came upon a meadow where the moon shone as bright as day, and all the flowers of the year—snowdrops, violets, primroses, and cowslips—bloomed together in the thick grass. There were a crowd of little men and women, some clad in russet color, but far more in green, dancing round a little well as clear as crystal. And under great rose-trees which grew here and there in the meadow, companies were sitting round low tables covered with cups of milk, dishes of honey, and carved wooden flagons filled with clear red wine. The little man led Fairyfoot up to the nearest table, handed him one of the flagons, and said—

"Drink to the good company."

Wine was not very common among the shepherds of Stumpinghame, and the boy had never tasted such drink as that before; for scarcely had it gone down when he forgot all his troubles—how Blackthorn and Brownberry wore his clothes, how Rough Ruddy sent him to keep the sickly sheep, and the children would not dance with him: in short, he forgot the whole misfortune of his feet, and it seemed to his mind that he was a king's son, and all was well with him. All the little people about the well cried—"Welcome! welcome!" and every one said—"Come and dance with me!" So Fairyfoot was as happy as a prince, and drank milk and ate honey till the moon was low in the sky, and then the little man took him by the hand, and never stopped nor stayed till he was at his own bed of straw in the cottage corner.

Next morning Fairyfoot was not tired for all his dancing. Nobody in the cottage had missed him, and he went out with the sheep as usual; but every night all that summer, when the shepherds were safe in bed, the little man came and took him away to dance in the forest. Now he did not care to play with the shepherds' children, nor grieve that his father and mother had forgotten him, but watched the sheep all day, singing to himself or plaiting rushes; and when the sun went down, Fairyfoot's heart rejoiced at the thought of meeting that merry company.

The wonder was that he was never tired nor sleepy, as people are apt to be who dance all night; but before the summer was ended Fairyfoot found out the reason. One night, when the moon was full, and the last of the ripe corn rustling in the fields, Robin Goodfellow came for him as usual, and away they went to the flowery green. The fun there was high, and Robin was in haste. So he only pointed to the carved cup from which Fairyfoot every night drank the clear red wine.

"I am not thirsty, and there is no use losing time," thought the boy to himself, and he joined the dance; but never in all his life did Fairyfoot find such hard work as to keep pace with the company. Their feet seemed to move like lightning, the swallows did not fly so fast or turn so quickly. Fairyfoot did his best, for he never gave in easily, but at length, his breath and strength being spent, the boy was glad to steal away and sit down behind a mossy oak, where his eyes closed for very weariness. When he awoke the dance was nearly over, but two little ladies clad in green talked close beside him.

"What a beautiful boy!" said one of them. "He is worthy to be a king's son. Only see what handsome feet he has!"

"Yes," said the other, with a laugh that sounded spiteful; "they are just like the feet Princess Maybloom had before she washed them in the Growing Well. Her father has sent far and wide throughout the whole country searching for a doctor to make them small again, but nothing in this world can do it except the water of the Fair Fountain, and none but I and the nightingales know where it is."

"One would not care to let the like be known," said the first little lady: "there would come such crowds of these great coarse creatures of mankind, nobody would have peace for leagues round. But you will surely send word to the sweet princess!—she was so kind to our birds and butterflies, and danced so like one of ourselves!"

"Not I, indeed!" said the spiteful fairy. "Her old skinflint of a father cut down the cedar which I loved best in the whole forest, and made a chest of it to hold his money in; besides, I never liked the princess—everybody praised her so. But come, we shall be too late for the last dance."

When they were gone, Fairyfoot could sleep no more with astonishment. He did not wonder at the fairies admiring his feet, because their own were much the same; but it amazed him that Princess Maybloom's father should be troubled at hers growing large. Moreover, he wished to see that same princess and her country, since there were really other places in the world than Stumpinghame.

When Robin Goodfellow came to take him home as usual he durst not let him know that he had overheard anything; but never was the boy so unwilling to get up as on that morning, and all day he was so weary that in the afternoon Fairyfoot fell asleep, with his head on a clump of rushes. It was seldom that any one thought of looking after him and the sickly sheep; but it so happened that towards evening the old shepherd, Fleecefold, thought he would see how things went on in the pastures. The shepherd had a bad temper and a thick staff, and no sooner did he catch sight of Fairyfoot sleeping, and his flock straying away, than shouting all the ill names he could remember, in a voice which woke up the boy, he ran after him as fast as his great feet would allow; while Fairyfoot, seeing no other shelter from his fury, fled into the forest, and never stopped nor stayed till he reached the banks of a little stream.

Thinking it might lead him to the fairies' dancing-ground, he followed that stream for many an hour, but it wound away into the heart of the forest, flowing through dells, falling over mossy rocks, and at last leading Fairyfoot, when he was tired and the night had fallen, to a grove of great rose-trees, with the moon shining on it as bright as day, and thousands of nightingales singing in the branches. In the midst of that grove was a clear spring, bordered with banks of lilies, and Fairyfoot sat down by it to rest himself and listen. The singing was so sweet he could have listened for ever, but as he sat the nightingales left off their songs, and began to talk together in the silence of the night.

"What boy is that," said one on a branch above him, "who sits so lonely by the Fair Fountain? He cannot have come from Stumpinghame with such small and handsome feet."

"No, I'll warrant you," said another, "he has come from the west country. How in the world did he find the way?"

"How simple you are!" said a third nightingale. "What had he to do but follow the ground-ivy which grows over height and hollow, bank and bush, from the lowest gate of the king's kitchen garden to the root of this rose-tree? He looks a wise boy, and I hope he will keep the secret, or we shall have all the west country here, dabbling in our fountain, and leaving us no rest to either talk or sing."

Fairyfoot sat in great astonishment at this discourse, but by and by, when the talk ceased and the songs began, he thought it might be as well for him to follow the ground-ivy, and see the Princess Maybloom, not to speak of getting rid of Rough Ruddy, the sickly sheep, and the crusty old shepherd. It was a long journey; but he went on, eating wild berries by day, sleeping in the hollows of old trees by night, and never losing sight of the ground-ivy, which led him over height and hollow, bank and bush, out of the forest, and along a noble high road, with fields and villages on every side, to a great city, and a low old-fashioned gate of the king's kitchen-garden, which was thought too mean for the scullions, and had not been opened for seven years.

There was no use knocking — the gate was overgrown with tall weeds and moss; so, being an active boy, he climbed over, and walked through the garden, till a white fawn came frisking by, and he heard a soft voice saying sorrowfully —

"Come back, come back, my fawn! I cannot run and play with you now, my feet have grown so heavy"; and looking round he saw the loveliest young princess in the world, dressed in snow-white, and wearing a wreath of roses on her golden hair; but walking slowly, as the great people did in Stumpinghame, for her feet were as large as the best of them.

After her came six young ladies, dressed in white and walking slowly, for they could not go before the princess; but Fairyfoot was amazed to see that their feet were as small as his own. At once he guessed that this must be the Princess Maybloom, and made her an humble bow, saying —

"Royal princess, I have heard of your trouble because your feet have grown large; in my country that's all the fashion. For seven years past I have been wondering what would make mine grow, to no purpose; but I know of a certain fountain that will make yours smaller and finer than ever they were, if the king, your father, gives you leave to come with me, accompanied by two of your maids that are the least given to talking, and the most prudent officer in all his household; for it would grievously offend the fairies and the nightingales to make that fountain known."

When the princess heard that, she danced for joy in spite of her large feet, and she and her six maids brought Fairyfoot before the king and queen, where they sat in their palace hall, with all the courtiers paying their morning compliments. The lords were very much astonished to see a ragged, bare-footed boy brought in among them, and the ladies thought Princess Maybloom must have gone mad; but Fairyfoot, making an humble reverence, told his message to the king and queen, and offered to set out with the princess that very day. At first the king would not believe that there could be any use in his offer, because so many great physicians had failed to give any relief. The courtiers laughed Fairyfoot to scorn, the pages wanted to turn him out for an impudent impostor, and the prime minister said he ought to be put to death for high treason.

Fairyfoot wished himself safe in the forest again, or even keeping the sickly sheep; but the queen, being a prudent woman, said —

"I pray your majesty to notice what fine feet this boy has. There may be some truth in his story. For the sake of our only daughter, I will choose two maids who talk the least of all our train, and my chamberlain, who is the most discreet officer in our household. Let them go with the princess; who knows but our sorrow may be lessened?"

After some persuasion the king consented, though all his councillors advised the contrary. So the two silent maids, the discreet chamberlain, and her fawn, which would not stay behind, were sent with Princess Maybloom, and they all set out after dinner. Fairyfoot had hard work guiding them along the track of the ground-ivy. The maids and the chamberlain did not like the brambles and rough roots of the forest — they thought it hard to eat berries and sleep in hollow trees; but the princess went on with good courage, and at last they reached the grove of rose-trees, and the spring bordered with lilies.

The chamberlain washed — and though his hair had been grey, and his face wrinkled, the young courtiers envied his beauty for years after. The maids washed — and from that day they were esteemed the fairest in all the palace. Lastly, the princess washed also — it could make her no fairer, but the moment her feet touched the water they grew less, and when she had washed and dried them three times, they were as small and finely-shaped as Fairyfoot's own. There was great joy among them, but the boy said sorrowfully —

"Oh! if there had been a well in the world to make my feet large, my father and mother would not have cast me off, nor sent me to live among the shepherds."

"Cheer up your heart," said the Princess Maybloom; "if you want large feet, there is a well in this forest that will do it. Last summer time I came with my father and his foresters to see a great cedar cut down, of which he meant to make a money chest. While they were busy with the cedar, I saw a bramble branch covered with berries. Some were ripe and some were green, but it was the longest bramble that ever grew; for the sake of the berries, I went on and on to its root, which grew hard by a muddy-looking well, with banks of dark green moss, in the deepest part of the forest. The day was warm and dry and my feet were sore with the rough ground, so I took off my scarlet shoes and washed my feet in the well; but as I washed they grew larger every minute, and nothing could ever make them less again. I have seen the bramble this day; it is not far off, and as you have shown me the Fair Fountain, I will show you the Growing Well."

Up rose Fairyfoot and Princess Maybloom, and went together till they found the bramble, and came to where its root grew, hard by the muddy-looking well, with banks of dark green moss in the deepest dell of the forest. Fairyfoot sat down to wash, but at that minute he heard a sound of music, and knew it was the fairies going to their dancing ground.

"If my feet grow large," said the boy to himself, "how shall I dance with them?" So, rising quickly, he took the Princess Maybloom by the hand. The fawn followed them; the maids and the chamberlain followed it, and all followed the music through the forest. At last they came to the flowery green. Robin Goodfellow welcomed the company for Fairyfoot's sake, and gave every one a drink of the fairies' wine. So they danced there from sunset till the grey morning, and nobody was tired; but before the lark sang, Robin Goodfellow took them all safe home, as he used to take Fairyfoot.

There was great joy that day in the palace because Princess Maybloom's feet were made small again. The king gave Fairyfoot all manner of fine clothes and rich jewels; and when they heard his wonderful story, he and the queen asked him to live with them and be their son. In process of time Fairyfoot and Princess Maybloom were married, and still live happily. When they go to visit at Stumpinghame, they always wash their feet in the Growing Well, lest the royal family might think them a disgrace, but when they come back, they make haste to the Fair Fountain; and the fairies and the nightingales are great friends to them, as well as the maids and the chamberlain, because they have told nobody about it, and there is peace and quiet yet in the grove of rose-trees.

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The ill-fated Oscar Wilde (1856–1900) was born in Ireland, was educated at Oxford, came into great notoriety as the reputed leader of the "aesthetic movement," was prominent in the London literary world from 1885 to 1895, fell under the obloquy of most of his countrymen, and died in distressing circumstances in Paris. In addition to some remarkable plays, poems, and prose books, he wrote a number of unusual stories especially fascinating to children, which were collected under the title *The Happy Prince, and Other Tales.* These stories were at once recognized as classic in quality. While they contain much implied criticism of certain features of modern civilization, the whole tone is so idealistic and the workmanship so fine that they convey no strong note of bitterness to the child. "The Happy Prince" suggests that Wilde saw on the one hand "the white faces of starving children looking out listlessly at the black streets"; while on the other hand he saw the Pyramids, marble angels sculptured on the cathedral tower, and the gold-covered statue of the Prince of the Palace of the Care-Free. Wilde also suggests a remedy for the starvation and wretchedness that exist, especially among children, in most cities where great wealth is displayed. The important thing in presenting this story to children is to get the full sympathetic response due to the sacrifice made by the Happy Prince and the little swallow. So much of the effect depends upon the wonderful beauty of the language that teachers will, as a rule, get better results from reading or reciting than from any kind of oral paraphrase. Another story in this same volume widely and successfully used by teachers is the one called "The Selfish Giant."

THE HAPPY PRINCE

OSCAR WILDE

High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt.

He was very much admired indeed. "He is as beautiful as a weathercock," remarked one of the Town Councillors who wished to gain a reputation for having artistic tastes; "only not quite so useful," he added, fearing lest people should think him unpractical, which he really was not.

"Why can't you be like the Happy Prince?" asked a sensible mother of her little boy who was crying for the moon. "The Happy Prince never dreams of crying for anything."

"I am glad there is some one in the world who is quite happy," muttered a disappointed man as he gazed at the wonderful statue.

"He looks just like an angel," said the Charity Children as they came out of the cathedral in their bright scarlet cloaks and their clean white pinafores.

"How do you know?" said the Mathematical Master; "you have never seen one."

"Ah! but we have, in our dreams," answered the children; and the Mathematical Master frowned and looked very severe, for he did not approve of children dreaming.

One night there flew over the city a little Swallow. His friends had gone away to Egypt six weeks before, but he had stayed behind, for he was in love with the most beautiful Reed. He had met her early in the spring as he was flying down the river after a big yellow moth, and had been so attracted by her slender waist that he had stopped to talk to her.

"Shall I love you?" said the Swallow, who liked to come to the point at once, and the Reed made him a low bow. So he flew round and round her, touching the water with his wings, and making silver ripples. This was his courtship, and it lasted all through the summer.

"It is a ridiculous attachment," twittered the other Swallows; "she has no money, and far too many relations"; and indeed the river was quite full of Reeds. Then when the autumn came they all flew away.

After they had gone he felt lonely, and began to tire of his lady-love. "She has no conversation," he said, "and I am afraid that she is a coquette, for she is always flirting with the wind." And certainly, whenever the wind blew, the Reed made the most graceful curtseys. "I admit that she is domestic," he continued, "but I love traveling, and my wife, consequently, should love traveling also."

"Will you come away with me?" he said finally to her; but the Reed shook her head, she was so attached to her home.

"You have been trifling with me," he cried. "I am off to the Pyramids. Good-bye!" and he flew away.

All day long he flew, and at night-time he arrived at the city. "Where shall I put up?" he said; "I hope the town has made preparations."

Then he saw the statue on the tall column.

"I will put up there," he cried; "it is a fine position, with plenty of fresh air." So he alighted just between the feet of the Happy Prince.

"I have a golden bedroom," he said softly to himself as he looked round, and he prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting his head under his wing a large drop of water fell on him. "What a curious thing!" he cried; "there is not a single cloud in the sky, the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining. The climate in the north of Europe is really dreadful. The Reed used to like the rain, but that was merely her selfishness."

Then another drop fell.

"What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off?" he said; "I must look for a good chimney-pot," and he determined to fly away.

But before he had opened his wings, a third drop fell, and he looked up, and saw—Ah! what did he see?

The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I am the Happy Prince."

"Why are you weeping then?" asked the Swallow; "you have quite drenched me."

"When I was alive and had a human heart," answered the statue, "I did not know what tears were, for I lived in the Palace of Sans-Souci, where sorrow is not allowed to enter. In the daytime I played with my companions in the garden, and in the evening I led the dance in the Great Hall. Round the garden ran a very lofty wall, but I never cared to ask what lay beyond it, everything about me was so beautiful. My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy indeed I was, if pleasure be happiness. So I lived, and so I died. And now that I am dead they have set me up here so high that I can see all the ugliness and all the misery of my city, and though my heart is made of lead yet I cannot choose but weep."

"What! is he not solid gold?" said the Swallow to himself. He was too polite to make any personal remarks out loud.

"Far away," continued the statue in a low musical voice, "far away in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is open, and through it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her face is thin and worn, and she has coarse, red hands, all pricked by the needle, for she is a seamstress. She is embroidering passion-flowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen's maids-of-honor to wear at the next Court-ball. In a bed in the corner of the room her little boy is lying ill. He has a fever, and is asking for oranges. His mother has nothing to give him but river water, so he is crying. Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not take her the ruby out of my sword-hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal and I cannot move."

"I am waited for in Egypt," said the Swallow. "My friends are flying up and down the Nile, and talking to the large lotus-flowers. Soon they will go to sleep in the tomb of the great King. The King is there himself in his painted coffin. He is wrapped in yellow linen, and embalmed with spices. Round his neck is a chain of pale green jade, and his hands are like withered leaves."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me for one night, and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty, and the mother so sad."

"I don't think I like boys," answered the Swallow. "Last summer, when I was staying on the river, there were two rude boys, the miller's sons, who were always throwing stones at me. They never hit me, of course; we swallows fly far too well for that, and besides, I come of a family famous for its agility; but still, it was a mark of disrespect."

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow was sorry. "It is very cold here," he said; "but I will stay with you for one night, and be your messenger."

"Thank you, little Swallow," said the Prince.

So the Swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince's sword, and flew away with it in his beak over the roofs of the town.

He passed by the cathedral tower, where the white marble angels were sculptured. He passed by the palace and heard the sound of dancing. A beautiful girl came out on the balcony with her lover. "How wonderful the stars are," he said to her, "and how wonderful is the power of love!"

"I hope my dress will be ready in time for the State-ball," she answered; "I have ordered passion-flowers to be embroidered on it; but the seamstresses are so lazy."

He passed over the river, and saw the lanterns hanging to the masts of the ships. He passed over the Ghetto, and saw the old Jews bargaining with each other, and weighing out money in copper scales. At last he came to the poor house and looked in. The boy was tossing feverishly on his bed, and the mother had fallen asleep, she was so tired. In he hopped, and laid the great ruby on the table beside the woman's thimble. Then he flew gently round the bed, fanning the boy's forehead with his wings. "How cool I feel," said the boy. "I must be getting better"; and he sank into a delicious slumber.

Then the Swallow flew back to the Happy Prince, and told him what he had done. "It is curious," he remarked, "but I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold."

"That is because you have done a good action," said the Prince. And the little Swallow began to think, and then he fell asleep. Thinking always made him sleepy.

When day broke he flew down to the river and had a bath. "What a remarkable phenomenon," said the Professor of Ornithology as he was passing over the bridge. "A swallow in winter!" And he wrote a long letter about it to the local newspaper. Every one quoted it, it was full of so many words that they could not understand.

"To-night I go to Egypt," said the Swallow, and he was in high spirits at the prospect. He visited all the public monuments, and sat a long time on top of the church steeple. Wherever he went the Sparrows chirruped, and said to each other, "What a distinguished stranger!" so he enjoyed himself very much.

When the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince. "Have you any commissions for Egypt?" he cried; "I am just starting."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"I am waited for in Egypt," answered the Swallow. "To-morrow my friends will fly up to the Second Cataract. The river-horse couches there among the bulrushes, and on a great granite throne sits the God Memnon. All night long he watches the stars, and when the morning star shines he utters one cry of joy, and then he is silent. At noon the yellow lions come down to the water's edge to drink. They have eyes like green beryls, and their roar is louder than the roar of the cataract."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "far away across the city I see a young man in a garret. He is leaning over a desk covered with papers, and in a tumbler by his side there is a bunch of withered violets. His hair is brown and crisp, and his lips are red as a pomegranate, and he has large and dreamy eyes. He is trying to finish a play for the Director of the Theatre, but he is too cold to write any more. There is no fire in the grate, and hunger has made him faint."

"I will wait with you one night longer," said the Swallow, who really had a good heart. "Shall I take him another ruby?"

"Alas! I have no ruby now," said the Prince; "my eyes are all that I have left. They are made of rare sapphires, which were brought out of India a thousand years ago. Pluck out one of them and take it to him. He will sell it to the jeweller, and buy food and firewood, and finish his play."

"Dear Prince," said the Swallow, "I cannot do that"; and he began to weep.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So the Swallow plucked out the

Prince's eye, and flew away to the student's garret. It was easy enough to get in, as there was a hole in the roof. Through this he darted, and came into the room. The young man had his head buried in his hands, so he did not hear the flutter of the bird's wings, and when he looked up he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the withered violets.

"I am beginning to be appreciated," he cried; "this is from some great admirer. Now I can finish my play," and he looked quite happy.

The next day the Swallow flew down to the harbor. He sat on the mast of a large vessel and watched the sailors hauling big chests out of the hold with ropes. "Heave a-hoy!" they shouted as each chest came up. "I am going to Egypt!" cried the Swallow, but nobody minded, and when the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince.

"I am come to bid you good-bye," he cried.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"It is winter," answered the Swallow, "and the chill snow will soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm on the green palm-trees, and the crocodiles lie in the mud and look lazily about them. My companions are building a nest in the Temple of Baalbec, and the pink and white doves are watching them, and cooing to each other. Dear Prince, I must leave you, but I will never forget you, and next spring I will bring you back two beautiful jewels in place of those you have given away. The ruby shall be redder than a red rose, and the sapphire shall be as blue as the great sea."

"In the square below," said the Happy Prince, "there stands a little match-girl. She has let her matches fall in the gutter, and they are all spoiled. Her father will beat her if she does not bring home some money, and she is crying. She has no shoes or stockings, and her little head is bare. Pluck out my other eye, and give it to her, and her father will not beat her."

"I will stay with you one night longer," said the Swallow, "but I cannot pluck out your eye. You would be quite blind then."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So he plucked out the Prince's other eye, and darted down with it. He swooped past the match-girl, and slipped the jewel into the palm of her hand. "What a lovely bit of glass," cried the little girl; and she ran home, laughing.

Then the Swallow came back to the Prince. "You are blind now," he said, "so I will stay with you always."

"No, little Swallow," said the poor Prince, "you must go away to Egypt."

"I will stay with you always," said the Swallow, and he slept at the Prince's feet.

All the next day he sat on the Prince's shoulder, and told him stories of what he had seen in strange lands. He told him of the red ibises, who stand in long rows on the banks of the Nile, and catch gold-fish in their beaks; of the Sphinx, who is as old as the world itself, and lives in the desert, and knows everything; of the merchants, who walk slowly by the side of their camels, and carry amber beads in their hands; of the King of the Mountains of the Moon, who is as black as ebony, and worships a large crystal; of the great green snake that sleeps in a palm-tree, and has twenty priests to feed it with honey-cakes; and of the pygmies who sail over a big lake on large flat leaves, and are always at war with the butterflies.

"Dear little Swallow," said the Prince, "you tell me of marvelous things, but more marvelous than anything is the suffering of men and of women. There is no Mystery so great as Misery. Fly over my city, little Swallow, and tell me what you see there."

So the Swallow flew over the great city, and saw the rich making merry in their beautiful houses, while the beggars were sitting at the gates. He flew into dark lanes, and saw the white faces of starving children looking out listlessly at the black streets. Under the archway of a bridge two little boys were lying in one another's arms to try to keep themselves warm. "How hungry we are!" they said. "You must not lie here," shouted the Watchman, and they wandered out into the rain.

Then he flew back and told the Prince what he had seen.

"I am covered with fine gold," said the Prince; "you must take it off, leaf by leaf, and give it to my poor; the living always think that gold can make them happy."

Leaf after leaf of the fine gold the Swallow picked off, till the Happy Prince looked quite dull and grey. Leaf after leaf of the fine gold he brought to the poor, and the children's faces grew rosier, and they laughed and played games in the street. "We have bread now!" they cried.

Then the snow came, and after the snow came the frost. The streets looked as if they were made of silver, they were so bright and glistening; long icicles like crystal daggers hung down from the eaves of the houses, everybody went about in furs, and the little boys wore scarlet caps and skated on the ice.

The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince; he loved him too well. He picked up crumbs outside the baker's door when the baker was not looking, and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings.

But at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just strength to fly up to the Prince's shoulder once more. "Good-bye, dear Prince!" he murmured, "will you let me kiss your hand?"

"I am glad that you are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow," said the Prince. "You have stayed too long here; but you must kiss me on the lips, for I love you."

"It is not to Egypt that I am going," said the Swallow. "I am going to the House of Death. Death is the brother of Sleep, is he not?"

And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips, and fell down dead at his feet.

At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue, as if something had suddenly broken. The fact is that the leaden heart had snapped right in two. It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost.

Early the next morning the Mayor was walking in the square below in company with the Town Councillors. As they passed the column he looked up at the statue: "Dear me! how shabby the Happy Prince looks!" he said.

"How shabby indeed!" cried the Town Councillors, who always agreed with the Mayor; and they went up to look at it.

"The ruby has fallen out of his sword, his eyes are gone, and he is golden no longer," said the Mayor; "in fact, he is little better than a beggar!"

"Little better than a beggar," said the Town Councillors.

"And here is actually a dead bird at his feet!" continued the Mayor. "We must really issue a proclamation that birds are not to be allowed to die here." And the Town Clerk made a note of the suggestion.

So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince. "As he is no longer beautiful he is no longer useful," said the Art Professor at the University.

Then they melted the statue in a furnace, and the Mayor held a meeting of the Corporation to decide what was to be done with the metal. "We must have another statue, of course," he said, "and it shall be a statue of myself."

"Of myself," said each of the Town Councillors, and they quarrelled. When I last heard of them they were quarreling still.

"What a strange thing!" said the overseer of the workmen at the foundry. "This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace. We must throw it away." So they threw it on a dustheap where the dead Swallow was also lying.

"Bring me the two most precious things in the city," said God to one of His Angels; and the Angel brought Him the leaden heart and the dead bird.

"You have rightly chosen," said God, "for in my garden of Paradise this little bird shall sing for evermore, and in my city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise me."

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Two stories of unusual interest and charm for children are found in the collection of eleven by Raymond M. Alden (1873—), *Why the Chimes Rang*. One is the title story of the volume; the other is "The Knights of the Silver Shield." The latter follows by permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. (Copyright, 1906, 1908.) It is of striking dramatic interest and emphasizes a much-needed quality of character, the importance of a loyal performance of the lowlier duties of life. The salvation of a nation may depend upon the humble guardian of the gate quite as much as upon those who are engaged in the more spectacular struggle with giants. Mr. Alden is a scholarly professor of literature in Leland Stanford Jr. University, and it may interest the reader to know that he is the son of the author of the *Pansy Books*, a type of religious or Sunday-school fiction widely read throughout the country by a generation or two of young people.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE SILVER SHIELD

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN

There was once a splendid castle in a forest, with great stone walls and a high gateway, and turrets that rose away above the tallest trees. The forest was dark and dangerous, and many cruel giants lived in it; but in the castle was a company of knights, who were kept there by the king of the country, to help travelers who might be in the forest and to fight with the giants whenever they could.

Each of these knights wore a beautiful suit of armor and carried a long spear, while over his helmet there floated a great red plume that could be seen a long way off by any one in distress. But the most wonderful thing about the knights' armor was their shields. They were not like those of other knights, but had been made by a great magician who had lived in the castle many years before. They were made of silver, and sometimes shone in the sunlight with dazzling brightness; but at other times the surface of the shields would be clouded as though by a mist, and one could not see his face reflected there as he could when they shone brightly.

Now, when each young knight received his spurs and his armor, a new shield was also given him from among those that the magician had made; and when the shield was new its surface was always cloudy and dull. But as the knight began to do service against the giants, or went on expeditions to help poor travelers in the forest, his shield grew brighter and brighter, so that he could see his face clearly reflected in it. But if he proved to be a lazy or cowardly knight, and let the giants get the better of him, or did not care what became of the travelers, then the shield grew more and more cloudy, until the knight became ashamed to carry it.

But this was not all. When any one of the knights fought a particularly hard battle, and won the victory, or when he went on some hard errand for the lord of the castle, and was successful, not only did his silver shield grow brighter, but when one looked into the center of it he could see something like a golden star shining in its very heart. This was the greatest honor that a knight could achieve, and the other knights always spoke of such a one as having "won his star." It was usually not till he was pretty old and tried as a soldier that he could win it. At the time when this story begins, the lord of the castle himself was the only one of the knights whose shield bore the golden star.

There came a time when the worst of the giants in the forest gathered themselves together to have a battle against the knights. They made a camp in a dark hollow not far from the castle, and gathered all their best warriors together, and all the knights made ready to fight them. The windows of the castle were closed and barred; the air was full of the noise of armor being made ready for use; and the knights were so excited that they could scarcely rest or eat.

Now there was a young knight in the castle, named Sir Roland, who was among those most eager for the battle. He was a splendid warrior, with eyes that shone like stars whenever there was anything to do in the way of knightly deeds. And although he was still quite young, his shield had begun to shine enough to show plainly that he had done bravely in some of his errands through the forest. This battle, he thought, would be the great opportunity of his life. And on the morning of the day when they were to go forth to it, and all the knights assembled in the great hall of the castle to receive the commands of their leaders, Sir Roland hoped that he would be put in the most dangerous place of all, so that he could show what knightly stuff he was made of.

But when the lord of the castle came to him, as he went about in full armor giving his commands, he said: "One brave knight must stay behind and guard the gateway of the castle, and it is you, Sir Roland, being one of the youngest, whom I have chosen for this."

At these words Sir Roland was so disappointed that he bit his lip and closed his helmet over his face so that the other knights might not see it. For a moment he felt as if he must reply angrily to the commander and tell him that it was not right to leave so sturdy a knight behind when he was eager to fight. But he struggled against this feeling and went quietly to look after his duties at the gate. The gateway was high and narrow, and was reached from outside by a high, narrow bridge that crossed the moat, which surrounded the castle on every side. When an enemy approached, the knight on guard rang a great bell just inside the gate, and the bridge was drawn up against the castle wall, so that no one could come across the moat. So the giants had long ago given up trying to attack the castle itself.

To-day the battle was to be in the dark hollow in the forest, and it was not likely that there would be anything to do at the castle gate, except to watch it like a common doorkeeper. It was not strange that Sir Roland thought some one else might have done this.

Presently all the other knights marched out in their flashing armor, their red plumes waving over their heads, and their spears in their hands. The lord of the castle stopped only to tell Sir Roland to keep guard over the gate until they had all returned and to let no one enter. Then they went into the shadows of the forest and were soon lost to sight.

Sir Roland stood looking after them long after they had gone, thinking how happy he would be if he were on the way to battle like them. But after a little he put this out of his mind and tried to think of pleasanter things. It was a long time before anything happened, or any word came from the battle.

At last Sir Roland saw one of the knights come limping down the path to the castle, and he went out on the bridge to meet him. Now this knight was not a brave one, and he had been frightened away as soon as he was wounded.

"I have been hurt," he said, "so that I can not fight any more. But I could watch the gate for you, if you would like to go back in my place."

At first Sir Roland's heart leaped with joy at this, but then he remembered what the commander had told him on going away, and he said:

"I should like to go, but a knight belongs where his commander has put him. My place is here at the gate, and I can not open it even for you. Your place is at the battle."

The knight was ashamed when he heard this, and he presently turned about and went into the forest again.

So Sir Roland kept guard silently for another hour. Then there came an old beggar woman down the path to the castle and asked Sir Roland if she might come in and have some food. He told her that no one could enter the castle that day, but that he would send a servant out to her with food, and that she might sit and rest as long as she would.

"I have been past the hollow in the forest where the battle is going on," said the old woman, while she was waiting for her food.

"And how do you think it is going?" asked Sir Roland.

"Badly for the knights, I am afraid," said the old woman. "The giants are fighting as they have never fought before. I should think you had better go and help your friends."

"I should like to, indeed," said Sir Roland. "But I am set to guard the gateway of the castle and can not leave."

"One fresh knight would make a great difference when they are all weary with fighting," said the old woman. "I should think that, while there are no enemies about, you would be much more useful there."

"You may well think so," said Sir Roland, "and so may I; but it is neither you nor I that is commander here."

"I suppose," said the old woman then, "that you are one of the kind of knights who like to keep out of fighting. You are lucky to have so good an excuse for staying at home." And she laughed a thin and taunting laugh.

Then Sir Roland was very angry, and thought that if it were only a man instead of a woman, he would show him whether he liked fighting or no. But as it was a woman, he shut his lips and set his teeth hard together, and as the servant came just then with the food he had sent for, he gave it to the old woman quickly and shut the gate that she might not talk to him any more.

It was not very long before he heard some one calling outside. Sir Roland opened the gate and saw standing at the other end of the drawbridge a little old man in a long black cloak. "Why are you knocking here?" he said. "The castle is closed to-day."

"Are you Sir Roland?" said the little old man.

"Yes," said Sir Roland.

"Then you ought not to be staying here when your commander and his knights are having so hard a struggle with the giants, and when you have the chance to make of yourself the greatest knight in this kingdom. Listen to me! I have brought you a magic sword."

As he said this, the old man drew from under his coat a wonderful sword that flashed in the sunlight as if it were covered with diamonds. "This is the sword of all swords," he said, "and it is for you, if you will leave your idling here by the castle gate and carry it to the battle. Nothing can stand before it. When you lift it the giants will fall back, your master will be saved, and you will be crowned the victorious knight—the one who will soon take his commander's place as lord of the castle."

Now Sir Roland believed that it was a magician who was speaking to him, for it certainly appeared to be a magic sword. It seemed so wonderful that the sword should be brought to him, that he reached out his hand as though he would take it, and the little old man came forward, as though he would cross the drawbridge into the castle. But as he did so, it came to Sir Roland's mind again that that bridge and the gateway had been intrusted to him, and he called out "No!" to the old man, so that he stopped where he was standing. But he waved the shining sword in the air again, and said: "It is for you! Take it, and win the victory!"

Sir Roland was really afraid that if he looked any longer at the sword or listened to any more words of the old man, he would not be able to hold himself within the castle. For this reason he struck the great bell at the gateway, which was the signal for the servants inside to pull in the chains of the drawbridge, and instantly they began to pull, and the drawbridge came up, so that the old man could not cross it to enter the castle, nor Sir Roland to go out.

Then, as he looked across the moat, Sir Roland saw a wonderful thing. The little old man threw off his black cloak, and as he did so he began to grow bigger and bigger, until in a minute more he was a giant as tall as any in the forest. At first Sir Roland could scarcely believe his eyes. Then he realized that this must be one of their giant enemies, who had changed himself to a little old man through some magic power, that he might make his way into the castle while all the knights were away. Sir Roland shuddered to think what might have happened if he had taken the sword and left the gate unguarded. The giant shook his fist across the moat that lay between them, and then, knowing that he could do nothing more, he went angrily back into the forest.

Sir Roland now resolved not to open the gate again, and to pay no attention to any other visitor. But it was not long before he heard a sound that made him spring forward in joy. It was the bugle of the lord of the castle, and there came sounding after it the bugles of many of the knights that were with him, pealing so joyfully that Sir Roland was sure they were safe and happy. As they came nearer, he could hear their shouts of victory. So he gave the signal to let down the drawbridge again, and went out to meet them. They were dusty and blood-stained and weary, but they had won the battle with the giants; and it had been such a great victory that there had never been a happier home-coming.

Sir Roland greeted them all as they passed in over the bridge, and then, when he had closed the gate and fastened it, he followed them into the great hall of the castle. The lord of the castle took his place on the highest seat, with the other knights about him, and Sir Roland came forward with the key of the gate, to give his account of what he had done in the place to which the commander had appointed him. The lord of the castle bowed to him as a sign for him to begin, but just as he opened his mouth to speak, one of the knights cried out:

"The shield! the shield! Sir Roland's shield!"

Every one turned and looked at the shield which Sir Roland carried on his left arm. He himself could see only the top of it and did not know what they could mean. But what they saw was the golden star of knighthood, shining brightly from the center of Sir Roland's shield. There had never been such amazement in the castle before.

Sir Roland knelt before the lord of the castle to receive his commands. He still did not know why every one was looking at him so excitedly, and wondered if he had in some way done wrong.

"Speak, Sir Knight," said the commander, as soon as he could find his voice after his surprise, "and tell us all that has happened to-day at the castle. Have you been attacked? Have any giants come hither? Did you fight them alone?"

"No, my Lord," said Sir Roland. "Only one giant has been here, and he went away silently when he found he could not enter."

Then he told all that had happened through the day.

When he had finished, the knights all looked at one another, but no one spoke a word. Then they looked again at Sir Roland's shield, to make sure that their eyes had not deceived them, and there the golden star was still shining.

After a little silence the lord of the castle spoke.

"Men make mistakes," he said, "but our silver shields are never mistaken. Sir Roland has fought and won the hardest battle of all to-day."

Then the others all rose and saluted Sir Roland, who was the youngest knight that ever carried the golden star.

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Jean Ingelow (1820–1897) was an English poet, novelist, and writer of stories for children, who lived in the fen district of Lincolnshire. Her most noted poem deals with a terrible catastrophe that happened there more than three centuries ago. It is called "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire." Many reading books for the third or fourth grade contain her dainty and melodious "Seven Times One," in which a little girl expresses the joy and sense of power felt on reaching a seventh birthday. Of her children's books, the favorite is *Mopsa the Fairy*, which some one has called a "delightful succession of breezy impossibilities." Her shorter stories for children are collected under the title *Stories Told to a Child* (two series), from which "The Prince's Dream" is taken. It is somewhat old fashioned in method and style, reminding one of the stories of the days of Addison and Steele. Its seriousness is in striking contrast with the more flippant note in much modern writing for children, and it is sure to suggest some questions on the dangers and advantages of great possessions in their effects on labor, liberty, and human happiness in general. However, the moral will take care of itself, and the attention should rest on the means used by the old man to teach the young prince the things he is shut out from learning by experience. The children will easily see that it is an anticipation of the moving-picture method. Some other good stories in the collection mentioned are "I Have a Right," "The Fairy Who Judged Her Neighbors," and "Anselmo."

THE PRINCE'S DREAM

JEAN INGELOW

If we may credit the fable, there is a tower in the midst of a great Asiatic plain, wherein is confined a prince who was placed there in his earliest infancy, with many slaves and attendants, and all the luxuries that are compatible with imprisonment.

Whether he was brought there from some motive of state, whether to conceal him from enemies, or to deprive him of rights, has not transpired; but it is certain that up to the date of this little history he had never set his foot outside the walls of that high tower, and that of the vast world without he knew only the green plains which surrounded it; the flocks and the birds of that region were all his experience of living creatures, and all the men he saw outside were shepherds.

And yet he was not utterly deprived of change, for sometimes one of his attendants would be ordered away, and his place would be supplied by a new one. This fresh companion the prince would never weary of questioning, and letting him talk of cities, of ships, of forests, of merchandise, of kings; but though in turns they all tried to satisfy his curiosity, they could not succeed in conveying very distinct notions to his mind; partly because there was nothing in the tower to which they could compare the external world, partly because, having chiefly lived lives of seclusion and indolence in Eastern palaces, they knew it only by hearsay themselves.

At length, one day, a venerable man of a noble presence was brought to the tower, with soldiers to guard him and slaves to attend him. The prince was glad of his presence, though at first he seldom opened his lips, and it was manifest that confinement made him miserable. With restless feet he would wander from window to window of the stone tower, and mount from story to story; but mount as high as he would there was still nothing to be seen but the vast unvarying plain, clothed with scanty grass, and flooded with the glaring sunshine; flocks and herds, and shepherds, moved across it sometimes, but nothing else, not even a shadow, for there was no cloud in the sky to cast one.

The old man, however, always treated the prince with respect, and answered his questions with a great deal of patience, till at length he found a pleasure in satisfying his curiosity, which so much pleased the young prisoner, that, as a great condescension, he invited him to come out on the roof of the tower and drink sherbet with him in the cool of the evening, and tell him of the country beyond the desert, and what seas are like, and mountains, and towns.

"I have learnt much from my attendants, and know this world pretty well by hearsay," said the prince, as they reclined on the rich carpet which was spread on the roof.

The old man smiled, but did not answer; perhaps because he did not care to undeceive his young companion, perhaps because so many slaves were present, some of whom were serving them with fruit, and others burning rich odors on a little chafing-dish that stood between them.

"But there are some words to which I never could attach any particular meaning," proceeded the prince, as the slaves began to retire, "and three in particular that my attendants cannot satisfy me upon, or are reluctant to do so."

"What words are those, my prince?" asked the old man. The prince turned on his elbow to be sure that the last slave had descended the tower stairs, then replied—

"O man of much knowledge, the words are these—Labor, and Liberty, and Gold."

"Prince," said the old man, "I do not wonder that it has been hard to make thee understand the first, the nature of it, and the cause why most men are born to it; as for the second, it would be treason for thee and me to do more than whisper it here, and sigh for it when none are listening; but the third need hardly puzzle thee, thy hookah is bright with it; all thy jewels are set in it; gold is inlaid in the ivory of thy bath; thy cup and thy dish are of gold, and golden threads are wrought into thy raiment."

"That is true," replied the prince, "and if I had not seen and handled this gold, perhaps I might not find its merits so hard to understand; but I possess it in abundance, and it does not feed me, nor make music for me, nor fan me when the sun is hot, nor cause me to sleep when I am weary; therefore when my slaves have told me how merchants go out and brave the perilous wind and sea, and live in the unstable ships, and run risks from shipwreck and pirates, and when, having asked them why they have done this, they have answered, 'For gold,' I have found it hard to believe them; and when they have told me how men have lied, and robbed, and deceived; how they have murdered one another, and leagued together to depose kings, to oppress provinces, and all for gold; then I have said to myself, either my slaves have combined to make me believe that which is not, or this gold must be very different from the yellow stuff that this coin is made of, this coin which is of no use but to have a hole pierced through it and hang to my girdle, that it may tinkle when I walk."

"Notwithstanding," said the old man, "nothing can be done without gold; for look you, prince, it is better than bread, and fruit, and music, for it can buy them all, since men love it, and have agreed to exchange it for whatever they may need."

"How so?" asked the prince.

"If a man has many loaves he cannot eat them all," answered the old man; "therefore he goes to his neighbor and says, 'I have bread and thou hast a coin of gold—let us change'; so he receives the gold and goes to another man, saying, 'Thou hast two houses and I have none; lend me one of thy houses to live in, and I will give thee my gold'; thus again they change, and he that has the gold says, 'I have food enough and goods enough, but I want a wife, I will go to the merchant and get a marriage gift for her father, and for it I will give him this gold.'"

"It is well," said the prince; "but in time of drought, if there is no bread in a city, can they make it of gold?"

"Not so," answered the old man, "but they must send their gold to a city where there is food, and bring that back instead of it."

"But if there was a famine all over the world," asked the prince, "what would they do then?"

"Why then, and only then," said the old man, "they must starve, and the gold would be nought, for it can only be changed for that which *is;* it cannot make that which is not."

"And where do they get gold?" asked the prince; "is it the precious fruit of some rare tree, or have they whereby they can draw it down from the sky at sunset?"

"Some of it," said the old man, "they dig out of the ground."

Then he told the prince of ancient rivers running through terrible deserts, whose sands glitter with golden grains and are yellow in the fierce heat of the sun, and of dreary mines where the Indian slaves work in gangs tied together, never seeing the light of day; and lastly (for he was a man of much knowledge, and had traveled far), he told him of the valley of the Sacramento in the New World, and of those mountains where the people of Europe send their criminals, and where now their free men pour forth to gather gold, and dig for it as hard as if for life; sitting up by it at night lest any should take it from them, giving up houses and country, and wife and children, for the sake of a few feet of mud, whence they dig clay that glitters as they wash it; and how they sift it and rock it as patiently as if it were their own children in the cradle, and afterwards carry it in their bosoms, and forego on account of it safety and rest.

"But, prince," he proceeded, observing that the young man was absorbed in his narrative, "if you would pass your word to me never to betray me, I would procure for you a sight of the external world, and in a trance you should see those places where gold is dug, and traverse those regions forbidden to your mortal footsteps."

Upon this, the prince threw himself at the old man's feet, and promised heartily to observe the secrecy required, and entreated that, for however short time, he might be suffered to see this wonderful world.

Then, if we may credit the story, the old man drew nearer to the chafing-dish which stood between them, and having fanned the dying embers in it, cast upon them a certain powder and some herbs, from whence as they burnt a peculiar smoke arose. As their vapors spread, he desired the prince to draw near and inhale them, and then (says the fable) when he should sleep he should find himself, in his dream, at whatever place he might desire, with this strange advantage, that he should see things in their truth and reality as well as in their outward shows.

So the prince, not without some fear, prepared to obey; but first he drank his sherbet, and handed over the golden cup to the old man by way of recompense; then he reclined beside the chafing-dish and inhaled the heavy perfume till he became overpowered with sleep, and sank down upon the carpet in a dream.

The prince knew not where he was, but a green country was floating before him, and he found himself standing in a marshy valley, where a few wretched cottages were scattered here and there with no means of communication. There was a river, but it had overflowed its banks and made the central land impassable, the fences had been broken down by it, and the fields of corn laid low; a few wretched peasants were wandering about there; they looked half clad and half starved. "A miserable valley indeed!" exclaimed the prince; but as he said it a man came down from the hills with a great bag of gold in his hand.

"This valley is mine," said he to the people; "I have bought it for gold. Now make banks that the river may not overflow, and I will give you gold; also make fences and plant fields, and cover in the roofs of your houses, and buy yourselves richer clothing." So the people did so, and as the gold got lower in the bag the valley grew fairer and greener, till the prince exclaimed, "O gold, I see your value now! O wonderful, beneficent gold!"

But presently the valley melted away like a mist, and the prince saw an army besieging a city; he heard a general haranguing his soldiers to urge them on, and the soldiers shouting and battering the walls; but shortly, when the city was well-nigh taken, he saw some men secretly throwing gold among the soldiers, so much of it that they threw down their arms to pick it up, and said that the walls were so strong that they could not throw them down. "O powerful gold!" thought the prince; "thou art stronger than the city walls!"

After that it seemed to himself that he was walking about in a desert country, and in his dream he thought, "Now I know what labor is, for I have seen it, and its benefits; and I know what liberty is, for I have tasted it; I can wander where I will, and no man questions me; but gold is more strange to me than ever, for I have seen it buy both liberty and labor." Shortly after this he saw a great crowd digging upon a barren hill, and when he drew near he understood that he had reached the summit of his wishes, and that he was to see the place where the gold came from.

He came up and stood a long time watching the people as they toiled ready to faint in the sun, so great was the labor of digging the gold.

He saw who had much and could not trust any one to help them to carry it, binding it in bundles over their shoulders, and bending and groaning under its weight; he saw others hide it in the ground, and watch the place clothed in rags, that none might suspect that they were rich; but some, on the contrary, who had dug up an unusual quantity, he saw dancing and singing, and vaunting their success, till robbers waylaid them when they slept, and rifled their bundles and carried their golden sand away.

"All these men are mad," thought the prince, "and this pernicious gold has made them so."

After this, as he wandered here and there, he saw groups of people smelting the gold under the shadow of the trees, and he observed that a dancing, quivering vapor rose up from it, which dazzled their eyes, and distorted everything that they looked at; arraying it also in different colors from the true one. He observed that this vapor from the gold caused all things to rock and reel before the eyes of those who looked through it, and also, by some strange affinity, it drew their hearts towards those that carried much gold on their persons, so that they called them good and beautiful; it also caused them to see darkness and dullness in the faces of those who carried none. "This," thought the prince, "is very strange"; but not being able to explain it, he went still further, and there he saw more people. Each of these had adorned himself with a broad golden girdle, and was sitting in the shade, while other men waited on them.

"What ails these people?" he inquired of one who was looking on, for he observed a peculiar air of weariness and dullness in their faces. He was answered that the girdles were very tight and heavy, and being bound over the regions of the heart, were supposed to impede its action, and prevent it from beating high, and also to chill the wearer, as being of opaque material, the warm sunshine of the earth could not get through to warm him.

"Why, then, do they not break them asunder," exclaimed the prince, "and fling them away?"

"Break them asunder!" cried the man; "why what a madman you must be; they are made of the purest gold!"

"Forgive my ignorance," replied the prince; "I am a stranger."

So he walked on, for feelings of delicacy prevented him from gazing any longer at the men with the golden girdles; but as he went he pondered on the misery he had seen, and thought to himself that this golden sand did more mischief than all the poisons of the apothecary; for it dazzled the eyes of some, it strained the hearts of others, it bowed down the heads of many to the earth with its weight; it was a sore labor to gather it, and when it was gathered, the robber might carry it away; it would be a good thing, he thought, if there were none of it.

After this he came to a place where were sitting some aged widows and some orphan children of the gold-diggers, who were helpless and destitute; they were weeping and bemoaning themselves, but stopped at the approach of a man, whose appearance attracted the prince, for he had a very great bundle of gold on his back, and yet it did not bow him down at all; his apparel was rich but he had no girdle on, and his face was anything but sad.

"Sir," said the prince to him, "you have a great burden; you are fortunate to be able to stand under it."

"I could not do so," he replied, "only that as I go on I keep lightening it"; and as he passed each of the widows, he threw gold to her, and stooping down, hid pieces of it in the bosoms of the children.

"You have no girdle," said the prince.

"I once had one," answered the gold gatherer; "but it was so tight over my breast that my very heart grew cold under it, and almost ceased to beat. Having a great quantity of gold on my back, I felt almost at the last gasp; so I threw off my girdle and being on the bank of a river, which I knew not how to cross, I was about to fling it in, I was so vexed! 'But no,' thought I, 'there are many people waiting here to cross besides myself. I will make my girdle into a bridge, and we will cross over on it.'"

"Turn your girdle into a bridge!" exclaimed the prince doubtfully, for he did not quite understand.

The man explained himself.

"And then, sir, after that," he continued, "I turned one half of my burden into bread, and gave it to these poor people. Since then I have not been oppressed by its weight, however heavy it may have been; for few men have a heavier one. In fact, I gather more from day to day."

As the man kept speaking, he scattered his gold right and left with a cheerful countenance, and the prince was about to reply, when suddenly a great trembling under his feet made him fall to the ground. The refining fires of the gold gatherers sprang up into flames, and then went out; night fell over everything on the earth, and nothing was visible in the sky but the stars of the southern cross, which were glittering above him.

"It is past midnight," thought the prince, "for the stars of the cross begin to bend."

He raised himself upon his elbow, and tried to pierce the darkness, but could not. At length a slender blue flame darted out, as from ashes in a chafing-dish, and by the light of it he saw the strange pattern of his carpet and the cushions lying about. He did not recognise them at first, but presently he knew that he was lying in his usual place, at the top of his tower.

"Wake up, prince," said the old man.

The prince sat up and sighed, and the old man inquired what he had seen.

"O man of much learning!" answered the prince, "I have seen that this is a wonderful world; I have seen the value of labor, and I know the uses of it; I have tasted the sweetness of liberty, and am grateful, though it was but in a dream; but as for that other word that was so great a mystery to me, I only know this, that it must remain a mystery forever, since I am fain to believe that all men are bent on getting it; though, once gotten, it causeth them endless disquietude, only second to their discomfort that are without it. I am fain to believe that they can procure with it whatever they most desire, and yet that it cankers their hearts and dazzles their eyes; that it is their nature and their duty to gather it; and yet that, when once gathered, the best thing they can do is to scatter it!"

Alas! the prince visited this wonderful world no more; for the next morning, when he awoke, the old man was gone. He had taken with him the golden cup which the prince had given him. And the sentinel was also gone, none knew whither. Perhaps the old man had turned his golden cup into a golden key.

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Few modern writers have given their readers more genuine delight than Frank R. Stockton (1834–1902). The most absurd and illogical situations and characters are presented with an air of such quiet sincerity that one refuses to question the reality of it all. *Rudder Grange* established his reputation in 1879, and was followed by a long list of stories of delightfully impossible events. For several years Stockton was one of the editors of *St. Nicholas*, and some of his stories for children, of first quality in both form and content, deserve to be better known than they are. Five of the best of them for school use have been brought together in a little volume called *Fanciful Tales*. One of these, "Old Pipes and the Dryad," is given here by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. (Copyright, 1894.) This story is based upon the old mythical belief that the trees are inhabited by guardian deities known as dryads, or hamadryads. To injure a tree meant to injure its guardian spirit and was almost certain to insure disaster for the guilty person. On the other hand, to protect a tree would bring some token of appreciation from the dryad. A good introduction to the story would be the telling of one or two of these tree myths as found in Gayley's *Classic Myths* or Bulfinch's *Age of Fable*. A fine literary version of one of them is in Lowell's "Rhoecus." But the beautiful and kindly helpfulness of Old Pipes will carry its own message whether one knows any mythology or not.

OLD PIPES AND THE DRYAD

FRANK R. STOCKTON

A Mountain brook ran through a little village. Over the brook there was a narrow bridge, and from the bridge a foot-path led out from the village and up the hill-side, to the cottage of Old Pipes and his mother.

For many, many years Old Pipes had been employed by the villagers to pipe the cattle down from the hills. Every afternoon, an hour before sunset, he would sit on a rock in front of his cottage and play on his pipes. Then all the flocks and herds that were grazing on the mountains would hear him, wherever they might happen to be, and would come down to the village—the cows by the easiest paths, the sheep by those not quite so easy, and the goats by the steep and rocky ways that were hardest of all.

But now, for a year or more, Old Pipes had not piped the cattle home. It is true that every afternoon he sat upon the rock and played upon his pipes; but the cattle did not hear him. He had grown old, and his breath was feeble. The echoes of his cheerful notes, which used to come from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley, were heard no more; and twenty yards from Old Pipes one could scarcely tell what tune he was playing. He had become somewhat deaf, and did not know that the sound of his pipes was so thin and weak, and that the cattle did not hear him. The cows, the sheep, and the goats came down every afternoon as before; but this was because two boys and a girl were sent up after them. The villagers did not wish the good old man to know that his piping was no longer of any use; so they paid him his little salary every month, and said nothing about the two boys and the girl.

Old Pipes's mother was, of course, a great deal older than he was, and was as deaf as a gate—post, latch, hinges, and all—and she never knew that the sound of her son's pipe did not spread over all the mountain-side and echo back strong and clear from the opposite hills. She was very fond of Old Pipes, and proud of his piping; and as he was so much younger than she was, she never thought of him as being very old. She cooked for him, and made his bed, and mended his clothes; and they lived very comfortably on his little salary.

One afternoon, at the end of the month, when Old Pipes had finished his piping, he took his stout staff and went down the hill to the village to receive the money for his month's work. The path seemed a great deal steeper and more difficult than it used to be; and Old Pipes thought that it must have been washed by the rains and greatly damaged. He remembered it as a path that was quite easy to traverse either up or down. But Old Pipes had been a very active man, and as his mother was so much older than he was, he never thought of himself as aged and infirm.

When the Chief Villager had paid him, and he had talked a little with some of his friends, Old Pipes started to go home. But when he had crossed the bridge over the brook, and gone a short distance up the hill-side, he became very tired, and sat down upon a stone. He had not been sitting there half a minute, when along came two boys and a girl.

"Children," said Old Pipes, "I'm very tired to-night, and I don't believe I can climb up this steep path to my home. I think I shall have to ask you to help me."

"We will do that," said the boys and the girl, quite cheerfully; and one boy took him by the right hand and the other by the left, while the girl pushed him in the back. In this way he went up the hill quite easily, and soon reached his cottage door. Old Pipes gave each of the three children a copper coin, and then they sat down for a few minutes' rest before starting back to the village.

"I'm sorry that I tired you so much," said Old Pipes.

"Oh, that would not have tired us," said one of the boys, "if we had not been so far to-day after the cows, the sheep, and the goats. They rambled high up on the mountain, and we never before had such a time in finding them."

"Had to go after the cows, the sheep, and the goats!" exclaimed Old Pipes. "What do you mean by that?"

The girl, who stood behind the old man, shook her head, put her hand on her mouth, and made all sorts of signs to the boy to stop talking on this subject; but he did not notice her, and promptly answered Old Pipes.

"Why, you see, good sir," said he, "that as the cattle can't hear your pipes now, somebody has to go after them every evening to drive them down from the mountain, and the Chief Villager has hired us three to do it. Generally it is not very hard work, but to-night the cattle had wandered far."

"How long have you been doing this?" asked the old man.

The girl shook her head and clapped her hand on her mouth as before, but the boy went on.

"I think it is about a year now," he said, "since the people first felt sure that the cattle could not hear your pipes; and from that time we've been driving them down. But we are rested now, and will go home. Good-night, sir."

The three children then went down the hill, the girl scolding the boy all the way home. Old Pipes stood silent a few moments, and then he went into his cottage.

"Mother," he shouted, "did you hear what those children said?"

"Children!" exclaimed the old woman; "I did not hear them. I did not know there were any children here."

Then Old Pipes told his mother—shouting very loudly to make her hear—how the two boys and the girl had helped him up the hill, and what he had heard about his piping and the cattle.

"They can't hear you?" cried his mother. "Why, what's the matter with the cattle?"

"Ah, me!" said Old Pipes; "I don't believe there's anything the matter with the cattle. It must be with me and my pipes that there is something the matter. But one thing is certain: if I do not earn the wages the Chief Villager pays me, I shall not take them. I shall go straight down to the village and give back the money I received to-day."

"Nonsense!" cried his mother. "I'm sure you've piped as well as you could, and no more can be expected. And what are we to do without the money?"

"I don't know," said Old Pipes; "but I'm going down to the village to pay it back."

The sun had now set; but the moon was shining very brightly on the hill-side, and Old Pipes could see his way very well. He did not take the same path by which he had gone before, but followed another, which led among the trees upon the hill-side, and, though longer, was not so steep.

When he had gone about half-way, the old man sat down to rest, leaning his back against a great oak tree. As he did so, he heard a sound like knocking inside the tree, and then a voice said: "Let me out! let me out!"

Old Pipes instantly forgot that he was tired, and sprang to his feet. "This must be a Dryad tree!" he exclaimed. "If it is, I'll let her out."

Old Pipes had never, to his knowledge, seen a Dryad tree, but he knew there were such trees on the hill-sides and the mountains, and that Dryads lived in them. He knew, too, that in the summer time, on those days when the moon rose before the sun went down, a Dryad could come out of her tree if any one could find the key which locked her in, and turn it. Old Pipes closely examined the trunk of the tree, which stood in the full moonlight. "If I see that key," he said, "I shall surely turn it." Before long he found a piece of bark standing out from the tree, which looked to him very much like the handle of a key. He took hold of it, and found he could turn it quite around. As he did so, a large part of the side of the tree was pushed open, and a beautiful Dyrad stepped quickly out.

For a moment she stood motionless, gazing on the scene before her—the tranquil valley, the hills, the forest, and the mountain-side, all lying in the soft clear light of the moon. "Oh, lovely! lovely!" she exclaimed. "How long it is since I have seen anything like this!" And then, turning to Old Pipes, she said: "How good of you to let me out! I am so happy, and so thankful, that I must kiss you, you dear old man!" And she threw her arms around the neck of Old Pipes, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"You don't know," she then went on to say, "how doleful it is to be shut up so long in a tree. I don't mind it in the winter, for then I am glad to be sheltered, but in summer it is a rueful thing not to be able to see all the beauties of the world. And it's ever so long since I've been let out. People so seldom come this way; and when they do come at the right time, they either don't hear me or they are frightened and run away. But you, you dear old man, you were not frightened, and you looked and looked for the key, and you let me out; and now I shall not have to go back till winter has come, and the air grows cold. Oh, it is glorious! What can I do for you, to show you how grateful I am?"

"I am very glad," said Old Pipes, "that I let you out, since I see that it makes you so happy; but I must admit that I tried to find the key because I had a great desire to see a Dryad. But, if you wish to do something for me, you can, if you happen to be going down toward the village."

"To the village!" exclaimed the Dryad.

"I will go anywhere for you, my kind old benefactor."

"Well, then," said Old Pipes, "I wish you would take this little bag of money to the Chief Villager and tell him that Old Pipes cannot receive pay for the services which he does not perform. It is now more than a year that I have not been able to make the cattle hear me, when I piped to call them home. I did not know this until to-night; but now that I know it, I cannot keep the money, and so I send it back." And, handing the little bag to the Dryad, he bade her good-night, and turned toward his cottage.

"Good-night," said the Dryad. "And I thank you over, and over, and over again, you good old man!"

Old Pipes walked toward his home, very glad to be saved the fatigue of going all the way down to the village and back again. "To be sure," he said to himself, "this path does not seem at all steep, and I can walk along it very easily; but it would have tired me dreadfully to come up all the way from the village, especially as I could not have expected those children to help me again." When he reached home his mother was surprised to see him returning so soon.

"What!" she exclaimed; "have you already come back? What did the Chief Villager say? Did he take the money?"

Old Pipes was just about to tell her that he had sent the money to the village by a Dryad, when he suddenly reflected that his mother would be sure to disapprove such a proceeding, and so he merely said he had sent it by a person whom he had met.

"And how do you know that the person will ever take it to the Chief Villager?" cried his mother. "You will lose it, and the villagers will never get it. Oh, Pipes! Pipes! when will you be old enough to have ordinary common-sense?"

Old Pipes considered that, as he was already seventy years of age, he could scarcely expect to grow any wiser; but he made no remark on this subject, and, saying that he doubted not that the money would go safely to its destination, he sat down to his supper. His mother scolded him roundly, but he did not mind it; and after supper he went out and sat on a rustic chair in front of the cottage to look at the moonlit village, and to wonder whether or not the Chief Villager really received the money. While he was doing these two things, he went fast asleep.

When Old Pipes left the Dryad, she did not go down to the village with the little bag of money. She held it in her hand, and thought about what she had heard. "This is a good and honest old man," she said; "and it is a shame that he should lose this money. He looked as if he needed it, and I don't believe the people in the village will take it from one who has served them so long. Often, when in my tree, have I heard the sweet notes of his pipes. I am going to take the money back to him." She did not start immediately, because there were so many beautiful things to look at; but after awhile she went up to the cottage, and, finding Old Pipes asleep in his chair, she slipped the little bag into his coat-pocket, and silently sped away.

The next day Old Pipes told his mother that he would go up the mountain and cut some wood. He had a right to get wood from the mountain, but for a long time he had been content to pick up the dead branches which lay about his cottage. To-day, however, he felt so strong and vigorous that he thought he would go and cut some fuel that would be better than this. He worked all the morning, and when he came back he did not feel at all tired, and he had a very good appetite for his dinner.

Now, Old Pipes knew a good deal about Dryads; but there was one thing which, although he had heard, he had forgotten. This was, that a kiss from a Dryad made a person ten years younger.

The people of the village knew this, and they were very careful not to let any child of ten years or younger go into the woods where the Dryads were supposed to be; for, if they should chance to be kissed by one of these tree-nymphs, they would be set back so far that they would cease to exist.

A story was told in the village that a very bad boy of eleven once ran away into the woods, and had an adventure of this kind; and when his mother found him he was a little baby of one year old. Taking advantage of her opportunity, she brought him up more carefully than she had done before, and he grew to be a very good boy indeed.

Now Old Pipes had been kissed twice by the Dryad, once on each cheek, and he therefore felt as vigorous and active as when he was a hale man of fifty. His mother noticed how much work he was doing, and told him that he need not try in that way to make up for the loss of his piping wages; for he would only tire himself out, and get sick. But her son answered that he had not felt so well for years, and that he was quite able to work.

In the course of the afternoon, Old Pipes, for the first time that day, put his hand in his coat-pocket, and there, to his amazement, he found the little bag of money. "Well, well!" he exclaimed, "I am stupid, indeed! I really thought that I had seen a Dryad; but when I sat down by that big oak tree I must have gone to sleep and dreamed it all; and then I came home, thinking I had given the money to a Dryad, when it was in my pocket all the time. But the Chief Villager shall have the money. I shall not take it to him to-day, but to-morrow I wish to go to the village to see some of my old friends; and then I shall give up the money."

Toward the close of the afternoon, Old Pipes, as had been his custom for so many years, took his pipes from the shelf on which they lay, and went out to the rock in front of the cottage.

"What are you going to do?" cried his mother. "If you will not consent to be paid, why do you pipe?"

"I am going to pipe for my own pleasure," said her son. "I am used to it, and I do not wish to give it up. It does not matter now whether the cattle hear me or not, and I am sure that my piping will injure no one."

When the good man began to play upon his favorite instrument he was astonished at the sound that came from it. The beautiful notes of the pipes sounded clear and strong down into the valley, and spread over the hills, and up the sides of the mountain beyond, while, after a little interval, an echo came back from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "what has happened to my pipes? They must have been stopped up of late, but now they are as clear and good as ever."

Again the merry notes went sounding far and wide. The cattle on the mountain heard them, and those that were old enough remembered how these notes had called them from their pastures every evening, and so they started down the mountain-side, the others following.

The merry notes were heard in the village below, and the people were much astonished thereby. "Why, who can be blowing the pipes of Old Pipes?" they said. But, as they were all very busy, no one went up to see. One thing, however, was plain enough: the cattle were coming down the mountain. And so the two boys and the girl did not have to go after them, and had an hour for play, for which they were very glad.

The next morning Old Pipes started down to the village with his money, and on the way he met the Dryad. "Oh, ho!" he cried, "is that you? Why, I thought my letting you out of the tree was nothing but a dream."

"A dream!" cried the Dryad; "if you only knew how happy you have made me, you would not think it merely a dream. And has it not benefited you? Do you not feel happier? Yesterday I heard you playing beautifully on your pipes."

"Yes, yes," cried he. "I did not understand it before, but I see it all now. I have really grown younger. I thank you, I thank you, good Dryad, from the bottom of my heart. It was the finding of the money in my pocket that made me think it was a dream."

"Oh, I put it in when you were asleep," she said, laughing, "because I thought you ought to keep it. Good-by, kind, honest man. May you live long, and be as happy as I am now."

Old Pipes was greatly delighted when he understood that he was really a younger man; but that made no difference about the money, and he kept on his way to the village. As soon as he reached it, he was eagerly questioned as to who had been playing his pipes the evening before, and when the people heard that it was himself they were very much surprised. Thereupon Old Pipes told what had happened to him, and then there was greater wonder, with hearty congratulations and hand-shakes; for Old Pipes was liked by everyone. The Chief Villager refused to take his money; and although Old Pipes said that he had not earned it, everyone present insisted that, as he would now play on his pipes as before, he should lose nothing because, for a time, he was unable to perform his duty.

So Old Pipes was obliged to keep his money, and after an hour or two spent in conversation with his friends he returned to his cottage.

There was one person, however, who was not pleased with what had happened to Old Pipes. This was an Echo-dwarf who lived on the hills across the valley. It was his work to echo back the notes of the pipes whenever they could be heard.

A great many other Echo-dwarfs lived on these hills. They all worked, but in different ways. Some echoed back the songs of maidens, some the shouts of children, and others the music that was often heard in the village. But there was only one who could send back the strong notes of the pipes of Old Pipes, and this had been his sole duty for many years. But when the old man grew feeble, and the notes of his pipes could not be heard on the opposite hills, this Echo-dwarf had nothing to do, and he spent his time in delightful idleness; and he slept so much and grew so fat that it made his companions laugh to see him walk.

On the afternoon on which, after so long an interval, the sound of the pipes was heard on the echo hills, this dwarf was fast asleep behind a rock. As soon as the first notes reached them, some of his companions ran to wake him up. Rolling to his feet, he echoed back the merry tune of Old Pipes.

Naturally, he was very angry at being thus obliged to give up his life of comfort, and he hoped very much that this pipe-playing would not occur again. The next afternoon he was awake and listening, and, sure enough, at the usual hour, along came the notes of the pipes as clear and strong as they ever had been; and he was obliged to work as long as Old Pipes played. The Echo-dwarf was very angry. He had supposed, of course, that the pipe-playing had ceased forever, and he felt that he had a right to be indignant at being thus deceived. He was so much disturbed that he made up his mind to go and try to find out how long this was to last. He had plenty of time, as the pipes were played but once a day, and he set off early in the morning for the hill on which Old Pipes lived. It was hard work for the fat little fellow, and when he had crossed the valley and had gone some distance into the woods on the hill-side, he stopped to rest, and in a few minutes the Dryad came tripping along.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the dwarf; "what are you doing here? and how did you get out of your tree?"

"Doing!" cried the Dryad; "I am being happy; that's what I am doing. And I was let out of my tree by the good old man who plays the pipes to call the cattle down from the mountain. And it makes me happier to think that I have been of service to him. I gave him two kisses of gratitude, and now he is young enough to play his pipes as well as ever."

The Echo-dwarf stepped forward, his face pale with passion. "Am I to believe," he said, "that you are the cause of this great evil that has come upon me? and that you are the wicked creature who has again started this old man upon his career of pipe-playing? What have I ever done to you that you should have condemned me for years and years to echo back the notes of those wretched pipes?"

At this the Dryad laughed loudly.

"What a funny little fellow you are!" she said. "Anyone would think you had been condemned to toil from morning till night; while what you really have to do is merely to imitate for half an hour every day the merry notes of Old Pipes's piping. Fie upon you, Echo-dwarf! You are lazy and selfish; and that is what is the matter with you. Instead of grumbling at being obliged to do a little wholesome work, which is less, I am sure, than that of any other echo-dwarf upon the rocky hill-side, you should rejoice at the good fortune of the old man who has regained so much of his strength and vigor. Go home and learn to be just and generous; and then, perhaps, you may be happy. Good-by."

"Insolent creature!" shouted the dwarf, as he shook his fat little fist at her. "I'll make you suffer for this. You shall find out what it is to heap injury and insult upon one like me, and to snatch from him the repose that he has earned by long years of toil." And, shaking his head savagely, he hurried back to the rocky hill-side.

Every afternoon the merry notes of

the pipes of Old Pipes sounded down into the valley and over the hills and up the mountain-side; and every afternoon when he had echoed them back, the little dwarf grew more and more angry with the Dryad. Each day, from early morning till it was time for him to go back to his duties upon the rocky hill-side, he searched the woods for her. He intended, if he met her, to pretend to be very sorry for what he had said, and he thought he might be able to play a trick upon her which would avenge him well.

One day, while thus wandering among the trees, he met Old Pipes. The Echo-dwarf did not generally care to see or speak to ordinary people; but now he was so anxious to find the object of his search, that he stopped and asked Old Pipes if he had seen the Dryad. The piper had not noticed the little fellow, and he looked down on him with some surprise.

"No," he said; "I have not seen her, and I have been looking everywhere for her."

"You!" cried the dwarf, "what do you wish with her?"

Old Pipes then sat down on a stone, so that he should be nearer the ear of his small companion, and he told what the Dryad had done for him.

When the Echo-dwarf heard that this was the man whose pipes he was obliged to echo back every day, he would have slain him on the spot, had he been able; but, as he was not able, he merely ground his teeth and listened to the rest of the story.

"I am looking for the Dryad now," Old Pipes continued, "on account of my aged mother. When I was old myself, I did not notice how very old my mother was; but now it shocks me to see how feeble her years have caused her to become; and I am looking for the Dryad to ask her to make my mother younger, as she made me."

The eyes of the Echo-dwarf glistened. Here was a man who might help him in his plans.

"Your idea is a good one," he said to Old Pipes, "and it does you honor. But you should know that a Dryad can make no person younger but one who lets her out of her tree. However, you can manage the affair very easily. All you need do is to find the Dryad, tell her what you want, and request her to step into her tree and be shut up for a short time. Then you will go and bring your mother to the tree; she will open it, and everything will be as you wish. Is not this a good plan?"

"Excellent!" cried Old Pipes; "and I will go instantly and search more diligently for the Dryad."

"Take me with you," said the Echo-dwarf. "You can easily carry me on your strong shoulders; and I shall be glad to help you in any way that I can."

"Now then," said the little fellow to himself, as Old Pipes carried him rapidly along, "if he persuades the Dryad to get into a tree,— and she is quite foolish enough to do it,— and then goes away to bring his mother, I shall take a stone or a club and I will break off the key of that tree, so that nobody can ever turn it again. Then Mistress Dryad will see what she has brought upon herself by her behavior to me."

Before long they came to the great oak tree in which the Dryad had lived, and at a distance they saw that beautiful creature herself coming toward them.

"How excellently well everything happens!" said the dwarf. "Put me down, and I will go. Your business with the Dryad is more important than mine; and you need not say anything about my having suggested your plan to you. I am willing that you should have all the credit of it yourself."

Old Pipes put the Echo-dwarf upon the ground, but the little rogue did not go away. He hid himself between some low, mossy rocks, and he was so much like them in color that you would not have noticed him if you had been looking straight at him.

When the Dryad came up, Old Pipes lost no time in telling her about his mother, and what he wished her to do. At first, the Dryad answered nothing, but stood looking very sadly at Old Pipes.

"Do you really wish me to go into my tree again?" she said. "I should dreadfully dislike to do it, for I don't know what might happen.. It is not at all necessary, for I could make your mother younger at any time if she would give me the opportunity. I had already thought of making you still happier in this way, and several times I have waited about your cottage, hoping to meet your aged mother, but she never comes outside, and you know a Dryad cannot enter a house. I cannot imagine what put this idea into your head. Did you think of it yourself?"

"No, I cannot say that I did," answered Old Pipes. "A little dwarf whom I met in the woods proposed it to me."

"Oh!" cried the Dryad; "now I see through it all. It is the scheme of that vile Echo-dwarf — your enemy and mine. Where is he? I should like to see him."

"I think he has gone away," said Old Pipes.

"No, he has not," said the Dryad, whose quick eyes perceived the Echo-dwarf among the rocks, "there he is. Seize him and drag him out, I beg of you."

Old Pipes saw the dwarf as soon as he was pointed out to him; and running to the rocks, he caught the little fellow by the arm and pulled him out.

"Now, then," cried the Dryad, who had opened the door of the great oak, "just stick him in there, and we will shut him up. Then I shall be safe from his mischief for the rest of the time I am free."

Old Pipes thrust the Echo-dwarf into the tree; the Dryad pushed the door shut; there was a clicking sound of bark and wood, and no one would have noticed that the big oak had ever had an opening in it.

"There," said the Dryad; "now we need not be afraid of him. And I assure you, my good piper, that I shall be very glad to make your mother younger as soon as I can. Will you not ask her to come out and meet me?"

"Of course I will," cried Old Pipes; "and I will do it without delay."

And then, the Dryad by his side, he hurried to his cottage. But when he mentioned the matter to his mother, the old woman became very angry indeed. She did not believe in Dryads; and, if they really did exist, she knew they must be witches and sorceresses, and she would have nothing to do with them. If her son had ever allowed himself to be kissed by one of them, he ought to be ashamed of himself. As to its doing him the least bit of good, she did not believe a word of it. He felt better than he used to feel, but that was very common. She had sometimes felt that way herself, and she forbade him ever to mention a Dryad to her again.

That afternoon, Old Pipes, feeling

very sad that his plan in regard to his mother had failed, sat down upon the rock and played upon his pipes. The pleasant sounds went down the valley and up the hills and mountain, but, to the great surprise of some persons who happened to notice the fact, the notes were not echoed back from the rocky hill-side, but from the woods on the side of the valley on which Old Pipes lived. The next day many of the villagers stopped in their work to listen to the echo of the pipes coming from the woods. The sound was not as clear and strong as it used to be when it was sent back from the rocky hill-side, but it certainly came from among the trees. Such a thing as an echo changing its place in this way had never been heard of before, and nobody was able to explain how it could have happened. Old Pipes, however, knew very well that the sound came from the Echo-dwarf shut up in the great oak tree. The sides of the tree were thin, and the sound of the pipes could be heard through them, and the dwarf was obliged by the laws of his being to echo back those notes whenever they came to him. But Old Pipes thought he might get the Dryad in trouble if he let anyone know that the Echo-dwarf was shut up in the tree, and so he wisely said nothing about it.

One day the two boys and the girl who had helped Old Pipes up the hill were playing in the woods. Stopping near the great oak tree, they heard a sound of knocking within it, and then a voice plainly said:

"Let me out! let me out!"

For a moment the children stood still in astonishment, and then one of the boys exclaimed:

"Oh, it is a Dryad, like the one Old Pipes found! Let's let her out!"

"What are you thinking of?" cried the girl. "I am the oldest of all, and I am only thirteen. Do you wish to be turned into crawling babies? Run! run! run!"

And the two boys and the girl dashed down into the valley as fast as their legs could carry them. There was no desire in their youthful hearts to be made younger than they were, and for fear that their parents might think it well that they should commence their careers anew, they never said a word about finding the Dryad tree.

As the summer days went on, Old Pipes's mother grew feebler and feebler. One day when her son was away, for he now frequently went into the woods to hunt or fish, or down into the valley to work, she arose from her knitting to prepare the simple dinner. But she felt so weak and tired that she was not able to do the work to which she had been so long accustomed. "Alas! alas!" she said, "the time has come when I am too old to work. My son will have to hire some one to come here and cook his meals, make his bed, and mend his clothes. Alas! alas! I had hoped that as long as I lived I should be able to do these things. But it is not so. I have grown utterly worthless, and some one else must prepare the dinner for my son. I wonder where he is." And tottering to the door, she went outside to look for him. She did not feel able to stand, and reaching the rustic chair, she sank into it, quite exhausted, and soon fell asleep.

The Dryad, who had often come to the cottage to see if she could find an opportunity of carrying out Old Pipes's affectionate design, now happened by;

and seeing that the much-desired occasion had come, she stepped up quietly behind the old woman and gently kissed her on each cheek, and then as quietly disappeared.

In a few minutes the mother of Old Pipes awoke, and looking up at the sun, she exclaimed: "Why, it is almost dinner-time! My son will be here directly, and I am not ready for him." And rising to her feet, she hurried into the house, made the fire, set the meat and vegetables to cook, laid the cloth, and by the time her son arrived the meal was on the table.

"How a little sleep does refresh one," she said to herself, as she was bustling about. She was a woman of very vigorous constitution, and at seventy had been a great deal stronger and more active than her son was at that age. The moment Old Pipes saw his mother, he knew that the Dryad had been there; but, while he felt as happy as a king, he was too wise to say anything about her.

"It is astonishing how well I feel to-day," said his mother; "and either my hearing has improved or you speak much more plainly than you have done of late."

The summer days went on and passed away, the leaves were falling from the trees, and the air was becoming cold.

"Nature has ceased to be lovely," said the Dryad, "and the night winds chill me. It is time for me to go back into my comfortable quarters in the great oak. But first I must pay another visit to the cottage of Old Pipes."

She found the piper and his mother sitting side by side on the rock in front of the door. The cattle were not to go to the mountain any more that season, and he was piping them down for the last time. Loud and merrily sounded the pipes of Old Pipes, and down the mountain-side came the cattle, the cows by the easiest paths, the sheep by those not quite so easy, and the goats by the most difficult ones among the rocks; while from the great oak tree were heard the echoes of the cheerful music.

"How happy they look, sitting there together," said the Dryad; "and I don't believe it will do them a bit of harm to be still younger." And moving quietly up behind them, she first kissed Old Pipes on his cheek and then kissed his mother.

Old Pipes, who had stopped playing, knew what it was, but he did not move, and said nothing. His mother, thinking that her son had kissed her, turned to him with a smile and kissed him in return. And then she arose and went into the cottage, a vigorous woman of sixty, followed by her son, erect and happy, and twenty years younger than herself.

The Dryad sped away to the woods, shrugging her shoulders as she felt the cool evening wind.

When she reached the great oak, she turned the key and opened the door. "Come out," said she to the Echo-dwarf, who sat blinking within. "Winter is coming on, and I want the comfortable shelter of my tree for myself. The cattle have come down from the mountain for the last time this year, the pipes will no longer sound, and you can go to your rocks and have a holiday until next spring."

Upon hearing these words the dwarf skipped quickly out, and the Dryad entered the tree and pulled the door shut after her. "Now, then," she said to herself, "he can break off the key if he likes. It does not matter to me.

Another will grow out next spring. And although the good piper made me no promise, I know that when the warm days arrive next year, he will come and let me out again."

The Echo-dwarf did not stop to break the key of the tree. He was too happy to be released to think of anything else, and he hastened as fast as he could to his home on the rocky hill-side.

The Dryad was not mistaken when she trusted in the piper. When the warm days came again he went to the oak tree to let her out. But, to his sorrow and surprise, he found the great tree lying upon the ground. A winter storm had blown it down, and it lay with its trunk shattered and split. And what became of the Dryad no one ever knew.

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John Ruskin (1819–1900), the most eloquent of English prose writers, was much interested in the question of literature for both grown-ups and children. He edited a reissue of Taylor's translation of Grimms' *Popular Stories*, issued "Dame Wiggins of Lee and Her Seven Wonderful Cats" (see No. 143), and wrote that masterpiece among modern stories for children, *The King of the Golden River*. Its fine idealism, splendidly imagined structure, wonderful word-paintings, and perfect English all combine to justify the high place assigned to it. Ruskin wrote the story in 1841, at a "couple of sittings," though it was not published until ten years later. Speaking of it later in life, he said that it "was written to amuse a little girl; and being a fairly good imitation of Grimm and Dickens, mixed with a little true Alpine feeling of my own, it has been rightly pleasing to nice children, and good for them. But it is totally valueless, for all that. I can no more write a story than compose a picture." The final statement may be taken for what it is worth, written as it was at a time of disillusionment. The first part of Ruskin's analysis is certainly true and has been thus expanded by his biographer, Sir E. T. Cook: "The grotesque and the German setting of the tale were taken from Grimm; from Dickens it took its tone of pervading kindliness and geniality. The Alpine ecstasy and the eager pressing of the moral were Ruskin's own; and so also is the style, delicately poised between poetry and comedy."

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER OR THE BLACK BROTHERS

JOHN RUSKIN

CHAPTER I

HOW THE AGRICULTURAL SYSTEM OF THE BLACK BROTHERS WAS INTERFERED WITH BY SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE

In a secluded and mountainous part of Stiria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded, on all sides, by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high, that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighborhood, the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you could n't see into *them*, and always fancied they saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds because they pecked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd if, with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they had n't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No; it was n't the wind; there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four-feet-six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow-tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another, and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door: I'm wet; let me in!"

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir,—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly. "I want fire, and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door, and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable: never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman rather gruffly.

"But—sir—I'm very sorry," said Gluck hesitatingly; "but—really, sir—you're—putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday nor to-day. They surely could n't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, deprecatingly, "he was so *very* wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farther end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; could n't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you!"

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen— "

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar, than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him, clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner — but, before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang: and there drove past the window, at the same instant, a wreath of ragged cloud that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again — bless me, why the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rushing rain, without intermission! The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters, and double bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor, ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on, there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit."

"Pray Heaven it may!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy long-legged letters, were engraved the words:—

South-West Wind, Esquire.

CHAPTER II

OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE THREE BROTHERS AFTER THE VISIT OF SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE; AND HOW LITTLE GLUCK HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

South-West Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious, old-fashioned pieces of gold plates, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade; the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-house next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the ale-house; leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains, which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops, all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it would n't, Gluck," said a clear metallic voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me! what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he did n't speak, but he could n't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again; "what *is* that?" He looked again into all the corners, and cupboards, and then began turning round, and round, as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la"; no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time, and clearer notes, every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening, and looked in; yes, he saw right, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up, and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear, and pronunciative.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw, meeting his glance from beneath the gold, the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I 'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice passionately. "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat tails, then a pair of arms stuck a-kimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping; apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the prismatic colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother of pearl; and, over this brilliant doublet, his hair and beard fell full halfway to the ground in waving curls so exquisitely delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small sharp eyes full on Gluck and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf, conclusively. "No, it wouldn't." And with that, the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and, seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which, he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in, was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and deliberately walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "Oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

CHAPTER III

HOW MR. HANS SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN

The King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit, related in the last chapter, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was, that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question, which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and, having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretense of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains — their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above, shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans's eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practised mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody; then breaking off into short melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines — a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows, and lurid lights, played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous encumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it; and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the East, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the center of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

THE BLACK STONE.

CHAPTER IV

HOW MR. SCHWARTZ SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened and went and told Schwartz in the prison, all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So Schwartz got up early in the morning before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine, in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright; there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the West; and, when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk.

Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz, "I have n't enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist, of the color of blood, had come over the sun; and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you?*" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson cloud into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below, and the thunder above, met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared into his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the

TWO BLACK STONES.

CHAPTER V

HOW LITTLE GLUCK SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN; WITH OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So, after a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little King looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practised on the mountains. He had several bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst. Give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water; "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and, when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And, as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt"; and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it. "Confound the King and his gold, too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right"; for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why did n't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf: "they poured unholy water into my stream; do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir,—your Majesty, I mean,—they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley, and so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light: he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun. And, when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell, a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, towards the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And, as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And, to this day, the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen TWO BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

SECTION V

FABLES AND SYMBOLIC STORIES

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Jacobs, Joseph, *History of the Aesopic Fable.*

The only elaborate and scholarly study in English. Vol. I of a reprint of *Caxton's Aesop.* [Bibliothèque de Carabas Series.] Published in 1889 in a limited edition and not easily accessible.

Jacobs, Joseph, *The Fables of Aesop.* [Illustrated by Richard Heighway.]

Eighty-two selected fables. The Introduction is a summary of all the essential conclusions reached in the study above.

Wiggin, Kate D., and Smith, Nora A., *The Talking Beasts.*

The best general collection from all fields, including both the folk fable and the modern literary fable.

Babbitt, Ellen C., *Jataka Tales Retold.*

Dutton, Maude Barrows, *The Tortoise and the Geese, and Other Fables of Bidpai.*

Ramaswami Raju, P. V., *Indian Folk Stories and Fables.*

These three books are excellent for simplified versions of the eastern group. Those desiring to get closer to the sources may refer to Cowell [ed.], *The Jataka, or Stories of the Buddha's Former Births;* Rhys-Davids, *Buddhist Birth Stories;* Keith-Falconer, *Bidpai's Fables.*

SUGGESTIONS FOR READING

It is possible to piece out a very satisfactory account of the nature and history of the traditional fable by looking up in any good encyclopedia the brief articles under the following heads: Folklore, Fable, Parable, Apologue, Æsop, Demetrius of Phalerum, Babrias, Phaedrus, Avian, Romulus, Maximus Planudes, Jataka, Bidpai, Panchatantra, Hitopadesa.

For a popular account of the whole philosophy of the apologue consult Newbigging, *Fables and Fabulists: Ancient and Modern.*

For distinctions between various kinds of symbolic tales see Canby, *The Short Story in English* (pp. 23 ff.); Trench, *Notes on the Parables* (Introduction); Smith, "The Fable and Kindred Forms," *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, Vol. XIV, p. 519.

For origins and parallels read Müller, "On the Migration of Fables," *Selected Essays*, Vol. I (reprinted in large part in Warner, *Library of the World's Best Literature*, Vol. XVIII); Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, Vol. I, p. 266, and Vol. II, p. 432. The more general treatises on folklore all touch on these problems.

For suggestions on the use of fables with children see MacClintock, *Literature in the Elementary School* (chap. xi); Adler, *Moral Instruction of Children* (chaps. vii and viii); McMurry, *Special Method in Reading in the Grades* (p. 70).

For a clear and helpful account of the French writers of fables, the most important modern group, read Collins, *La Fontaine and Other French Fabulists.* Representative examples are given in most excellent translation. The best complete translation of La Fontaine is by Elizur Wright; of Krylov, in verse by I. H. Harrison, in prose by W. R. S. Ralston; of Yriarte, by R. Rockliffe. Gay's complete collection may be found in any edition of his poems.

Satisfactory collections of proverbial sayings useful in finding expressions for the wisdom found in fables are Christy, *Proverbs, Maxims, and Phrases of All Ages;* Hazlitt, *English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases;* Trench, *Proverbs and Their Lessons.*

A book of great suggestive value covering the whole field of the prose story is Fansler, *Types of Prose Narratives.* It contains elaborate classifications, discussions and examples of each type, and an extended bibliography. Pp. 83–127 deal with fables, parables, and allegories.

SECTION V: FABLES AND SYMBOLIC STORIES

INTRODUCTORY

The character and value of fables. Some one has pointed out that there are two kinds of ideals by which we are guided in life and that these ideals may be compared to lighthouses and lanterns. By means of the lighthouse, remote and lofty, we are able to lay a course and to know at any time whether we are headed in the right direction. But while we are moving along a difficult road we need more immediate illumination to avoid the mudholes and stumbling-places close at hand. We need the humble lantern to show us where we may safely step.

Fables are lanterns by which our feet are guided. They embody the practical rules for everyday uses, rules of prudence that have been tested and approved by untold generations of travelers along the arduous road of life. They chart only minor dangers and difficult places as a rule, but these are the ones with which we are always in direct contact. Being honest because it is the "best policy" is not the highest reason for honesty, but it is what a practical world has found to be best in practice. Fables simply give us the "rules of the road," and these rules contribute greatly to our convenience and safety. Such rules are the result of the common sense of man working upon his everyday problems. To violate one of these practical rules is to be a blunderer, and blundering is a subject for jest rather than bitter denouncement. Hence the humorous and satirical note in fables.

The practical, self-made men of the world, who have done things and inspired others to do them, have always placed great emphasis upon common-sense ideals. Benjamin Franklin, by his *Poor Richard's Almanac*, kept the incentives to industry and thrift before a people who needed to practice these everyday rules if they were to conquer an unwilling wilderness. So well did he do his work that after nearly two hundred years we are still quoting his pithy sayings. It may be that his proverbs were all borrowed, but the rules of the road are not matters for constant experiment. Again, no account of Abraham Lincoln can omit his use of Æsop or of Æsop-like stories to enforce his ideas. His homely stories were so "pat" that there was nothing left for the opposition to say. Only one who grasps the heart of a problem can use concrete illustrations with such effect.

No one really questions the truths enforced by the more familiar fables. But since these teachings are so commonplace and obvious, they cannot be impressed upon us by mere repetition of the teachings as such. To secure the emphasis needed the world gradually evolved a body of striking stories and proverbs by which the standing rules of everyday life are displayed in terms that cling like burrs. "The peculiar value of the fable," says Dr. Adler, "is that they are instantaneous photographs, which reproduce, as it were, in a single flash of light, some one aspect of human nature, and which, excluding everything else, permit the entire attention to be fixed on that one."

Æsop and Bidpai. The type of fable in mind in the above account is that known as the Æsopic, a brief beast-story in which the characters are, as a rule, conventionalized animals, and which points out some practical moral. The fox may represent crafty people, the ass may represent stupid people, the wind may represent boisterous people, the tortoise may represent plodding people who "keep everlastingly at it." When human beings are introduced, such as the Shepherd Boy, or Androcles, or the Travelers, or the Milkmaid, they are as wholly conventionalized as the animals and there is never any doubt as to their motives. Æsop, if he ever existed at all, is said to have been a Greek slave of the sixth century B.C., very ugly and clever, who used fables orally for political purposes and succeeded in gaining his freedom and a high position. Later writers, among them Demetrius of Phalerum about 300 B.C. and Phaedrus about 30 A.D., made versions of fables ascribed to Æsop. Many writers in the Middle Ages brought together increasing numbers of fables under Æsop's name and enlarged upon the few traditional facts in Herodotus about Æsop himself until several hundred fables and an elaborate biography of the supposed author were in existence. Joseph Jacobs said he had counted as many as 700 different fables going under Æsop's name. The number included in a present-day book of Æsop usually varies from 200 to 350. Another name associated with the making of fables is that of Bidpai (or Pilpay), said to have been a philosopher attached to the court of some oriental king. Bidpai, a name which means "head scholar," is a more shadowy figure even than Æsop. What we can be sure of is that there were two centers, Greece and India, from which fables were diffused. Whether they all came originally from a single source, and, if so, what that source was, are questions still debated by scholars.

Modern fabulists. Modern fables are no more possible than a new Mother Goose or a new fairy story. For modern times the method of the fable is "at once too simple and too roundabout. Too roundabout; for the truths we have to tell we prefer to speak out directly and not by way of allegory. And the truths the fable has to teach are too simple to correspond to the facts in our complex civilization." No modern fabulist has duplicated in his field the success of Hans Christian Andersen in the field of the nursery story. A few fables from La Fontaine, a few from Krylov, one or two each from Gay, Cowper, Yriarte, and Lessing may be used to good advantage with children. The general broadening of literary variety has, of course, given us in recent times many valuable stories of the symbolistic kind. Suggestive parable-like or allegorical stories, such as a few of Hawthorne's in *Twice Told Tales* and *Mosses from an Old Manse*, or a few of Tolstoy's short tales, are simple enough for children.

The use of fables in school. Not all fables are good for educational purposes. There is, however, plenty of room for choice, and those that present points of view no longer accepted by the modern world should be eliminated from the list. Objections based on the unreality of the fables, their "unnatural natural history," are hardly valid. Rousseau's elimination of fables from his scheme of education in *Emile* is based on this objection and on the further point that the child will often sympathize with the wrong character in the story, thus going astray in the moral lesson. Other objectors down to the present day simply echo Rousseau. Such a view does little justice to the child's natural sense of values. He is certain to see that the Frog is foolish in competing with the Ox in size, and certain to recognize the common sense of the Country Mouse. He will no more be deceived by a fable than he will by the painted clown in a circus.

The oral method of presentation is the ideal one. Tell the story in as vivid a form as possible. In the earlier grades the interest in the story may be a sufficient end, but almost from the beginning children will see the lesson intended. They will catch the phrases that have come from fables into our everyday speech. Thus, "sour grapes," "dog in the manger," "to blow hot and cold," "to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs," "to cry 'Wolf!'" will take on more significant meanings. If some familiar proverb goes hand in hand with the story, it will help the point to take fast hold in the mind. Applications of the fable to real events should be encouraged. That is what fables were made for and that is where their chief value for us is still manifest. Only a short time need be spent on any one fable, but every opportunity should be taken to call up and apply the fables already learned. For they are not merely for passing amusement, nor is their value confined to childhood. Listen to John Locke, one of the "hardest-headed" of philosophers: "As soon as a child has learned to read, it is desirable to place in his hands pleasant books, suited to his capacity, wherein the entertainment that he finds might draw him on, and reward his pains in reading; and yet not such as should fill his head with perfectly useless trumpery, or lay the principles of vice and folly. To this purpose I think *Æsop's Fables* the best, which being stories apt to delight and entertain a child, may yet afford useful reflections to a grown man, and if his memory retain them all his life after, he will not repent to find them there, amongst his manly thoughts and serious business."

The best Æsop collection for teachers and pupils alike is *The Fables of Æsop*, edited by Joseph Jacobs. It contains eighty-two selected fables, including those that are most familiar and most valuable for children. The versions are standards of what such retellings should be, and may well serve as models for teachers in their presentation of other short symbolic stories. The introduction, "A Short History of the Æsopic Fable," and the notes at the end of the book contain, in concise form, all the practical information needed. The text of the Jacobs versions was the one selected for reproduction in Dr. Eliot's *Harvard Classics*. Nos. 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 213, and 233 in the following group are by Mr. Jacobs. The other Æsopic fables given are from various collections of the traditional versions. Almost any of the many reprints called Æsop are satisfactory for fables not found in Jacobs. Perhaps the one most common in recent times is that made by Thomas James in 1848, which had the good fortune to be illustrated by Tenniel. The versions are brief and not overloaded with editorial "filling."

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THE SHEPHERD'S BOY

There was once a young Shepherd Boy who tended his sheep at the foot of a mountain near a dark forest. It was rather lonely for him all day, so he thought upon a plan by which he could get a little company and some excitement. He rushed down towards the village calling out "Wolf! Wolf!" and the villagers came out to meet him, and some of them stopped with him for a considerable time. This pleased the boy so much that a few days afterwards he tried the same trick, and again the villagers came to his help. But shortly after this a Wolf actually did come out from the forest, and began to worry the sheep, and the boy of course cried out "Wolf! Wolf!" still louder than before. But this time the villagers, who had been fooled twice before, thought the boy was again deceiving them, and nobody stirred to come to his help. So the Wolf made a good meal off the boy's flock, and when the boy complained, the wise man of the village said:

"A liar will not be believed, even when he speaks the truth."

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THE LION AND THE MOUSE

Once when a Lion was asleep a little Mouse began running up and down upon him; this soon wakened the Lion, who placed his huge paw upon him and opened his big jaws to swallow him. "Pardon, O King," cried the little Mouse; "forgive me this time; I shall never forget it. Who knows but what I may be able to do you a good turn some of these days?" The Lion was so tickled at the idea of the Mouse being able to help him, that he lifted up his paw and let him go. Some time after the Lion was caught in a trap, and the hunters, who desired to carry him alive to the King, tied him to a tree while they went in search of a wagon to carry him on. Just then the little Mouse happened to pass by, and seeing the sad plight in which the Lion was, went up to him and soon gnawed away the ropes that bound the King of the Beasts. "Was I not right?" said the little Mouse.

Little friends may prove great friends.

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THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

A Crow, half-dead with thirst, came upon a Pitcher which had once been full of water; but when the Crow put its beak into the mouth of the Pitcher he found that only very little water was left in it, and that he could not reach far enough down to get at it. He tried and he tried, but at last had to give up in despair. Then a thought came to him, and he took a pebble and dropped it into the Pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped it into the Pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the Pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the Pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the Pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the Pitcher. At last, at last, he saw the water mount up near him; and after casting in a few more pebbles he was able to quench his thirst and save his life.

Little by little does the trick.

208

THE FROG AND THE OX

"Oh, Father," said a little Frog to the big one sitting by the side of a pool, "I have seen such a terrible monster! It was as big as a mountain, with horns on its head, and a long tail, and it had hoofs divided in two."

"Tush, child, tush," said the old Frog, "that was only Farmer White's Ox. It is n't so big either; he may be a little bit taller than I, but I could easily make myself quite as broad; just you see." So he blew himself out, and blew himself out, and blew himself out. "Was he as big as that?" asked he.

"Oh, much bigger than that," said the young Frog.

Again the old one blew himself out, and asked the young one if the Ox was as big as that.

"Bigger, Father, bigger," was the reply.

So the Frog took a deep breath, and blew and blew and blew, and swelled and swelled and swelled. And then he said: "I'm sure the Ox is not as big as —" But at this moment he burst.

Self-conceit may lead to self-destruction.

209

THE FROGS DESIRING A KING

Frogs were living as happy as could be in a marshy swamp that just suited them; they went splashing about, caring for nobody and nobody troubling with them. But some of them thought that this was not right, that they should have a king and a proper constitution, so they determined to send up a petition to Jove to give them what they wanted. "Mighty Jove," they cried, "send unto us a king that will rule over us and keep us in order." Jove laughed at their croaking, and threw down into the swamp a huge Log, which came down —kersplash—into the water. The Frogs were frightened out of their lives by the commotion made in their midst, and all rushed to the bank to look at the horrible monster; but after a time, seeing that it did not move, one or two of the boldest of them ventured out towards the Log, and even dared to touch it; still it did not move. Then the greatest hero of the Frogs jumped upon the Log and commenced dancing up and down upon it; thereupon all the Frogs came and did the same; and for some time the Frogs went about their business every day without taking the slightest notice of their new King Log lying in their midst. But this did not suit them, so they sent another petition to Jove, and said to him: "We want a real king; one that will really rule over us." Now this made Jove angry, so he sent among them a big Stork that soon set to work gobbling them all up. Then the Frogs repented when too late.

Better no rule than cruel rule.

210

The following fable is found in the folklore of many countries. Its lesson of consolation for those who are not blessed with abundance of worldly goods may account for its widespread popularity. Independence and freedom from fear have advantages that make up for poorer fare.

THE FIELD MOUSE AND THE TOWN MOUSE

A Field Mouse had a friend who lived in a house in town. Now the Town Mouse was asked by the Field Mouse to dine with him, and out he went and sat down to a meal of corn and wheat.

"Do you know, my friend," said he, "that you live a mere ant's life out here? Why, I have all kinds of things at home. Come, and enjoy them."

So the two set off for town, and there the Town Mouse showed his beans and meal, his dates, too, and his cheese and fruit and honey. And as the Field Mouse ate, drank, and was merry, he thought how rich his friend was, and how poor he was.

But as they ate, a man all at once opened the door, and the Mice were in such a fear that they ran into a crack.

Then, when they would eat some nice figs, in came a maid to get a pot of honey or a bit of cheese; and when they saw her, they hid in a hole.

Then the Field Mouse would eat no more, but said to the Town Mouse, "Do as you like, my good friend; eat all you want and have your fill of good things, but you will be always in fear of your life. As for me, poor Mouse, who have only corn and wheat, I will live on at home in no fear of any one."

211

This simple poem is based upon the old fable preceding. It does not follow out the idea of the fable, but limits itself to awakening our sympathy for the garden mouse.

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE GARDEN MOUSE

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

The city mouse lives in a house; —
  The garden mouse lives in a bower;
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
  And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese; —
  The garden mouse eats what he can;
We will not grudge him seeds and stocks,
  Poor little timid furry man.

212

The most famous use of this fable in literature is found in the *Satires* of the great Roman poet Horace (B.C. 65–8). He is regarded as one of the most polished of writers, and the ancient world's most truthful painter of social life and manners. Horace had a country seat among the Sabine hills to which he could retire from the worries and distractions of the world. His delight in his Sabine farm is shown clearly in his handling of the story. The passage is a part of Book II, Satire 6, and is in Conington's translation. Some well-known appearances of this same fable in English poetry may be found in Prior and Montagu's *City Mouse and Country Mouse* and in Pope's *Imitations of Horace.*

THE COUNTRY MOUSE AND THE TOWN MOUSE

HORACE

One day a country mouse in his poor home
Received an ancient friend, a mouse from Rome.
The host, though close and careful, to a guest
Could open still; so now he did his best.
He spares not oats or vetches; in his chaps
Raisins he brings, and nibbled bacon-scraps,
Hoping by varied dainties to entice
His town-bred guest, so delicate and nice.
Who condescended graciously to touch
Thing after thing, but never would take much,
While he, the owner of the mansion, sate
On threshed-out straw, and spelt and darnels ate.
At length the town mouse cries, "I wonder how
You can live here, friend, on this hill's rough brow!
Take my advice, and leave these ups and downs,
This hill and dale, for humankind and towns.
Come, now, go home with me; remember, all
Who live on earth are mortal, great and small.
Then take, good sir, your pleasure while you may;
With life so short, 'twere wrong to lose a day."
This reasoning made the rustic's head turn round;
Forth from his hole he issues with a bound,
And they two make together for their mark,
In hopes to reach the city during dark.
The midnight sky was bending over all,
When they set foot within a stately hall,
Where couches of wrought ivory had been spread
With gorgeous coverlets of Tyrian red,
And viands piled up high in baskets lay,
The relics of a feast of yesterday.
The town mouse does the honors, lays his guest
At ease upon a couch with crimson dressed,
Then nimbly moves in character of host,
And offers in succession boiled and roast;
Nay, like a well-trained slave, each wish prevents,
And tastes before the titbits he presents.
The guest, rejoicing in his altered fare,
Assumes in turn a genial diner's air,
When, hark, a sudden banging of the door!
Each from his couch is tumbled on the floor.
Half dead, they scurry round the room, poor things,
While the whole house with barking mastiffs rings.
Then says the rustic, "It may do for you,
This life, but I don't like it; so, adieu.
Give me my hole, secure from all alarms;
I'll prove that tares and vetches still have charms."

213

The following is the Androcles story as retold by Jacobs. Scholars think this fable is clearly oriental in its origin, constituting as it does a sort of appeal to tyrannical rulers for leniency toward their subjects.

ANDROCLES

A Slave named Androcles once escaped from his master and fled to the forest. As he was wandering about there he came upon a Lion lying down moaning and groaning. At first he turned to flee, but finding that the Lion did not pursue him, he turned back and went up to him. As he came near, the Lion put out his paw, which was all swollen and bleeding, and Androcles found that a huge thorn had got into it, and was causing all the pain. He pulled out the thorn and bound up the paw of the Lion, who was soon able to rise and lick the hand of Androcles like a dog. Then the Lion took Androcles to his cave, and every day used to bring him meat from which to live. But shortly afterwards both Androcles and the Lion were captured, and the slave was sentenced to be thrown to the Lion, after the latter had been kept without food for several days. The Emperor and all his Court came to see the spectacle, and Androcles was led out into the middle of the arena. Soon the Lion was let loose from his den, and rushed bounding and roaring towards his victim. But as soon as he came near to Androcles he recognized his friend, and fawned upon him, and licked his hands like a friendly dog. The Emperor, surprised at this, summoned Androcles to him, who told him the whole story. Whereupon the slave was pardoned and freed, and the Lion let loose to his native forest.

Gratitude is the sign of noble souls.

214

The preceding fable is here given in the form used in Thomas Day's very famous, but probably little read, *History of Sandford and Merton*. (See No. 380.) Day's use of the story is probably responsible for its modern popularity. Jacobs points out that it dropped out of Æsop, although it was in some of the medieval fable books. A very similar tale, "Of the Remembrance of Benefits," is in the *Gesta Romanorum* (Tale 104). The most striking use of the fable in modern literature is in George Bernard Shaw's play *Androcles*. It will be instructive to compare the force of Day's rather heavy and slow telling of the story with that of the concise, unelaborated version by Jacobs.

ANDROCLES AND THE LION

THOMAS DAY

There was a certain slave named Androcles, who was so ill-treated by his master that his life became insupportable. Finding no remedy for what he suffered, he at length said to himself, "It is better to die than to continue to live in such hardships and misery as I am obliged to suffer. I am determined therefore to run away from my master. If I am taken again, I know that I shall be punished with a cruel death; but it is better to die at once than to live in misery. If I escape, I must betake myself to deserts and woods, inhabited only by wild beasts; but they cannot use me more cruelly than I have been used by my fellow-creatures. Therefore I will rather trust myself with them than continue to be a miserable slave."

Having formed this resolution, he took an opportunity of leaving his master's house, and hid himself in a thick forest, which was at some miles' distance from the city. But here the unhappy man found that he had only escaped from one kind of misery to experience another. He wandered about all day through a vast and trackless wood, where his flesh was continually torn by thorns and brambles. He grew hungry, but could find no food in this dreary solitude. At length he was ready to die with fatigue, and lay down in despair in a large cavern which he found by accident.

This unfortunate man had not lain long quiet in the cavern, before he heard a dreadful noise, which seemed to be the roar of some wild beast, and terrified him very much. He started up with a design to escape and had already reached the mouth of the cave when he saw coming towards him a lion of prodigious size, who prevented any possibility of retreat. The unfortunate man then believed his destruction to be inevitable; but, to his great astonishment, the beast advanced towards him with a gentle pace, without any mark of enmity or rage, and uttered a kind of mournful voice, as if he demanded the assistance of the man.

Androcles, who was naturally of a resolute disposition, acquired courage from this circumstance, to examine his monstrous guest, who gave him sufficient leisure for that purpose. He saw, as the lion approached him, that he seemed to limp upon one of his legs and that the foot was extremely swelled as if it had been wounded. Acquiring still more fortitude from the gentle demeanor of the beast, he advanced up to him and took hold of the wounded paw, as a surgeon would examine a patient. He then perceived that a thorn of uncommon size had penetrated the ball of the foot and was the occasion of the swelling and lameness he had observed. Androcles found that the beast, far from resenting this familiarity, received it with the greatest gentleness and seemed to invite him by his blandishments to proceed. He therefore extracted the thorn, and, pressing the swelling, discharged a considerable quantity of matter, which had been the cause of so much pain and uneasiness.

As soon as the beast felt himself thus relieved, he began to testify his joy and gratitude by every expression within his power. He jumped about like a wanton spaniel, wagged his enormous tail, and licked the feet and hands of his physician. Nor was he contented with these demonstrations of kindness; from this moment Androcles became his guest; nor did the lion ever sally forth in quest of prey without bringing home the produce of his chase and sharing it with his friend. In this savage state of hospitality did the man continue to live during the space of several months. At length, wandering unguardedly through the woods, he met with a company of soldiers sent out to apprehend him, and was by them taken prisoner and conducted back to his master. The laws of that country being very severe against slaves, he was tried and found guilty of having fled from his master, and, as a punishment for his pretended crime, he was sentenced to be torn in pieces by a furious lion, kept many days without food to inspire him with additional rage.

When the destined moment arrived, the unhappy man was exposed, unarmed, in the midst of a spacious area, enclosed on every side, round which many thousand people were assembled to view the mournful spectacle.

Presently a dreadful yell was heard, which struck the spectators with horror; and a monstrous lion rushed out of a den, which was purposely set open, and darted forward with erected mane, and flaming eyes, and jaws that gaped like an open sepulchre.—A mournful silence instantly prevailed! All eyes were turned upon the destined victim, whose destruction now appeared inevitable. But the pity of the multitude was soon converted into astonishment, when they beheld the lion, instead of destroying his defenceless prey, crouch submissively at his feet; fawn upon him as a faithful dog would do upon his master, and rejoice over him as a mother that unexpectedly recovers her offspring. The governor of the town, who was present, then called out with a loud voice and ordered Androcles to explain to them this unintelligible mystery, and how a savage beast of the fiercest and most unpitying nature should thus in a moment have forgotten his innate disposition, and be converted into a harmless and inoffensive animal.

Androcles then related to the assembly every circumstance of his adventures in the woods, and concluded by saying that the very lion which now stood before them had been his friend and entertainer in the woods. All the persons present were astonished and delighted with the story, to find that even the fiercest beasts are capable of being softened by gratitude and moved by humanity; and they unanimously joined to entreat for the pardon of the unhappy man from the governor of the place. This was immediately granted to him, and he was also presented with the lion, who had in this manner twice saved the life of Androcles.

215

THE WIND AND THE SUN

A dispute once arose between the North Wind and the Sun as to which was the stronger of the two. Seeing a Traveler on his way, they agreed to try which could the sooner get his cloak off him. The North Wind began, and sent a furious blast, which, at the onset, nearly tore the cloak from its fastenings; but the Traveler, seizing the garment with a firm grip, held it round his body so tightly that Boreas spent his remaining force in vain.

The Sun, dispelling the clouds that had gathered, then darted his genial beams on the Traveler's head. Growing faint with the heat, the Man flung off his coat and ran for protection to the nearest shade.

Mildness governs more than anger.

216

The following brief fable has given us one of the best known expressions in common speech, "killing the goose that lays the golden eggs." People who never heard of Æsop know what that expression means. It is easy to connect the fable with our "get rich quick" craze. (Compare with No. 254.)

THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS

A certain Man had a Goose that laid him a golden egg every day. Being of a covetous turn, he thought if he killed his Goose he should come at once to the source of his treasure. So he killed her and cut her open, but great was his dismay to find that her inside was in no way different from that of any other goose.

Greediness overreaches itself.

217

The most successful of modern literary fabulists was the French poet Jean de la Fontaine (1621–1695). A famous critic has said that his fables delight the child with their freshness and vividness, the student of literature with their consummate art, and the experienced man with their subtle reflections on life and character. He drew most of his stories from Æsop and other sources. While he dressed the old fables in the brilliant style of his own day, he still succeeded in being essentially simple and direct. A few of his 240 fables may be used to good effect with children, though they have their main charm for the more sophisticated older reader. (See Nos. 234, 241, and 242.) The best complete translation is that made in 1841 by Elizur Wright, an American scholar. The following version is from his translation. Notice that La Fontaine has changed the goose to a hen.

THE HEN WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS

LA FONTAINE

How avarice loseth all,
  By striving all to gain,
I need no witness call
  But him whose thrifty hen,
As by the fable we are told,
Laid every day an egg of gold.
"She hath a treasure in her body,"
Bethinks the avaricious noddy.
He kills and opens—vexed to find
  All things like hens of common kind.
Thus spoil'd the source of all his riches,
To misers he a lesson teaches.
  In these last changes of the moon,
    How often doth one see
    Men made as poor as he
  By force of getting rich too soon!

218

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

A Wolf wrapped himself in the skin of a Sheep and by that means got admission into a sheep-fold, where he devoured several of the young Lambs. The Shepherd, however, soon found him out and hung him up to a tree, still in his disguise.

Some other Shepherds, passing that way, thought it was a Sheep hanging, and cried to their friend, "What, brother! is that the way you serve Sheep in this part of the country?"

"No, friends," cried he, turning the hanging body around so that they might see what it was; "but it is the way to serve Wolves, even though they be dressed in Sheep's clothing."

The credit got by a lie lasts only till the truth comes out.

219

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

The Hare one day laughed at the Tortoise for his short feet, slowness, and awkwardness.

"Though you may be swift as the wind," replied the Tortoise good-naturedly, "I can beat you in a race."

The Hare looked on the challenge as a great joke, but consented to a trial of speed, and the Fox was selected to act as umpire and hold the stakes.

The rivals started, and the Hare, of course, soon left the Tortoise far behind. Having reached midway to the goal, she began to play about, nibble the young herbage, and amuse herself in many ways. The day being warm, she even thought she would take a little nap in a shady spot, for she thought that if the Tortoise should pass her while she slept, she could easily overtake him again before he reached the end.

The Tortoise meanwhile plodded on, unwavering and unresting, straight towards the goal.

The Hare, having overslept herself, started up from her nap and was surprised to find that the Tortoise was nowhere in sight. Off she went at full speed, but on reaching the winning-post, found that the Tortoise was already there, waiting for her arrival.

Slow and steady wins the race.

220

THE MILLER, HIS SON, AND THEIR ASS

A Miller and his Son were driving their Ass to a neighboring fair to sell him. They had not gone far when they met with a troop of women collected round a well, talking and laughing.

"Look there," cried one of them, "did you ever see such fellows, to be trudging along the road on foot when they might ride?"

The Miller, hearing this, quickly made his Son mount the Ass, and continued to walk along merrily by his side. Presently they came up to a group of old men in earnest debate.

"There," said one of them, "it proves what I was saying. What respect is shown to old age in these days? Do you see that idle lad riding while his old father has to walk? Get down, you young scapegrace, and let the old man rest his weary limbs."

Upon this, the Miller made his Son dismount, and got up himself. In this manner they had not proceeded far when they met a company of women and children.

"Why, you lazy old fellow," cried several tongues at once, "how can you ride upon the beast while that poor little lad there can hardly keep pace by the side of you?"

The good-natured Miller immediately took up his Son behind him. They had now almost reached the town.

"Pray, honest friend," said a citizen, "is that Ass your own?"

"Yes," replied the old man.

"Oh, one would not have thought so," said the other, "by the way you load him. Why, you two fellows are better able to carry the poor beast than he you."

"Anything to please you," said the Miller; "we can but try."

So, alighting with his Son, they tied the legs of the Ass together, and by the help of a pole endeavored to carry him on their shoulders over a bridge near the entrance of the town. This entertaining sight brought the people in crowds to laugh at it, till the Ass, not liking the noise nor the strange handling that he was subject to, broke the cords that bound him and, tumbling off the pole, fell into the river. Upon this, the old man, vexed and ashamed, made the best of his way home again, convinced that by trying to please everybody he had pleased nobody, and lost his Ass into the bargain.

He who tries to please everybody pleases nobody.

221

THE TRAVELERS AND THE BEAR

Two Men, about to journey through a forest, agreed to stand by each other in any dangers that might befall. They had not gone far before a savage Bear rushed out from a thicket and stood in their path. One of the Travelers, a light, nimble fellow, got up into a tree. The other, seeing that there was no chance to defend himself single-handed, fell flat on his face and held his breath. The Bear came up and smelled at him, and taking him for dead, went off again into the wood. The Man in the tree came down and, rejoining his companion, asked him, with a sly smile, what was the wonderful secret which he had seen the Bear whisper into his ear.

"Why," replied the other, "he told me to take care for the future and not to put any confidence in such cowardly rascals as you are."

Trust not fine promises.

222

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES

A Lark, who had Young Ones in a field of grain which was almost ripe, was afraid that the reapers would come before her young brood were fledged. So every day when she flew off to look for food, she charged them to take note of what they heard in her absence and to tell her of it when she came home.

One day when she was gone, they heard the owner of the field say to his son that the grain seemed ripe enough to be cut, and tell him to go early the next day and ask their friends and neighbors to come and help reap it.

When the old Lark came home, the Little Ones quivered and chirped round her and told her what had happened, begging her to take them away as fast as she could. The mother bade them be easy; "for," said she, "if he depends on his friends and his neighbors, I am sure the grain will not be reaped to-morrow."

Next day she went out again and left the same orders as before. The owner came, and waited. The sun grew hot, but nothing was done, for not a soul came. "You see," said the owner to his son, "these friends of ours are not to be depended upon; so run off at once to your uncles and cousins, and say I wish them to come early to-morrow morning and help us reap."

This the Young Ones, in a great fright, told also to their mother. "Do not fear, children," said she. "Kindred and relations are not always very forward in helping one another; but keep your ears open and let me know what you hear to-morrow."

The owner came the next day, and, finding his relations as backward as his neighbors, said to his son, "Now listen to me. Get two good sickles ready for to-morrow morning, for it seems we must reap the grain by ourselves."

The Young Ones told this to their mother.

"Then, my dears," said she, "it is time for us to go; for when a man undertakes to do his work himself, it is not so likely that he will be disappointed." She took away her Young Ones at once, and the grain was reaped the next day by the old man and his son.

Depend upon yourself alone.

223

THE OLD MAN AND HIS SONS

An Old Man had several Sons, who were always falling out with one another. He had often, but to no purpose, exhorted them to live together in harmony. One day he called them around him and, producing a bundle of sticks, bade them try each in turn to break it across. Each put forth all his strength, but the bundle resisted their efforts. Then, cutting the cord which bound the sticks together, he told his Sons to break them separately. This was done with the greatest ease.

"See, my Sons," exclaimed he, "the power of unity! Bound together by brotherly love, you may defy almost every mortal ill; divided, you will fall a prey to your enemies."

A house divided against itself cannot stand.

224

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A Fox, just at the time of the vintage, stole into a vineyard where the ripe sunny Grapes were trellised up on high in most tempting show. He made many a spring and a jump after the luscious prize; but, failing in all his attempts, he muttered as he retreated, "Well! what does it matter! The Grapes are sour!"

225

THE WIDOW AND THE HEN

A Widow woman kept a Hen that laid an egg every morning. Thought the woman to herself, "If I double my Hen's allowance of barley, she will lay twice a day." So she tried her plan, and the Hen became so fat and sleek that she left off laying at all.

Figures are not always facts.

226

THE KID AND THE WOLF

A Kid being mounted on the roof of a lofty house and seeing a Wolf pass below, began to revile him. The Wolf merely stopped to reply, "Coward! it is not you who revile me, but the place on which you are standing."

227

THE MAN AND THE SATYR

A Man and a Satyr having struck up an acquaintance, sat down together to eat. The day being wintry and cold, the Man put his fingers to his mouth and blew upon them.

"What's that for, my friend?" asked the Satyr.

"My hands are so cold," said the Man, "I do it to warm them."

In a little while some hot food was placed before them, and the Man, raising the dish to his mouth, again blew upon it. "And what's the meaning of that, now?" said the Satyr.

"Oh," replied the Man, "my porridge is so hot I do it to cool it."

"Nay, then," said the Satyr, "from this moment I renounce your friendship, for I will have nothing to do with one who blows hot and cold with the same mouth."

228

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW

A Dog had stolen a piece of meat out of a butcher's shop, and was crossing a river on his way home, when he saw his own shadow reflected in the stream below. Thinking that it was another dog with another piece of meat, he resolved to make himself master of that also; but in snapping at the supposed treasure, he dropped the bit he was carrying, and so lost all.

Grasp at the shadow and lose the substance—the common fate of those who hazard a real blessing for some visionary good.

229

THE SWALLOW AND THE RAVEN

The Swallow and the Raven contended which was the finer bird. The Raven ended by saying, "Your beauty is but for the summer, but mine will stand many winters."

Durability is better than show.

230

MERCURY AND THE WOODMAN

A Woodman was felling a tree on the bank of a river, and by chance let slip his axe into the water, when it immediately sank to the bottom. Being thereupon in great distress, he sat down by the side of the stream and lamented his loss bitterly. But Mercury, whose river it was, taking compassion on him, appeared at the instant before him; and hearing from him the cause of his sorrow, dived to the bottom of the river, and bringing up a golden axe, asked the Woodman if that were his. Upon the Man's denying it, Mercury dived a second time, and brought up one of silver. Again the Man denied that it was his. So diving a third time, he produced the identical axe which the Man had lost. "That is mine!" said the Woodman, delighted to have recovered his own; and so pleased was Mercury with the fellow's truth and honesty that he at once made him a present of the other two.

The Man goes to his companions, and giving them an account of what had happened to him, one of them determined to try whether he might not have the like good fortune. So repairing to the same place, as if for the purpose of cutting wood, he let slip his axe on purpose into the river and then sat down on the bank and made a great show of weeping. Mercury appeared as before, and hearing from him that his tears were caused by the loss of his axe, dived once more into the stream; and bringing up a golden axe, asked him if that was the axe he had lost.

"Aye, surely," said the Man, eagerly; and he was about to grasp the treasure, when Mercury, to punish his impudence and lying, not only refused to give him that, but would not so much as restore him his own axe again.

Honesty is the best policy.

231

THE MICE IN COUNCIL

Once upon a time the Mice being sadly distressed by the persecution of the Cat, resolved to call a meeting to decide upon the best means of getting rid of this continual annoyance. Many plans were discussed and rejected.

At last a young Mouse got up and proposed that a Bell should be hung round the Cat's neck, that they might for the future always have notice of her coming and so be able to escape. This proposition was hailed with the greatest applause, and was agreed to at once unanimously. Upon this, an old Mouse, who had sat silent all the while, got up and said that he considered the contrivance most ingenious, and that it would, no doubt, be quite successful; but he had only one short question to put; namely, which of them it was who would Bell the Cat?

It is one thing to propose, another to execute.

232

THE MOUNTEBANK AND THE COUNTRYMAN

A certain wealthy patrician, intending to treat the Roman people with some theatrical entertainment, publicly offered a reward to any one who would produce a novel spectacle. Incited by emulation, artists arrived from all parts to contest the prize, among whom a well-known witty Mountebank gave out that he had a new kind of entertainment that had never yet been produced on any stage. This report, being spread abroad, brought the whole city together. The theater could hardly contain the number of spectators. And when the artist appeared alone upon the stage, without any apparatus or any assistants, curiosity and suspense kept the spectators in profound silence. On a sudden he thrust down his head into his bosom, and mimicked the squeaking of a young pig so naturally that the audience insisted upon it that he had one under his cloak and ordered him to be searched, which, being done and nothing appearing, they loaded him with the most extravagant applause.

A Countryman among the audience observed what passed. "Oh!" says he, "I can do better than this"; and immediately gave out that he would perform the next day. Accordingly on the morrow a yet greater crowd was collected. Prepossessed, however, in favor of the Mountebank, they came rather to laugh at the Countryman than to pass a fair judgment on him. They both came out upon the stage. The Mountebank grunts away at first, and calls forth the greatest clapping and applause. Then the Countryman, pretending that he concealed a little pig under his garments (and he had, in fact, really got one) pinched its ear till he made it squeak. The people cried out that the Mountebank had imitated the pig much more naturally, and hooted to the Countryman to quit the stage; but he, to convict them to their face, produced the real pig from his bosom. "And now, gentlemen, you may see," said he, "what a pretty sort of judges you are!"

It is easier to convict a man against his senses than against his will.

233

Stories dealing with the disastrous effects of "day-dreaming" are very common in the world's literature. The three selections that follow are given as very familiar samples for comparison. The first is a simple version by Jacobs.

THE MILKMAID AND HER PAIL

Patty, the Milkmaid, was going to market, carrying her milk in a Pail on her head. As she went along she began calculating what she could do with the money she would get for the milk. "I'll buy some fowls from Farmer Brown," said she, "and they will lay eggs each morning, which I will sell to the parson's wife. With the money that I get from the sale of these eggs I'll buy myself a new dimity frock and a chip hat; and when I go to market, won't all the young men come up and speak to me! Polly Shaw will be that jealous; but I don't care. I shall just look at her and toss my head like this." As she spoke, she tossed her head back, the Pail fell off it and all the milk was spilt. So she had to go home and tell her mother what had occurred.

"Ah, my child," said her mother,

"Do not count your chickens before they are hatched."

234

The next is Wright's translation of La Fontaine's famous fable on the day-dreaming theme. Notice how much more complicated its application becomes in contrast with the obvious truth of the proverb in the preceding version. La Fontaine is responsible for the story's popularity in modern times. The most fascinating study on the way fables have come down to us is Max Müller's "On the Migration of Fables," in which he follows this story from India through all its many changes until it reaches us in La Fontaine.

THE DAIRYWOMAN AND THE POT OF MILK

LA FONTAINE

A pot of milk upon her cushioned crown.
Good Peggy hastened to the market town;

Short clad and light, with speed she went,
Not fearing any accident;
Indeed, to be the nimble tripper,
Her dress that day,
The truth to say,
Was simple petticoat and slipper.
And thus bedight,
Good Peggy, light,—
Her gains already counted,—
Laid out the cash
At single dash,
Which to a hundred eggs amounted.
Three nests she made,
Which, by the aid
Of diligence and care, were hatched.
"To raise the chicks,
I'll easy fix,"
Said she, "beside our cottage thatched.
The fox must get
More cunning yet,
Or leave enough to buy a pig.
With little care
And any fare,
He'll grow quite fat and big;
And then the price
Will be so nice,
For which the pork will sell!
'Twill go quite hard
But in our yard
I'll bring a cow and calf to dwell—
A calf to frisk among the flock!"
The thought made Peggy do the same;
And down at once the milk-pot came,
And perished with the shock.
Calf, cow, and pig, and chicks, adieu!
Your mistress' face is sad to view;
She gives a tear to fortune spilt;
Then with the downcast look of guilt
Home to her husband empty goes,
Somewhat in danger of his blows.
Who buildeth not, sometimes, in air
His cots, or seats, or castles fair?
From kings to dairywomen,—all,—
The wise, the foolish, great and small,—
Each thinks his waking dream the best.
Some flattering error fills the breast:
The world with all its wealth is ours,
Its honors, dames, and loveliest bowers.
Instinct with valor, when alone,
I hurl the monarch from his throne;
The people, glad to see him dead,
Elect me monarch in his stead,
And diadems rain on my head.
Some accident then calls me back,
And I'm no more than simple Jack.

235

The day-dreaming idea is next presented in the form found in the story of the barber's fifth brother in the *Arabian Nights*. Would this story be any more effective if it had a paragraph at the end stating and emphasizing the moral?

THE STORY OF ALNASCHAR

Alnaschar, my fifth brother, was very lazy, and of course wretchedly poor. On the death of our father we divided his property, and each of us received a hundred drachms of silver for his share. Alnaschar, who hated labor, laid out his money in fine glasses, and having displayed his stock to the best advantage in a large basket, he took his stand in the market-place, with his back against the wall, waiting for customers. In this posture he indulged in a reverie, talking aloud to himself as follows:

"This glass cost me a hundred drachms of silver, which is all I have in the world. I shall make two hundred by retailing it, and of these very shortly four hundred. It will not be long before these produce four thousand. Money, they say, begets money. I shall soon therefore be possessed of eight thousand, and when these become ten thousand I will no longer be a glass-seller. I will trade in pearls and diamonds; and as I shall become rich apace, I will have a splendid palace, a great estate, slaves, and horses; I will not, however, leave traffic till I have acquired a hundred thousand drachms. Then I shall be as great as a prince, and will assume manners accordingly.

"I will demand the daughter of the grand vizier in marriage, who, no doubt, will be glad of an alliance with a man of my consequence. The marriage ceremony shall be performed with the utmost splendor and magnificence. I will have my horse clothed with the richest housings, ornamented with diamonds and pearls, and will be attended by a number of slaves, all richly dressed, when I go to the vizier's palace to conduct my wife thence to my own. The vizier shall receive me with great pomp, and shall give me the right hand and place me above himself, to do me the more honor. On my return I will appoint two of my handsomest slaves to throw money among the populace, that every one may speak well of my generosity.

"When we arrive at my own palace, I will take great state upon me, and hardly speak to my wife. She shall dress herself in all her ornaments, and stand before me as beautiful as the full moon, but I will not look at her. Her slaves shall draw near and entreat me to cast my eyes upon her; which, after much supplication, I will deign to do, though with great indifference. I will not suffer her to come out of her apartment without my leave; and when I have a mind to visit her there, it shall be in a manner that will make her respect me. Thus will I begin early to teach her what she is to expect the rest of her life.

"When her mother comes to visit her she will intercede with me for her. 'Sir,' she will say (for she will not dare to call me son, for fear of offending me by so much familiarity), 'do not, I beseech, treat my daughter with scorn; she is as beautiful as an Houri, and entirely devoted to you.' But my mother-in-law may as well hold her peace, for I will take no notice of what she says. She will then pour out some wine into a goblet, and give it to my wife, saying, 'Present it to your lord and husband; he will not surely be so cruel as to refuse it from so fair a hand.' My wife will then come with the glass, and stand trembling before me; and when she finds that I do not look on her, but continue to disdain her, she will kneel and entreat me to accept it; but I will continue inflexible. At last, redoubling her tears, she will rise and put the goblet to my lips, when, tired with her importunities, I will dart a terrible look at her and give her such a push with my foot as will spurn her from me." Alnaschar was so interested in this imaginary grandeur that he thrust forth his foot to kick the lady, and by that means overturned his glasses and broke them into a thousand pieces.

236

"The Camel and the Pig" is from P. V. Ramaswami Raju's *Indian Folk Stories and Fables*, an excellent book of adaptations for young readers. The idea that every situation in life has its advantages as well as its disadvantages is one of those common but often overlooked truths which serve so well as the themes of fable. Emerson's "Fable," the story of the quarrel between the mountain and the squirrel, is a most excellent presentation of the same idea (see No. 363). "The Little Elf," by John Kendrick Bangs, makes the same point for smaller folks.

THE CAMEL AND THE PIG

ADAPTED BY P. V. RAMASWAMI RAJU

A camel said, "Nothing like being tall! See how tall I am!"

A Pig who heard these words said, "Nothing like being short; see how short I am!"

The Camel said, "Well, if I fail to prove the truth of what I said, I will give up my hump."

The Pig said, "If I fail to prove the truth of what I have said, I will give up my snout."

"Agreed!" said the Camel.

"Just so!" said the Pig.

They came to a garden inclosed by a low wall without any opening. The Camel stood on this side the wall, and, reaching the plants within by means of his long neck, made a breakfast on them. Then he turned jeeringly to the Pig, who had been standing at the bottom of the wall, without even having a look at the good things in the garden, and said, "Now, would you be tall or short?"

Next they came to a garden inclosed by a high wall, with a wicket gate at one end. The Pig entered by the gate, and, after having eaten his fill of the vegetables within, came out, laughing at the poor Camel, who had to stay outside, because he was too tall to enter the garden by the gate, and said, "Now, would you be tall or short?"

Then they thought the matter over, and came to the conclusion that the Camel should keep his hump and the Pig his snout, observing,—

"Tall is good, where tall would do;
Of short, again, 'tis also true!"

237

Many scholars have believed that all fables originated in India. The great Indian collection of symbolic stories known as Jataka Tales, or Buddhist Birth Stories, has been called "the oldest, most complete, and most important collection of folklore extant." They are called Birth Stories because each one gives an account of something that happened in connection with the teaching of Buddha in some previous "birth" or incarnation. There are about 550 of these Jatakas, including some 2000 stories. They have now been made accessible in a translation by a group of English scholars and published in six volumes under the general editorship of Professor Cowell. Many of them have long been familiar in eastern collections and have been adapted in recent times for use in schools. Each Jataka is made up of three parts. There is a "story of the present" giving an account of an incident in Buddha's life which calls to his mind a "story of the past" in which he had played a part during a former incarnation. Then, there is a conclusion marking the results. Nos. 237 and 238 are literal translations of Jatakas by T. W. Rhys-Davids in his *Buddhist Birth Stories.* In adapting for children, the stories of the present may be omitted. In fact, everything except the direct story should be eliminated. The "gathas," or verses, were very important in connection with the original purpose of religious teaching, but are only incumbrances in telling the story either for its own sake or for its moral.

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN

At the same time when Brahma-datta was reigning in Benares, the future Buddha was born one of a peasant family; and when he grew up he gained his living by tilling the ground.

At that time a hawker used to go from place to place, trafficking in goods carried by an ass. Now at each place he came to, when he took the pack down from the ass's back, he used to clothe him in a lion's skin and turn him loose in the rice and barley fields. And when the watchmen in the fields saw the ass they dared not go near him, taking him for a lion.

So one day the hawker stopped in a village; and while he was getting his own breakfast cooked, he dressed the ass in a lion's skin and turned him loose in a barley field. The watchmen in the field dared not go up to him; but going home, they published the news. Then all the villagers came out with weapons in their hands; and blowing chanks, and beating drums, they went near the field and shouted. Terrified with the fear of death, the ass uttered a cry—the bray of an ass!

And when he knew him then to be an ass, the future Buddha pronounced the first verse:

"This is not a lion's roaring,
Nor a tiger's nor a panther's;
Dressed in a lion's skin,
'Tis a wretched ass that roars!"

But when the villagers knew the creature to be an ass, they beat him till his bones broke; and, carrying off the lion's skin, went away. Then the hawker came; and seeing the ass fallen into so bad a plight, pronounced the second verse:

"Long might the ass,
Clad in a lion's skin,
Have fed on the barley green;
But he brayed
And that moment he came to ruin."

And even while he was yet speaking the ass died on the spot.

238

THE TALKATIVE TORTOISE

The future Buddha was once born in a minister's family, when Brahma-datta was reigning in Benares; and when he grew up he became the king's adviser in things temporal and spiritual.

Now this king was very talkative; while he was speaking others had no opportunity for a word. And the future Buddha, wanting to cure this talkativeness of his, was constantly seeking for some means of doing so.

At that time there was living, in a pond in the Himalaya mountains, a tortoise. Two young hamsas, or wild ducks, who came to feed there, made friends with him, and one day, when they had become very intimate with him, they said to the tortoise:

"Friend tortoise! the place where we live, at the Golden Cave on Mount Beautiful in the Himalaya country, is a delightful spot. Will you come there with us?

"But how can I get there?"

"We can take you if you can only hold your tongue, and will say nothing to anybody."

"Oh! that I can do. Take me with you."

"That's right," said they. And making the tortoise bite hold of a stick, they themselves took the two ends in their teeth, and flew up into the air.

Seeing him thus carried by the hamsas, some villagers called out, "Two wild ducks are carrying a tortoise along on a stick!" Whereupon the tortoise wanted to say, "If my friends choose to carry me, what is that to you, you wretched slaves!" So just as the swift flight of the wild ducks had brought him over the king's palace in the city of Benares, he let go of the stick he was biting, and falling in the open courtyard, split in two! And there arose a universal cry, "A tortoise has fallen in the open courtyard, and has split in two!"

The king, taking the future Buddha, went to the place, surrounded by his courtiers; and looking at the tortoise, he asked the Bodisat, "Teacher! how comes he to be fallen here?"

The future Buddha thought to himself, "Long expecting, wishing to admonish the king, have I sought for some means of doing so. This tortoise must have made friends with the wild ducks; and they must have made him bite hold of the stick, and have flown up into the air to take him to the hills. But he, being unable to hold his tongue when he hears any one else talk, must have wanted to say something, and let go the stick; and so must have fallen down from the sky, and thus lost his life." And saying, "Truly, O king! those who are called chatter-boxes—people whose words have no end—come to grief like this," he uttered these verses:

"Verily the tortoise killed himself
While uttering his voice;
Though he was holding tight the stick,
By a word himself he slew.

"Behold him then, O excellent by strength!
And speak wise words, not out of season.
You see how, by his talking overmuch,
The tortoise fell into this wretched plight!"

The king saw that he was himself referred to, and said, "O Teacher! are you speaking of us?"

And the Bodisat spake openly, and said, "O great king! be it thou, or be it any other, whoever talks beyond measure meets with some mishap like this."

And the king henceforth refrained himself, and became a man of few words.

239

The following is, also, an oriental story. It is taken from the *Hitopadesa* (Book of Good Counsel), a collection of Sanskrit fables. This collection was compiled from older sources, probably in the main from the *Panchatantra* (Five Books), which belonged to about the fifth century. Observe the emphasis placed upon the teaching of the fable by putting the statement of it at the beginning and recurring to it at the close.

A LION TRICKED BY A RABBIT

He who hath sense hath strength. Where hath he strength who wanteth judgment? See how a lion, when intoxicated with anger, was overcome by a rabbit.

Upon the mountain Mandara there lived a lion, whose name was Durganta (hard to go near), who was very exact in complying with the ordinance for animal sacrifices. So at length all the different species assembled, and in a body represented that, as by his present mode of proceeding the forest would be cleared all at once, if it pleased his Highness, they would each of them in his turn provide him an animal for his daily food. And the lion gave his consent accordingly. Thus every beast delivered his stipulated provision, till at length, it coming to the rabbit's turn, he began to meditate in this manner: "Policy should be practiced by him who would save his life; and I myself shall lose mine if I do not take care. Suppose I lead him after another lion? Who knows how that may turn out for me? I will approach him slowly, as if fatigued."

The lion by this time began to be very hungry; so, seeing the rabbit coming toward him, he called out in a great passion, "What is the reason thou comest so late?"

"Please your Highness," said the rabbit, "as I was coming along I was forcibly detained by another of your species; but having given him my word that I would return immediately, I came here to represent it to your Highness."

"Go quickly," said the lion in a rage, "and show me where this vile wretch may be found!"

Accordingly, the rabbit conducted the lion to the brink of a deep well, where being arrived, "There," said the rabbit, "look down and behold him." At the same time he pointed to the reflected image of the lion in the water, who, swelling with pride and resentment, leaped into the well, as he thought, upon his adversary; and thus put an end to his life.

I repeat, therefore:

He who hath sense hath strength. Where hath he strength who wanteth judgment?

240

Marie de France lived probably in the latter part of the twelfth century and was one of the most striking figures in Middle English literature. She seems to have been born in France, lived much in England, translated from the Anglo-Norman dialect into French, and is spoken of as the first French poet. One of her three works, and the most extensive, is a collection of 103 fables, which she says she translated from the English of King Alfred. Her original, whatever it may have been, is lost. One of her fables, in a translation by Professor W. W. Skeat, is given below. It contains

I never hea
Except you
His voice r
Most clearl
"The same
And flaps h
Each note
The Fox st
Toward the
  But as h
The shephe
The dogs g
The Fox sti
Suggests hi
"Tush!" c
  grieve
'The cock
  him!' '
The Fox at
And opes h
And in a tr
  Too late
How well t
For once hi
In angry la
He 'gins to
To speak, v
"Well," sa
  me;
I curse the
Just when
  keep
Lest evil to

"You believe you are making an example of the grasshopper, but they will choose the ant . . . . they will take the more pleasant part, which is a very natural thing." Another observer said: "As for me, I love neither grasshopper nor ant, neither avarice nor prodigality, neither the miserly people who lend nor the spendthrifts who borrow." These statements represent complex, analytic points of view which are probably outside the range of most children. They will see the grasshopper simply as a type of thorough shiftlessness and the ant as a type of forethought, although La Fontaine does suggest that the ant might on general principles be a little less "tight-fisted." The lesson that idleness is the mother of want, the necessity of looking ahead, of providing for the future, of laying up for a rainy day — these are certainly common-sense conclusions and the only ones the story itself will suggest to the child.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT

LA FONTAINE

A grasshopper gay
Sang the summer away,
And found herself poor
By the winter's first roar.
Of meat or of bread,
Not a morsel she had!
So a begging she went,

"How spent you t
Quoth she, look
At the borrowin
"Night and day t
I sang, if you pl
"You sang! I'
For 'tis plain at a
Now, ma'am, you

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The translation of the follo
of W. Lucas Collins, in
and Other French Fabu
has always been a grea
the French, and the tran
much of the sprightly to

THE COCK, THE THE YOUNG

LA FONTAI

A pert young Mouse, to
was new,
Had once a near escape,
He told his mother, as I
"I crossed the mountain
rise,
And, journeying onwa
As one who had a great
When lo! two creatures
ing eyes, —
The one of gracious mien,
The other fierce and
With high-pitched voice
with alarm;

As 'twere some marvel come from foreign land.)
"With arms raised high
He beat his sides, and made such hideous cry,
That even I,
Brave as I am, thank heaven! had well-nigh fainted:
Straightway I took to flight,
And cursed him left and right.
Ah! but for him, I might have got acquainted
With that sweet creature,
Who bore attractiveness in every feature:
A velvet skin he had, like yours and mine,
A tail so long and fine,
A sweet, meek countenance, a modest air—
Yet, what an eye was there!
I feel that, on the whole,
He must have strong affinities of soul
With our great race—our ears are shaped the same.
I should have made my bow, and asked his name,
But at the fearful cry
Raised by that monster, I was forced to fly."
"My child," replied his mother, "you have seen
That demure hypocrite we call a Cat:
Under that sleek and inoffensive mien
He bears a deadly hate of Mouse and Rat.
The other, whom you feared, is harmless—quite;
Nay, perhaps may serve us for a meal some night.
As for your friend, for all his innocent air,
We form the staple of his bill of fare."

Take, while you live, this warning as your guide—
Don't judge by the outside.

243

John Gay (1685–1732) was an English poet and dramatist. His work as a whole has been pretty well forgotten, but he has been recently brought back to the mind of the public by the revival of his satirical *Beggar's Opera*, the ancestor of the modern comic opera. Gay published a collection of fables in verse in 1727, "prepared for the edification of the young Duke of Cumberland." A second group, making sixty-six in all, was published after his death. Since these fables are probably the best of their kind in English, a few of them are frequently met with in collections. "The Hare with Many Friends" has been the favorite, and rightly so, as it has something of the humor and point that belong to the real fable. Perhaps the fact that it has a personal application enabled Gay to write with more vigor and sincerity than elsewhere.

THE HARE WITH MANY FRIENDS

JOHN GAY

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many rarely find a friend.
A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round:

Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appeared in view!
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden's light."
The Horse replied: "Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus;
Be comforted; relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."
  She next the stately Bull implored;
And thus replied the mighty lord,
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend,
To take the freedom of a friend;
Love calls me hence; a favorite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind."
  The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
"My back," says he, "may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."
  The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained:
Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.
  She now the trotting Calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those, how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart.
But dearest friends, alas, must part!
How shall we all lament! Adieu!
For see, the hounds are just in view."

244

Tomas de Yriarte (1750–1791) was a Spanish poet of some note, remembered now mainly as the author of *Literary Fables*, the first attempt at literary fable-writing in Spanish. As the name is meant to imply, they concern themselves with the follies and weaknesses of authors. There are about eighty fables in the complete collection, and they are full of ingenuity and cleverness. One of the simplest and best of these is given here in the translation by R. Rockliffe, which first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1839. It laughs at the lucky chance by which even stupidity sometimes "makes a hit" and then stupidly proceeds to pat itself on the back.

THE MUSICAL ASS

TOMAS YRIARTE

The fable which I now present
Occurred to me by accident;
And whether bad or excellent,
Is merely so by accident.
A stupid ass one morning went
Into a field by accident
And cropp'd his food and was content,
Until he spied by accident
A flute, which some oblivious gent
Had left behind by accident;
When, sniffing it with eager scent,
He breathed on it by accident,
And made the hollow instrument
Emit a sound by accident.
"Hurrah! hurrah!" exclaimed the brute,
"How cleverly I play the flute!"

A fool, in spite of nature's bent,
May shine for once—by accident.

245

Ivan Andreevitch Krylov (1768–1844) was a Russian author whose fame rests almost entirely upon his popular verse fables (200 in number) which have been used extensively as textbooks in Russian schools.

They have "joyousness, simplicity, wit, and good humor." The following specimen is from I. H. Harrison's translation of Krylov's *Original Fables*. It gives a good illustration of the necessity of "teamwork."

THE SWAN, THE PIKE, AND THE CRAB

IVAN KRYLOV

When partners with each other don't agree,
Each project must a failure be,
And out of it no profit come, but sheer vexation.

A Swan, a Pike, and Crab once took their station
In harness, and would drag a loaded cart;
But, when the moment came for them to start,

They sweat, they strain, and yet the cart stands still; what's lacking?
The load must, as it seemed, have been but light;
The Swan, though, to the clouds takes flight,
The Pike into the water pulls, the Crab keeps backing.

Now which of them was right, which wrong, concerns us not;
The cart is still upon the selfsame spot.

246

This fable from the Old Testament is one of the very oldest on record in which a story is practically applied to a human problem. The causes of political corruption apparently have not changed much in three thousand years. American citizens gather together at certain times to choose mayors and other officers to rule over them, and when they say to the fruitful olive tree, or fig tree, or vine, "Come thou and reign over us," he replies, "Should I forsake my productive factory, or mine, or profession, to be mayor?" But when they say to the bramble, "Come thou and reign over us," he replies, "Put your trust in me, and let those suffer who object to my management of public affairs." Jotham's lesson of political duty is one greatly needed in the present-day attempt to raise our standard of citizenship.

THE BRAMBLE IS MADE KING

Judges ix:6–16

And all the men of Shechem gathered together, and all the house of Millo, and went, and made Abimelech king, by the plain of the pillar that was in Shechem. And when they told it to Jotham, he went and stood in the top of Mount Gerizim, and lifted up his voice, and cried, and said unto them:—

"Hearken unto me, ye men of Shechem, that God may hearken unto you. The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, 'Reign thou over us.' But the olive tree said unto them, 'Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?'

"And the trees said to the fig tree, 'Come thou and reign over us.' But the fig tree said unto them, 'Should I forsake my sweetness and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?'

"Then said the trees unto the vine, 'Come thou and reign over us.' And the vine said unto them, 'Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?'

"Then said all the trees unto the bramble, 'Come thou and reign over us.' And the bramble said unto the trees, 'If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow: and if not, let fire come out of the bramble and devour the cedars of Lebanon.' "

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The concrete illustrations by means of which Jesus constantly taught are called parables. "Without a parable spake he not unto them." The parable differs from the fable proper in dealing with more fundamental or ideal truth. The fable moves on the plane of the prudential virtues, the parable on the plane of the higher self-forgetting virtues. Because of that difference there is in the parable "no jesting nor raillery at the weakness, the follies, or the crimes of men." All is deeply earnest, befitting its high spiritual point of view. As a rule the parables use for illustration stories of what might actually happen. Two of the most familiar of the parables follow. What true neighborliness means is the message of "The Good Samaritan."

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Luke x:25–37

And behold, a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him, saying, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He said unto him, "What is written in the law? how readest thou?" And he answering said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." And He said unto him, "Thou hast answered right; this do, and thou shalt live." But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, "And who is my neighbor?"

And Jesus answering said, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the host and said unto him, 'Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee.'

"Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?"

And he said, "He that showed mercy on him."

Then said Jesus unto him, "Go and do thou likewise."

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THE PRODIGAL SON

Luke xv:10–32

"Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

And he said, "A certain man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, 'Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.' And he divided unto them his living.

"And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.

"And when he came to himself, he said, 'How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants."'

"And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' But the father said to his servants, 'Bring forth the best robe and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf and kill it; and let us eat and be merry; for this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.' And they began to be merry.

"Now his elder son was in the field; and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the servants and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, 'Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.' And he was angry and would not go in; therefore came his father out and entreated him. And he answering, said to his father, 'Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends. But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.' And he said unto him, 'Son, thou art ever with me; and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad; for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.'"

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This little apologue is taken from *Norwood* (1867), a novel written by Henry Ward Beecher for the New York *Ledger* in the days when that periodical, under the direction of Robert Bonner, was the great family weekly of America. In the course of the fiction Mr. Beecher emphasizes the value of stories for children. "Story-hunger in children," he says, "is even more urgent than bread-hunger." And after the story has been told: "How charming it is to narrate fables for children. . . . . Children are unconscious philosophers. They refuse to pull to pieces their enjoyments to see what they are made of. Rose knew as well as her father that leaves never talked. Yet, Rose never saw a leaf without feeling that there was life and meaning in it."

THE ANXIOUS LEAF

HENRY WARD BEECHER

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about.

And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?"

And the leaf said, "The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground!"

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree.

And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to." And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing.

Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off.

And so it grew all summer long till October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors.

Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors, because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said, "Oh, branches! why are you lead color and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over."

Just then, a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up, and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air and then it fell gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and fell into a dream and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about!

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Benjamin Franklin (1706–1790), more than any other American, has emphasized for us the value of proverbial sayings and the significance of the symbolic story. This account of how one may pay too much for a whistle was written in 1779 while Franklin was representing the colonies at Paris, and addressed to his friend Madame Brillon. The making of apologues seemed to be a favorite sort of game in the circle in which Franklin moved, and his plain common sense is always uppermost in whatever he produces. The lesson of the whistle is always needed; we are prone to put aside the essential thing for the temporary and showy. More than a century ago Noah Webster put this story in his school-reader, and most school-readers since have contained it. The selection is here reprinted complete. Teachers usually omit some of the opening and closing paragraphs.

THE WHISTLE

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

I am charmed with your description of Paradise, and with your plan of living there; and I approve much of your conclusion, that, in the mean time, we should draw all the good we can from this world. In my opinion, we might all draw more good than we do, and suffer less evil, if we would take care not to give too much for *whistles*. For to me it seems that most of the unhappy people we meet with are become so by neglect of that caution.

You ask what I mean? You love stories, and will excuse my telling one of myself.

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle;* and I saved my money.

As I grew up I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle.*

When I saw one too ambitious of court favor, sacrificing his time, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *He pays, indeed*, said I, *too much for his whistle.*

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, *Poor man*, said I, *you pay too much for your whistle.*

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, *Mistaken man*, said I, *you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, *Alas!* say I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, *What a pity*, say I, *that she should pay so much for a whistle!*

In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their *giving too much for their whistles.*

Yet I ought to have charity for these unhappy people, when I consider that, with all this wisdom of which I am boasting, there are certain things in the world so tempting, for example, the apples of King John, which happily are not to be bought; for if they were put to sale by auction, I might very easily be led to ruin myself in the purchase, and find that I had once more given too much for the *whistle.*

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"The Ephemera" was also addressed to Madame Brillon, the "amiable Brillante" of the final sentence. It is an allegorical story emphasizing the relative shortness of human life. Franklin's "Alas! art is long and life is short!" anticipates Longfellow's "Art is long and time is fleeting." But hundreds of writers had preceded both of them in calling attention to this at the same time commonplace and significant fact. At the end, Franklin's quiet acceptance of the rather gloomy outlook suggested by the ephemeral nature of life is noteworthy, and is characteristic of his general temper.

THE EPHEMERA

An Emblem of Human Life

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

You may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulin Joly, I stopped a little in one of our walks, and stayed some time behind the company. We had been shown numberless skeletons of a kind of little fly, called an ephemera, whose successive generations, we were told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living company of them on a leaf, who appeared to be engaged in conversation. You know I understand all the inferior animal tongues. My too great application to the study of them is the best excuse I can give for the little progress I have made in your charming language. I listened through curiosity to the discourse of these little creatures; but as they, in their national vivacity, spoke three or four together, I could make but little of their conversation. I found, however, by some broken expressions that I heard now and then, they were disputing warmly on the merit of two foreign musicians, one a *cousin*, the other a *moscheto;* in which dispute they spent their time, seemingly as regardless of the shortness of life as if they had been sure of living a month. Happy people! thought I; you live certainly under a wise, just, and mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any subject of contention but the perfections and imperfections of foreign music. I turned my head from them to an old grey-headed one, who was single on another leaf, and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I put it down in writing, in hopes it will likewise amuse her to whom I am so much indebted for the most pleasing of all amusements, her delicious company and heavenly harmony.

"It was," said he, "the opinion of learnèd philosophers of our race, who lived and flourished long before my time, that this vast world, the Moulin Joly, could not itself subsist more than eighteen hours; and I think there was some foundation for that opinion, since, by the apparent motion of the great luminary that gives life to all nature, and which in my time has evidently declined considerably towards the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course, be extinguished in the waters that surround us, and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction. I have lived seven of those hours, a great age, being no less than four hundred and twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish, and expire. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of the friends of my youth, who are now, also, no more! And I must soon follow them; for, by the course of nature, though still in health, I cannot expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer. What now avails all my toil and labor in amassing honey-dew on this leaf, which I cannot live to enjoy! What the political struggles I have been engaged in, for the good of my compatriot inhabitants of this bush, or my philosophical studies for the benefit of our race in general! for, in politics, what can laws do without morals? Our present race of ephemerae will in a course of minutes become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently as wretched. And in philosophy how small is our progress! Alas! art is long, and life is short! My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name, they say, I shall leave behind me; and they tell me I have lived long enough to nature and to glory. But what will fame be to an ephemera who no longer exists? And what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world itself, even the whole Moulin Joly, shall come to its end, and be buried in universal ruin?"

To me, after all my eager pursuits, no solid pleasures now remain, but the reflection of a long life spent in meaning well, the sensible conversation of a few good lady ephemerae, and now and then a kind smile and a tune from the ever amiable *Brillante*.

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The brief allegory that follows is very generally regarded as the finest and noblest specimen of its type. It is here reprinted approximately in the form of its first appearance, now more than two hundred years ago, as more in keeping with its spirit than a modern dress would be. The world of recent times is not so much given to this kind of writing as the eighteenth century was. Like Franklin's "Ephemera," Addison's vision grows out of "profound contemplation on the vanity of human life." The key to the symbolism is found in the "threescore and ten arches" of the bridge, representing the scriptural limit of physical existence, with some broken arches for any excess of that limit. The fact that "the bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches" is a reference to the great number of years assigned to some of the patriarchs. The splendid concluding vision in which Mirzah sees the compensations for the ills of this life suggests a very different type of mind from that of the "this-worldly" closing paragraph in Franklin's apologue. "The Vision of Mirzah" is No. 159 of the *Spectator* (September 1, 1711).

THE VISION OF MIRZAH

JOSEPH ADDISON

When I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled The Visions of Mirzah, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and I shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:

On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasure of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature: and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirzah, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies: follow me.

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placed me on the top of it. Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, says he, is that portion of eternitv which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches the genius told me that the bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that the throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of baubles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimetars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons upon trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, what mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little wingèd boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infect human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh; alas, said I, man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on a man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one-half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of the fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands of the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thy eyes, or even than thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise, accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not a man was made in vain who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

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"The Discontented Pendulum" was one of seventy-nine brief prose selections by Jane Taylor (1783–1824) which appeared first in a paper for young people and were, after the author's death, gathered together and published as *Contributions of Q. Q.* (1826). This one selection only from that volume still lives, is reprinted often in school-readers, and by virtue of its cleverness and point deserves its happy fate. The author attached to it a "Moral" almost as long as the story itself, and that has long since fallen by the wayside. Perhaps that is because the story is too clear to need the "Moral." Here are a few sentences from it: "The *present* is all we have to manage: the past is irrecoverable; the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the *moment* is the trouble thereof. . . . . One moment comes laden with its own *little* burden, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last; if *one* could be sustained, so can another, and another. . . . . Let any one resolve to do right *now*, leaving *then* to do as it can, and if he were to live to the age of Methuselah, he would never err. . . . . Let us then, 'whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might, recollecting that *now* is the proper and the accepted time.'"

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM

JANE TAYLOR

An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped.

Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm: the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation; when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below, from the pendulum, who thus spoke:

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of *striking*.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good!" replied the pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours: perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being *quick at figures*, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum: "well, I appeal to you all, if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one? And when I began to multiply the stroke of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself—I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied:

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time. So we have all, and are likely to do; and although this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it it will fatigue us to *do:* would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum;—"It is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*."

"Very good," replied the dial, "but recollect that although you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to wag, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

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Count Leo Tolstoy (1828–1910) was a Russian novelist, poet, and social reformer; author, among other important works, of *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*. He wrote many short stories and sketches, a number of which are markedly symbolic in character. The one that follows is a good illustration of a type of such tales pleasing to modern minds. We no longer produce the formal fable or allegory. In Tolstoy's story are two historical characters of so pronounced individuality that their names always suggest definite ideas—Croesus, riches and wordly greatness; Solon, wisdom and worldly poverty and lowliness. These ideas are brought into conflict, and the outcome allows us to see which is the basic one in Tolstoy's theory of life. Who is the happy warrior? One would merely have to quote some words from the story to have an answer. And if the reader feels the force of the answer, as Tolstoy evidently hoped he would, it means a new or at least a more distinctly held ideal of living.

CROESUS AND SOLON

LEO TOLSTOY

In olden times—long, long before the coming of Christ—there reigned over a certain country a great king called Croesus. He had much gold and silver, and many precious stones, as well as numberless soldiers and slaves. Indeed, he thought that in all the world there could be no happier man than himself.

But one day there chanced to visit the country which Croesus ruled a Greek philosopher named Solon. Far and wide was Solon famed as a wise man and a just; and, inasmuch as his fame had reached Croesus also, the king commanded that he should be conducted to his presence.

Seated upon his throne, and robed in his most gorgeous apparel, Croesus asked of Solon: "Have you ever seen aught more splendid than this?"

"Of a surety have I," replied Solon. "Peacocks, cocks, and pheasants glitter with colors so diverse and so brilliant that no art can compare with them."

Croesus was silent as he thought to himself: "Since this is not enough, I must show him something more, to surprise him."

So he exhibited the whole of his riches before Solon's eyes, as well as boasted of the number of foes he had slain, and the number of territories he had conquered. Then he said to the philosopher:

"You have lived long in the world, and have visited many countries. Tell me whom you consider to be the happiest man living?"

"The happiest man living I consider to be a certain poor man who lives in Athens," replied Solon.

The king was surprised at this answer, for he had made certain that Solon would name him himself; yet, for all that, the philosopher had named a perfectly obscure individual!

"Why do you say that?" asked Croesus.

"Because," replied Solon, "the man of whom I speak has worked hard all his life, has been content with little, has reared fine children, has served his city honorably, and has achieved a noble reputation."

When Croesus heard this he exclaimed:

"And do you reckon my happiness as nothing, and consider that I am not fit to be compared with the man of whom you speak?"

To this Solon replied:

"Often it befalls that a poor man is happier than a rich man. Call no man happy until he is dead."

The king dismissed Solon, for he was not pleased at his words, and had no belief in him.

"A fig for melancholy!" he thought. "While a man lives he should live for pleasure."

So he forgot about Solon entirely.

Not long afterwards the king's son went hunting, but wounded himself by a mischance, and died of the wound. Next, it was told to Croesus that the powerful Emperor Cyrus was coming to make war upon him.

So Croesus went out against Cyrus with a great army, but the enemy proved the stronger, and, having won the battle and shattered Croesus' forces, penetrated to the capital.

Then the foreign soldiers began to pillage all King Croesus' riches, and to slay the inhabitants, and to sack and fire the city. One soldier seized Croesus himself, and was just about to stab him, when the king's son darted forward to defend his father, and cried aloud:

"Do not touch him! That is Croesus, the king!"

So the soldiers bound Croesus, and carried him away to the Emperor; but Cyrus was celebrating his victory at a banquet, and could not speak with the captive, so orders were sent out for Croesus to be executed.

In the middle of the city square the soldiers built a great burning-pile, and upon the top of it they placed King Croesus, bound him to a stake, and set fire to the pile.

Croesus gazed around him, upon his city and upon his palace. Then he remembered the words of the Greek philosopher, and, bursting into tears, could only say:

"Ah, Solon, Solon!"

The soldiers were closing in about the pile when the Emperor Cyrus arrived in person to view the execution. As he did so he caught these words uttered by Croesus, but could not understand them.

So he commanded Croesus to be taken from the pile, and inquired of him what he had just said. Croesus answered:

"I was but naming the name of a wise man—of one who told me a great truth—a truth that is of greater worth than all earthly riches, than all our kingly glory."

And Croesus related to Cyrus his conversation with Solon. The story touched the heart of the Emperor, for he bethought him that he too was but a man, that he too knew not what Fate might have in store for him. So in the end he had mercy upon Croesus, and became his friend.

SECTION VI

MYTHS

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SECTION VI. MYTHS

INTRODUCTORY

What myths are. It seems that every race of people in the period of barbarism and early civilization has created fanciful, childlike stories to explain such things as the origin of earth, sun, stars, clouds, life, death, fire, man, lower animals, and plants, and the characteristics of particular plants and animals. In most cases, if not all, they have accounted for the origin of such things by the theory that they were created by gods and super-human heroes. Among such peoples as the Greek and Norse folk, many stories also grew up regarding the gods and super-human heroes and their relations with one another and with men. All of these old stories about the creation of things and about the gods and super-human heroes are called myths. As time went on and the peoples became civilized, the original myths were regarded merely as fanciful tales, and were used to furnish characters and plots for many stories told chiefly for entertainment. Often, as in the story of Ulysses, legends of national heroes were combined with them. Even in our time such writers as Hawthorne and Kingsley and Lowell have used these old characters and plots as the basis of stories, many of which differ greatly from the original myths.

Myths and other folk stories. Myths were pretty largely matters of faith to begin with. They were the basis of old-time religious beliefs, explaining to the mind of primitive man how things came to be as they are. This tendency to adopt what are to educated minds fanciful explanations of all that is beyond their understanding is easily observable in the way children explain the unknown. It seems fairly clear, on the other hand, that fairy stories were told by the folk as matter of entertainment. They did not believe that pigs actually talked, that a princess could sleep a hundred years, that a bean-stalk could grow as fast and as far as Jack's did, or that toads and diamonds could actually come out of one's mouth. It may be, as some theorists insist, that remains of myth survive in some of these fairy stories. On the whole, however, the folk believed these tales only in the sense in which we believe in a fine story such as "The Vision of Sir Launfal" or "Enoch Arden." They express the pleasing imaginings and longings of the human spirit, its ideals of character and conduct, its sense of the wonder and mystery of the universe. The fairy tale, in general, is nearer the surface of life; the myth was concerned with the most fundamental problems of the *whence* and the *why* of things.

Such distinctions, however, belong to the realm of scientific scholarship. The teacher is concerned with myths simply as splendid stories that have come down to us from a time when human beings seemed to feel themselves bound into a unity with nature and all mysterious powers around them; stories that through constant repetition were rounded and perfected, and finally, through use by the poets, have reached us in a fairly systematic form. The so-called "poetic mythology" is the one of special value for our purposes. It comes to us through Ovid in the South, and does not distinguish between the gods of Greece and Rome. It comes through the Eddas of the North. It is this poetic mythology that furnishes the basis of allusion in literature and in art, and which is retold for us in the various versions for modern readers. If we hold fast to this correct idea that as teachers in elementary schools our interest in myths is exactly like our interest in other folk products, an interest in them as stories tested by the ages, an interest in them as presenting familiar and suggestive types of character and conduct, an interest in them as stimulating our sense of wonder and mystery, we shall not be disturbed by the violent discussions that sometimes rage over the advisability of using myths with children.

Values of myth. To make the above proposition as clear as possible, let us first tabulate briefly the values of myth, borrowing a suggestion from Jeremiah Curtin:

1. A wonderful story told in most effective fashion. To realize this value, one needs to recall only the efforts of Prometheus in bringing down fire for man and his heroic endurance of vengeful tyranny as a result. The work of Hercules in slaying the many-headed serpent or in cleansing the Augean stables, the adventures of Theseus culminating in the labyrinth of the horrible Minotaur, the beautiful hospitality of Baucis and Philemon, the equally beautiful sadness of the death of Balder—all these simply hint the riches of the myth as story. This story interest is the one that appeals to all human beings as human beings and is therefore fundamental.
2. Myth preserves much material of social and antiquarian interest. It helps us understand the institutions and customs of primitive stages in human development, and as such has great value for scientific students of human society.
3. Myth preserves evidences of how the mind of man looked out upon his surroundings and what it did in the way of interpreting them. It makes most valuable contributions, therefore, to the history of the human mind, and must be taken into account in the science of anthropology.

It must be evident that the second and third values are only in the slightest degree within the range of the child in his early years of school work.

Objections to myth. The objections to the use of myths in school may also be brought under three heads:

1. They come from a plane of ethics much lower than our own. This is the one strong argument against all folk material, and it has a validity that must be frankly recognized. There are the miscellaneous love affairs of Jupiter, and certain stories that have elements of horror and brutality. Such stories we cannot use, "though an error on that side is better than effeminancy." Occasional defects cannot outweigh the great positive ethical worth of myth. We must simply make intelligent choice. The situation is not different from what it is in choosing from modern poetry and story. It would be poor evidence of our sanity if we ruled out all poetry because some of it is not fit. Let us, however, omit entirely those myths that are not suitable rather than attempt making them over to suit modern conceptions. We may properly allow liberties to a literary artist like Hawthorne that a mere artisan should not take.

2. Myth deals with the worn-out and obsolete ideas of the past, and will give children false religious and scientific notions. But one does not rule out *Paradise Lost* because Milton's cosmogony is so purely fanciful, nor Dante because of his equally fantastic structure of the Inferno. Neither children nor older readers are ever led astray by these purely incidental backgrounds against which and by means of which the human interest is powerfully projected.

3. Myth is too deeply symbolical. But readers of different ages and abilities find results up to their stature. We do not demand that the children shall be able to understand all that is back of *Gulliver's Travels*, or *Pilgrim's Progress*, before we give them those books. What is worth while in literature has an increasing message as the powers of the reader increase.

How to use myths. We may sum up the conclusions thus: Select those myths that tell stories of dramatic force and that have sound ethical worth. So far as possible let these be the ones most familiar in literary allusion and in common speech. Present the myth as you would any other folk story. Since myth naturally comes along a little later than fairy stories, probably beginning not earlier than the third grade, the discussion of its meanings may take a wider range. Keep the poetic elements of the story prominent, as in most of the examples following.

SUGGESTIONS

For the soundest and most illuminating discussion of the values and proper use of myths in education see Edward Howard Griggs, *Moral Education*, chap. xxi, "The Ethical Value of Mythology and Folk-Lore." For some good suggestions and lists consult Ezra Allen, "The Pedagogy of Myth in the Grades," *Pedagogical Seminary*, Vol. VIII, p. 258. A very interesting plan for the use of myths may be found in two articles by O. O. Norris, "Myths and the Teaching of Myths," *The American Schoolmaster*, Vol. IX, p. 96 and p. 145. Consult also MacClintock, *Literature in the Elementary School*, chap. vii, and McMurry, *Special Method in Reading*, pp. 92–105.

The first nine myths in this section came originally from Greek mythology. The Romans adopted the mythology of the Greeks, but changed the names of the gods. English-speaking peoples have usually used these Latin versions. Hence in the following Greek myths the Roman names of the gods are used. In this note the Greek name is usually given in parenthesis after the Roman.

According to mythology, Saturn once ruled the universe. After a great war he was overthrown and the universe was divided into three kingdoms, each governed by one of his sons. Jupiter (Zeus) ruled the heavens and the earth; Neptune (Poseidon) ruled the sea; and Pluto (Dis) ruled Hades, or Tartarus, the gloomy region of the dead in a cavern far under the surface of the earth. The home of Jupiter and the many other gods of heaven was represented as being the top of Mount Olympus, in Thessaly. Here each of the gods of heaven had a separate dwelling, but all assembled at times in the palace of Jupiter. Sometimes these gods went to earth, through a gate of clouds kept by goddesses called the Seasons.

The relations between these divinities were much like those between people on earth. Some had greater power than others, and rivalries and quarrels frequently arose. Jupiter, the supreme ruler, governed by wisdom as well as by the power of his thunderbolt. He had three sisters: Juno, Vesta, and Ceres. Juno (Hera) was the wife of Jupiter and the noblest of the goddesses. Vesta (Hestia), the goddess of health, was not married. Ceres (Demeter), the goddess of agriculture, was the mother of Proserpine, who became wife of Pluto and queen of Hades. Minerva (Athena), goddess of wisdom and Jupiter's favorite daughter, had no mother, as she sprang fully armed from Jupiter's head. Venus (Aphrodite) was goddess of beauty and mother of Cupid, god of love. Two other goddesses were Diana (Artemis), modest virgin goddess of the moon, who protects brute creation, and Hebe, cupbearer to the gods. Among the greatest of the gods were three sons of Jupiter: Apollo, Mars, and Vulcan. Apollo, or Phoebus, was god of the sun and patron of music, archery, and prophecy. Mars (Ares) was god of war, and Vulcan (Hephaestus), the lame god of fire, was the blacksmith of the gods.

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This version of the myth of Ceres and Proserpine is taken by permission of the author and the publishers from *Stories of Long Ago*, by Grace H. Kupfer. (Copyright. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.) "Of all the beautiful fictions of Greek mythology," said Aubrey DeVere, "there are few more exquisite than the story of Proserpine, and none deeper in symbolical meaning." That portion of its meaning fitted to the understanding of children is indicated in the final paragraphs of Miss Kupfer's version. Teachers should realize that "the fable has, however, its moral significance also, being connected with that great mystery of Joy and Grief, of Life and of Death, which pressed so heavily on the mind of Pagan Greece, and imparts to the whole of her mythology a profound interest, spiritual as well as philosophical. It was the restoration of Man, not of flowers, the victory over Death, not over Winter, with which that high Intelligence felt itself to be really concerned." Hawthorne's version of this story appears in *Tanglewood Tales* as "The Pomegranate Seeds."

A STORY OF THE SPRINGTIME

GRACE H. KUPFER

PART I

In the blue Mediterranean Sea, which washes the southern shore of Europe, lies the beautiful island of Sicily. Long, long ago, there lived on this island a goddess named Ceres. She had power to make the earth yield plentiful crops of grain, or to leave it barren; and on her depended the food, and therefore the life of all the people on the great, wide earth.

Ceres had one fair young daughter, whom she loved very dearly. And no wonder, for Proserpine was the sunniest, happiest girl you could imagine.

Her face was all white and pink, like apple blossoms in spring, and there was just enough blue in her eyes to give you a glimpse of an April morning sky. Her long, golden curls reminded you of the bright sunlight. In fact there was something so young and fair and tender about the maiden that if you could imagine anything so strange as the whole springtime, with all its loveliness, changed into a human being, you would have looked but an instant at Proserpine and said, "She is the Spring."

Proserpine spent the long, happy days in the fields, helping her mother, or dancing and singing among the flowers, with her young companions.

Way down under the earth, in the land of the dead, lived dark King Pluto; and the days were very lonely for him with only shadows to talk to. Often and often, he had tried to urge some goddess to come and share his gloomy throne; but not the richest jewels or wealth could tempt any one of them to leave the bright sunlight above and dwell in the land of shades.

One day Pluto came up to earth and was driving along in his swift chariot, when, behind some bushes, he heard such merry voices and musical laughter that he drew rein, and stepping down, parted the bushes to see who was on the other side. There he saw Proserpine standing in the center of a ring of laughing young girls who were pelting her with flowers.

The stern old king felt his heart beat quicker at sight of all these lovely maidens, and he singled out Proserpine, and said to himself, "She shall be my queen. That fair face can make even dark Hades light and beautiful." But he knew it would be useless to ask the girl for her consent; so, with a bold stride, he stepped into the midst of the happy circle.

The young girls, frightened at his dark, stern face, fled to right and left. But Pluto grasped Proserpine by the arm and carried her to his chariot, and then the horses flew along the ground, leaving Proserpine's startled companions far behind.

King Pluto knew that he must hasten away with his prize, lest Ceres should discover her loss; and to keep out of her path, he drove his chariot a roundabout way. He came to a river; but as he neared its banks, it suddenly began to bubble and swell and rage, so that Pluto did not dare to drive through its waters. To go back another way would mean great loss of time; so with his scepter he struck the ground thrice. It opened, and, in an instant, horses, chariot, and all, plunged into the darkness below.

But Proserpine knew that the nymph of the stream had recognized her, and had tried to save her by making the waters of the stream rise. So, just as the ground was closing over her, the girl seized her girdle and threw it far out into the river. She hoped that in some way the girdle might reach Ceres and help her to find her lost daughter.

PART II

In the evening Ceres returned to her home; but her daughter, who usually came running to meet her, was nowhere to be seen. Ceres searched for her in all the rooms, but they were empty.

Then she lighted a great torch from the fires of a volcano, and went wandering among the fields, looking for her child. When morning broke, and she had found no trace of Proserpine, her grief was terrible to see.

On that sad day, Ceres began a long, long wandering. Over land and sea she journeyed, bearing in her right hand the torch which had been kindled in the fiery volcano.

All her duties were neglected, and everywhere the crops failed, and the ground was barren and dry. Want and famine took the place of wealth and plenty throughout the world. It seemed as though the great earth grieved with the mother for the loss of beautiful Proserpine.

When the starving people came to Ceres and begged her to resume her duties and to be their friend again, Ceres lifted her great eyes, wearied with endless seeking, and answered that until Proserpine was found, she could think only of her child, and could not care for the neglected earth. So all the people cried aloud to Jupiter that he should bring Proserpine back to her mother, for they were sadly in need of great Ceres' help.

At last, after wandering over all the earth in her fruitless search, Ceres returned to Sicily. One day, as she was passing a river, suddenly a little swell of water carried something to her feet. Stooping to see what it was, she picked up the girdle which Proserpine had long ago thrown to the water nymph.

While she was looking at it, with tears in her eyes, she heard a fountain near her bubbling louder and louder, until at last it seemed to speak. And this is what it said:

"I am the nymph of the fountain, and I come from the inmost parts of the earth, O Ceres, great mother! There I saw your daughter seated on a throne at the dark king's side. But in spite of her splendor, her cheeks were pale and her eyes were heavy with weeping. I can stay no longer now, O Ceres, for I must leap into the sunshine. The bright sky calls me, and I must hasten away."

Then Ceres arose and went to Jupiter and said, "I have found the place where my daughter is hidden. Give her back to me, and the earth shall once more be fruitful, and the people shall have food."

Jupiter was moved, both by the mother's sorrow and by the prayers of the people on earth; and he said that Proserpine might return to her home if she had tasted no food while in Pluto's kingdom.

So the happy mother hastened down into Hades. But alas! that very day Proserpine had eaten six pomegranate seeds; and for every one of those seeds she was doomed each year to spend a month underground.

For six months of the year Ceres is happy with her daughter. At Proserpine's coming, flowers bloom and birds sing and the earth everywhere smiles its welcome to its young queen.

Some people say that Proserpine really is the springtime, and that while she is with us all the earth seems fair and beautiful. But when the time comes for Proserpine to rejoin King Pluto in his dark home underground, Ceres hides herself and grieves through all the weary months until her daughter's return.

Then the earth, too, is somber and sad. The leaves fall to the ground, as though the trees were weeping for the loss of the fair, young queen; and the flowers hide underground, until the eager step of the maiden, returning to earth, awakens all nature from its winter sleep.

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Because of his beautiful idealism and the artistic nature of his work, Hawthorne (1804–1864) is one of America's most loved story-tellers. His stories are never idle tales, for each one reveals secret motives and impulses that determine human action. This characteristic makes his works wholesome and inspiring for both children and adults. Four volumes of his short stories, intended primarily for children, are classics for the upper grades. *Grandfather's Chair* is a group of stories about life in New England in early times. *True Stories from History and Biography* makes the child acquainted with such historical characters as Franklin and Newton. *A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys* and *Tanglewood Tales* are Hawthorne's versions of old Greek myths.

In his two volumes of Greek myths, Hawthorne does not hold to the plot or style of the original stories; but here, as in all his work, he shows how incidents in life determine human character. The following quotation from the Preface to *A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys* explains in Hawthorne's own words the nature of his version of the myths: "He [the author] does not plead guilty to a sacrilege in having sometimes shaped anew, as his fancy dictated, the forms that have been hallowed by an antiquity of two or three thousand years. No epoch of time can claim a copyright in these immortal fables. They seem never to have been made; and certainly, so long as man exists, they can never perish; but, by their indestructibility itself, they are legitimate subjects for every age to clothe with its own garniture of manners and sentiment, and to imbue with its own morality."

The story "The Paradise of Children," taken from *A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys*, is Hawthorne's version of the Greek myth of Pandora's Box, which is an attempt to explain how pain and suffering came to humanity. According to the Greek myth, Jupiter was angry when he learned that Prometheus, one of the Titans, had given men fire stolen from heaven. That men might not have this blessing without an affliction to compensate, the gods filled a box with ills, but put Hope also in the box. Then, fearing that neither Prometheus nor his brother Epimetheus would open the box, they created Pandora. Mercury, the messenger of Jupiter, carried Pandora and the box as a gift to Epimetheus, and the curiosity of Pandora led her to open the box.

THE PARADISE OF CHILDREN

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Long, long ago, when this old world was in its tender infancy, there was a child named Epimetheus, who never had either father or mother; and, that he might not be lonely, another child, fatherless and motherless like himself, was sent from a far country to live with him and be his playfellow and helpmate. Her name was Pandora.

The first thing that Pandora saw, when she entered the cottage where Epimetheus dwelt, was a great box. And almost the first question which she put to him, after crossing the threshold, was this,—

"Epimetheus, what have you in that box?"

"My dear little Pandora," answered Epimetheus, "that is a secret, and you must be kind enough not to ask any questions about it. The box was left here to be kept safely, and I do not myself know what it contains."

"But who gave it to you?" asked Pandora. "And where did it come from?"

"That is a secret, too," replied Epimetheus.

"How provoking!" exclaimed Pandora, pouting her lip. "I wish the great, ugly box were out of the way!"

"Oh, come, don't think of it any more," cried Epimetheus. "Let us run out of doors, and have some nice play with the other children."

It is thousands of years since Epimetheus and Pandora were alive, and the world, nowadays, is a very different sort of thing from what it was in their time. Then, everybody was a child. There needed no fathers and mothers to take care of the children, because there was no danger, nor trouble of any kind, and no clothes to be mended, and there was always plenty to eat and drink. Whenever a child wanted his dinner, he found it growing on a tree, and, if he looked at the tree in the morning, he could see the expanding blossom of that night's supper; or, at eventide, he saw the tender bud of to-morrow's breakfast. It was a very pleasant life, indeed. No labor to be done, no tasks to be studied, nothing but sports and dances, and sweet voices of children talking, or caroling like birds, or gushing out in merry laughter, throughout the livelong day.

What was most wonderful of all, the children never quarreled among themselves, neither had they any crying fits, nor, since time first began, had a single one of these little mortals ever gone apart into a corner, and sulked. Oh, what a good time was that to be alive in! The truth is, those ugly little winged monsters, called Troubles, which are now almost as numerous as mosquitoes, had never yet been seen on the earth. It is probable that the very greatest disquietude which a child had ever experienced was Pandora's vexation at not being able to discover the secret of the mysterious box.

This was at first only the faint shadow of a Trouble, but, every day, it grew more and more substantial, until, before a great while, the cottage of Epimetheus and Pandora was less sunshiny than those of the other children.

"Whence can the box have come?" Pandora continually kept saying to herself and to Epimetheus. "And what in the world can be inside of it!"

"Always talking about this box!" said Epimetheus, at last, for he had grown extremely tired of the subject. "I wish, dear Pandora, you would try to talk of something else. Come, let us go and gather some ripe figs, and eat them under the trees, for our supper. And I know a vine that has the sweetest and juiciest grapes you ever tasted."

"Always talking about grapes and figs!" cried Pandora, pettishly.

"Well, then," said Epimetheus, who was a very good-tempered child, like a multitude of children in those days, "let us run out and have a merry time with our playmates."

"I am tired of merry times, and don't care if I never have any more!" answered our pettish little Pandora. "And, besides, I never do have any. This ugly box! I am so taken up with thinking about it all the time. I insist upon your telling me what is inside of it."

"As I have already said, fifty times over, I do not know!" replied Epimetheus, getting a little vexed. "How, then, can I tell you what is inside?"

"You might open it," said Pandora,

looking sideways at Epimetheus, "and then we could see for ourselves."

"Pandora, what are you thinking of?" exclaimed Epimetheus.

And his face expressed so much horror at the idea of looking into a box which had been confided to him on the condition of his never opening it, that Pandora thought it best not to suggest it any more. Still, however, she could not help thinking and talking about the box.

"At least," said she, "you can tell me how it came here."

"It was left at the door," replied Epimetheus, "just before you came, by a person who looked very smiling and intelligent, and who could hardly forbear laughing as he put it down. He was dressed in an odd kind of a cloak, and had on a cap that seemed to be made partly of feathers, so that it looked almost as if it had wings."

"What sort of a staff had he?" asked Pandora.

"Oh, the most curious staff you ever saw!" cried Epimetheus. "It was like two serpents twisting around a stick, and was carved so naturally that I, at first, thought the serpents were alive."

"I know him," said Pandora, thoughtfully. "Nobody else has such a staff. It was Quicksilver; and he brought me hither, as well as the box. No doubt he intended it for me; and, most probably, it contains pretty dresses for me to wear, or toys for you and me to play with, or something very nice for us both to eat!"

"Perhaps so," answered Epimetheus, turning away. "But until Quicksilver comes back and tells us so, we have neither of us any right to lift the lid of the box."

"What a dull boy he is!" muttered Pandora, as Epimetheus left the cottage. "I do wish he had a little more enterprise!"

For the first time since her arrival, Epimetheus had gone out without asking Pandora to accompany him. He went to gather figs and grapes by himself, or to seek whatever amusement he could find, in other society than his little playfellow's. He was tired to death of hearing about the box, and heartily wished that Quicksilver, or whatever was the messenger's name, had left it at some other child's door, where Pandora would never have set eyes on it. So perseveringly as she did babble about this one thing! The box, the box, and nothing but the box! It seemed as if the box were bewitched, and as if the cottage were not big enough to hold it, without Pandora's continually stumbling over it, and making Epimetheus stumble over it likewise, and bruising all four of their shins.

Well, it was really hard that poor Epimetheus should have a box in his ears from morning till night; especially as the little people of the earth were so unaccustomed to vexations, in those happy days, that they knew not how to deal with them. Thus, a small vexation made as much disturbance, then, as a far bigger one would in our own times.

After Epimetheus was gone, Pandora stood gazing at the box. She had called it ugly, above a hundred times; but, in spite of all that she had said against it, it was positively a very handsome article of furniture, and would have been quite an ornament to any room in which it should be placed. It was made of a beautiful kind of wood, with dark and rich veins spreading over its surface, which was so highly polished that little Pandora could see her face in it. As the child had no other looking-glass, it is odd that she did not value the box, merely on this account.

The edges and corners of the box were carved with most wonderful skill. Around the margin there were figures of graceful men and women, and the prettiest children ever seen, reclining or sporting amid a profusion of flowers and foliage; and these various objects were so exquisitely represented, and were wrought together in such harmony, that flowers, foliage, and human beings seemed to combine into a wreath of mingled beauty. But here and there, peeping forth from behind the carved foliage, Pandora once or twice fancied that she saw a face not so lovely, or something or other that was disagreeable, and which stole the beauty out of all the rest. Nevertheless, on looking more closely, and touching the spot with her finger, she could discover nothing of the kind. Some face, that was really beautiful, had been made to look ugly by her catching a sideway glimpse at it.

The most beautiful face of all was done in what is called high relief, in the center of the lid. There was nothing else, save the dark, smooth richness of the polished wood, and this one face in the center, with a garland of flowers about its brow. Pandora had looked at this face a great many times, and imagined that the mouth could smile if it liked, or be grave when it chose, the same as any living mouth. The features, indeed, all wore a very lively and rather mischievous expression, which looked almost as if it needs must burst out of the carved lips, and utter itself in words.

Had the mouth spoken, it would probably have been something like this:

"Do not be afraid, Pandora! What harm can there be in opening the box? Never mind that poor, simple Epimetheus! You are wiser than he, and have ten times as much spirit. Open the box, and see if you do not find something very pretty!"

The box, I had almost forgotten to say, was fastened; not by a lock, nor by any other such contrivance, but by a very intricate knot of gold cord. There appeared to be no end to this knot, and no beginning. Never was a knot so cunningly twisted, nor with so many ins and outs, which roguishly defied the skilfullest fingers to disentangle them. And yet, by the very difficulty that there was in it, Pandora was the more tempted to examine the knot, and just see how it was made. Two or three times, already, she had stooped over the box, and taken the knot between her thumb and forefinger, but without positively trying to undo it.

"I really believe," said she to herself, "that I begin to see how it was done. Nay, perhaps I could tie it up again, after undoing it. There would be no harm in that, surely. Even Epimetheus would not blame me for that. I need not open the box, and should not, of course, without the foolish boy's consent, even if the knot were untied."

It might have been better for Pandora if she had had a little work to do, or anything to employ her mind upon, so as not to be so constantly thinking of this one subject. But children led so easy a life, before any Troubles came into the world, that they had really a great deal too much leisure. They could not be forever playing at hide-

and-seek among the flower-shrubs, or at blind-man's-buff with garlands over their eyes, or at whatever other games had been found out while Mother Earth was in her babyhood. When life is all sport, toil is the real play. There was absolutely nothing to do. A little sweeping and dusting about the cottage, I suppose, and the gathering of fresh flowers (which were only too abundant everywhere), and arranging them in vases,—and poor little Pandora's day's work was over. And then, for the rest of the day, there was the box!

After all, I am not quite sure that the box was not a blessing to her in its way. It supplied her with such a variety of ideas to think of, and to talk about, whenever she had anybody to listen! When she was in good humor, she could admire the bright polish of its sides, and the rich border of beautiful faces and foliage that ran all around it. Or, if she chanced to be ill-tempered, she could give it a push, or kick it with her naughty little foot. And many a kick did the box—(but it was a mischievous box, as we shall see, and deserved all it got)—many a kick did it receive. But, certain it is, if it had not been for the box, our active-minded little Pandora would not have known half so well how to spend her time as she now did.

For it was really an endless employment to guess what was inside. What could it be, indeed? Just imagine, my little hearers, how busy your wits would be, if there were a great box in the house, which, as you might have reason to suppose, contained something new and pretty for your Christmas or New-Year's gifts. Do you think that you should be less curious than Pandora? If you were alone with the box, might you not feel a little tempted to lift the lid? But you would not do it. Oh, fie! No, no! Only, if you thought there were toys in it, it would be so very hard to let slip an opportunity of taking just one peep! I know not whether Pandora expected any toys; for none had yet begun to be made, probably, in those days, when the world itself was one great plaything for the children that dwelt upon it. But Pandora was convinced that there was something very beautiful and valuable in the box; and therefore she felt just as anxious to take a peep as any of these girls, here around me, would have felt. And, possibly, a little more so; but of that I am not quite so certain.

On this particular day, however, which we have so long been talking about, her curiosity grew so much greater than it usually was, that, at last, she approached the box. She was more than half determined to open it, if she could. Ah, naughty Pandora!

First, however, she tried to lift it. It was heavy; quite too heavy for the slender strength of a child like Pandora. She raised one end of the box a few inches from the floor, and let it fall again, with a pretty loud thump. A moment afterwards, she almost fancied that she heard something stir, inside of the box. She applied her ear as closely as possible, and listened. Positively, there did seem to be a kind of stifled murmur, within! Or was it merely the singing in Pandora's ears? Or could it be the beating of her heart? The child could not quite satisfy herself whether she had heard anything or no. But, at all events, her curiosity was stronger than ever.

As she drew back her head, her eyes fell upon the knot of gold cord.

"It must have been a very ingenious person who tied this knot," said Pandora to herself. "But I think I could untie it, nevertheless. I am resolved, at least, to find the two ends of the cord."

So she took the golden knot in her fingers, and pried into its intricacies as sharply as she could. Almost without intending it, or quite knowing what she was about, she was soon busily engaged in attempting to undo it. Meanwhile, the bright sunshine came through the open window; as did likewise the merry voices of the children, playing at a distance, and perhaps the voice of Epimetheus among them. Pandora stopped to listen. What a beautiful day it was! Would it not be wiser if she were to let the troublesome knot alone, and think no more about the box, but run and join her little playfellows, and be happy?

All this time, however, her fingers were half unconsciously busy with the knot; and, happening to glance at the flower-wreathed face on the lid of the enchanted box, she seemed to perceive it slyly grinning at her.

"That face looks very mischievous," thought Pandora. "I wonder whether it smiles because I am doing wrong! I have the greatest mind in the world to run away!"

But just then, by the merest accident, she gave the knot a kind of a twist, which produced a wonderful result. The gold cord untwined itself, as if by magic, and left the box without a fastening.

"This is the strangest thing I ever knew!" said Pandora. "What will Epimetheus say? And how can I possibly tie it up again?"

She made one or two attempts to restore the knot, but soon found it quite beyond her skill. It had disentangled itself so suddenly that she could not in the least remember how the strings had been doubled into one another; and when she tried to recollect the shape and appearance of the knot, it seemed to have gone entirely out of her mind. Nothing was to be done, therefore, but let the box remain as it was, until Epimetheus should come in.

"But," said Pandora, "when he finds the knot untied, he will know that I have done it. How shall I make him believe that I have not looked into the box?"

And then the thought came into her naughty little heart, that, since she would be suspected of having looked into the box, she might just as well do so, at once. Oh, very naughty and very foolish Pandora! You should have thought only of doing what was right, and of leaving undone what was wrong, and not of what your playfellow Epimetheus would have said or believed. And so perhaps she might, if the enchanted face on the lid of the box had not looked so bewitchingly persuasive at her, and if she had not seemed to hear, more distinctly than before, the murmur of small voices within. She could not tell whether it was fancy or no; but there was quite a little tumult of whispers in her ear,—or else it was her curiosity that whispered:

"Let us out, dear Pandora,—pray let us out! We will be such nice pretty playfellows for you! Only let us out!"

"What can it be?" thought Pandora. "Is there something alive in the box? Well!—yes!—I am resolved to take just one peep! Only one peep; and then the lid shall be shut down as safely as ever! There cannot possibly be any harm in just one little peep!"

But it is now time for us to see what Epimetheus was doing.

This was the first time, since his little playmate had come to dwell with him, that he had attempted to enjoy any pleasure in which she did not partake. But nothing went right; nor was he nearly so happy as on other days. He could not find a sweet grape or a ripe fig (if Epimetheus had a fault, it was a little too much fondness for figs); or, if ripe at all, they were over-ripe, and so sweet as to be cloying. There was no mirth in his heart, such as usually made his voice gush out, of its own accord, and swell the merriment of his companions. In short, he grew so uneasy and discontented, that the other children could not imagine what was the matter with Epimetheus. Neither did he himself know what ailed him, any better than they did. For you must recollect that at the time we are speaking of, it was everybody's nature, and constant habit, to be happy. The world had not yet learned to be otherwise. Not a single soul or body, since these children were first sent to enjoy themselves on the beautiful earth, had ever been sick, or out of sorts.

At length, discovering that, somehow or other, he put a stop to all the play, Epimetheus judged it best to go back to Pandora, who was in a humor better suited to his own. But, with a hope of giving her pleasure, he gathered some flowers, and made them into a wreath, which he meant to put upon her head. The flowers were very lovely, — roses, and lilies, and orange-blossoms, and a great many more, which left a trail of fragrance behind, as Epimetheus carried them along; and the wreath was put together with as much skill as could reasonably be expected of a boy. The fingers of little girls, it has always appeared to me, are the fittest to twine flower-wreaths; but boys could do it, in those days, rather better than they can now.

And here I must mention that a great black cloud had been gathering in the sky, for some time past, although it had not yet overspread the sun. But, just as Epimetheus reached the cottage door, this cloud began to intercept the sunshine, and thus to make a sudden and sad obscurity.

He entered softly; for he meant, if possible, to steal behind Pandora, and fling the wreath of flowers over her head, before she should be aware of his approach. But, as it happened, there was no need of his treading so very lightly. He might have trod as heavily as he pleased, — as heavily as a grown man, — as heavily, I was going to say, as an elephant, — without much probability of Pandora's hearing his footsteps. She was too intent upon her purpose. At the moment of his entering the cottage, the naughty child had put her hand to the lid, and was on the point of opening the mysterious box. Epimetheus beheld her. If he had cried out, Pandora would probably have withdrawn her hand, and the fatal mystery of the box might never have been known.

But Epimetheus himself, although he said very little about it, had his own share of curiosity to know what was inside. Perceiving that Pandora was resolved to find out the secret, he determined that his playfellow should not be the only wise person in the cottage. And if there were anything pretty or valuable in the box, he meant to take half of it to himself. Thus, after all his sage speeches to Pandora about restraining her curiosity, Epimetheus turned out to be quite as foolish, and nearly as much in fault, as she. So, whenever we blame Pandora for what happened, we must not forget to shake our heads at Epimetheus likewise.

As Pandora raised the lid, the cottage grew very dark and dismal; for the black cloud had now swept quite over the sun, and seemed to have buried it alive. There had, for a little while past, been a low growling and muttering, which all at once broke into a heavy peal of thunder. But Pandora, heeding nothing of all this, lifted the lid nearly upright, and looked inside. It seemed as if a sudden swarm of winged creatures brushed past her, taking flight out of the box, while, at the same instant, she heard the voice of Epimetheus, with a lamentable tone, as if he were in pain.

"Oh, I am stung!" cried he. "I am stung! Naughty Pandora; why have you opened this wicked box?"

Pandora let fall the lid, and, starting up, looked about her, to see what had befallen Epimetheus. The thunder-cloud had so darkened the room that she could not very clearly discern what was in it. But she heard a disagreeable buzzing, as if a great many huge flies, or gigantic mosquitoes, or those insects which we call dor-bugs and pinching-dogs, were darting about. And, as her eyes grew more accustomed to the imperfect light, she saw a crowd of ugly little shapes, with bats' wings, looking abominably spiteful, and armed with terribly long stings in their tails. It was one of these that had stung Epimetheus. Nor was it a great while before Pandora herself began to scream, in no less pain and affright than her playfellow, and making a vast deal more hubbub about it. An odious little monster had settled on her forehead, and would have stung her I know not how deeply, if Epimetheus had not run and brushed it away.

Now, if you wish to know what these ugly things might be, which had made their escape out of the box, I must tell you that they were the whole family of earthly Troubles. There were evil Passions; there were a great many species of Cares; there were more than a hundred and fifty Sorrows; there were Diseases, in a vast number of miserable and painful shapes; there were more kinds of Naughtiness than it would be of any use to talk about. In short, everything that has since afflicted the souls and bodies of mankind had been shut up in the mysterious box, and given to Epimetheus and Pandora to be kept safely, in order that the happy children of the world might never be molested by them. Had they been faithful to their trust, all would have gone well. No grown person would ever have been sad, nor any child have had cause to shed a single tear, from that hour until this moment.

But—and you may see by this how a wrong act of any one mortal is a calamity to the whole world—by Pandora's lifting the lid of that miserable box, and by the fault of Epimetheus, too, in not preventing her, these Troubles have obtained a foothold among us, and do not seem very likely to be driven away in a hurry. For it was impossible, as you will easily guess, that the two children should keep the ugly swarm in their own little cottage. On the contrary, the first thing that they did was to fling open the doors and windows, in hopes of getting rid of them; and, sure enough, away flew the winged Troubles all abroad, and so pestered and tormented the small people, everywhere about, that none of them so much as smiled for many days afterwards. And what was very singular, all the flowers and dewy blossoms on earth, not one of which had hitherto faded, now began to droop and shed their leaves, after a day or two. The children, moreover, who before seemed immortal in their childhood, now grew older, day by day, and came soon to be youths and maidens, and men and women by and by, and aged people, before they dreamed of such a thing.

Meanwhile, the naughty Pandora, and hardly less naughty Epimetheus, remained in their cottage. Both of them had been grievously stung, and were in a good deal of pain, which seemed the more intolerable to them because it was the very first pain that had ever been felt since the world began. Of course, they were entirely unaccustomed to it, and could have no idea what it meant. Besides all this, they were in exceedingly bad humor, both with themselves and with one another. In order to indulge it to the utmost, Epimetheus sat down sullenly in a corner with his back towards Pandora; while Pandora flung herself upon the floor and rested her head on the fatal and abominable box. She was crying bitterly, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Suddenly there was a gentle little tap on the inside of the lid.

"What can that be?" cried Pandora, lifting her head.

But either Epimetheus had not heard the tap, or was too much out of humor to notice it. At any rate, he made no answer.

"You are very unkind," said Pandora, sobbing anew, "not to speak to me!"

Again the tap! It sounded like the tiny knuckles of a fairy's hand, knocking lightly and playfully on the inside of the box.

"Who are you?" asked Pandora, with a little of her former curiosity. "Who are you, inside of this naughty box?"

A sweet little voice spoke from within, "Only lift the lid, and you shall see."

"No, no," answered Pandora, again beginning to sob. "I have had enough of lifting the lid! You are inside of the box, naughty creature, and there you shall stay! There are plenty of your ugly brothers and sisters already flying about the world. You need never think that I shall be so foolish as to let you out!"

She looked towards Epimetheus, as she spoke, perhaps expecting that he would commend her for her wisdom. But the sullen boy only muttered that she was wise a little too late.

"Ah," said the sweet little voice again, "you had much better let me out. I am not like those naughty creatures that have stings in their tails. They are no brothers and sisters of mine, as you would see at once, if you were only to get a glimpse of me. Come, come, my pretty Pandora! I am sure you will let me out!"

And, indeed, there was a kind of cheerful witchery in the tone that made it almost impossible to refuse anything which this little voice asked. Pandora's heart had insensibly grown lighter at every word that came from within the box. Epimetheus, too, though still in the corner, had turned half round, and seemed to be in rather better spirits than before.

"My dear Epimetheus," cried Pandora, "have you heard this little voice?"

"Yes, to be sure I have," answered he, but in no very good humor as yet. "And what of it?"

"Shall I lift the lid again?" asked Pandora.

"Just as you please," said Epimetheus. "You have done so much mischief already that perhaps you may as well do a little more. One other Trouble, in such a swarm as you have let adrift about the world, can make no very great difference."

"You might speak a little more kindly!" murmured Pandora, wiping her eyes.

"Ah, naughty boy!" cried the little voice within the box, in an arch and laughing tone. "He knows he is longing to see me. Come, my dear Pandora, lift up the lid. I am in a great hurry to comfort you. Only let me have some fresh air, and you shall soon see that matters are not quite so dismal as you think them."

"Epimetheus," exclaimed Pandora, "come what may, I am resolved to open the box."

"And, as the lid seems very heavy," cried Epimetheus, running across the room, "I will help you!"

So, with one consent, the two children again lifted the lid. Out flew a sunny and smiling little personage, and hovered about the room, throwing a light wherever she went. Have you never made the sunshine dance into the dark corners by reflecting it from a bit of looking-glass? Well, so looked the winged cheerfulness of this fairy-like stranger amid the gloom of the cottage. She flew to Epimetheus, and laid the least touch of her finger on the inflamed spot where the Trouble had stung him, and immediately the anguish of it was gone. Then she kissed Pandora on the forehead, and her hurt was cured likewise.

After performing these good offices, the bright stranger fluttered sportively over the children's heads, and looked so sweetly at them, that they both began to think it not so very much amiss to have opened the box, since, otherwise, their cheery guest must have been kept a prisoner among those naughty imps with stings in their tails.

"Pray, who are you, beautiful creature?" inquired Pandora.

"I am to be called Hope!" answered the sunshiny figure. "And because I am such a cheery little body, I was packed into the box to make amends to the human race for that swarm of ugly Troubles which was destined to be let loose among them. Never fear! we shall do pretty well, in spite of them all."

"Your wings are colored like the rainbow!" exclaimed Pandora. "How very beautiful!"

"Yes, they are like the rainbow," said Hope, "because, glad as my nature is, I am partly made of tears as well as smiles."

"And will you stay with us," asked Epimetheus, "forever and ever?"

"As long as you need me," said Hope, with her pleasant smile,—"and that will be as long as you live in the world,—I promise never to desert you. There may come times and seasons, now and then, when you will think that I have utterly vanished. But again, and again, and again, when perhaps you least dream of it, you shall see the glimmer of my wings on the ceiling of your cottage. Yes, my dear children, and

I know something very good and beautiful that is to be given you hereafter!"

"Oh, tell us," they exclaimed—"tell us what it is!"

"Do not ask me," replied Hope, putting her finger on her rosy mouth. "But do not despair, even if it should never happen while you live on this earth. Trust in my promise, for it is true."

"We do trust you!" cried Epimetheus and Pandora, both in one breath.

And so they did; and not only they, but so has everybody trusted Hope, that has since been alive. And, to tell you the truth, I cannot help being glad—(though, to be sure, it was an uncommonly naughty thing for her to do)—but I cannot help being glad that our foolish Pandora peeped into the box. No doubt—no doubt—the Troubles are still flying about the world, and have increased in multitude, rather than lessened, and are a very ugly set of imps, and carry most venomous stings in their tails. I have felt them already, and expect to feel them more as I grow older. But then that lovely and lightsome little figure of Hope! What in the world could we do without her? Hope spiritualizes the earth; Hope makes it always new; and, even in the earth's best and brightest aspect, Hope shows it to be only the shadow of an infinite bliss hereafter!

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

One evening, in times long ago, old Philemon and his old wife Baucis sat at their cottage door, enjoying the calm and beautiful sunset. They had already eaten their frugal supper, and intended now to spend a quiet hour or two before bedtime. So they talked together about their garden and their cow, and their bees, and their grape-vine, which clambered over the cottage-wall, and on which the grapes were beginning to turn purple. But the rude shouts of children and the fierce barking of dogs, in the village near at hand, grew louder and louder, until, at last, it was hardly possible for Baucis and Philemon to hear each other speak.

"Ah, wife," cried Philemon, "I fear some poor traveler is seeking hospitality among our neighbors yonder, and, instead of giving him food and lodging, they have set their dogs at him, as their custom is!"

"Well-a-day!" answered old Baucis, "I do wish our neighbors felt a little more kindness for their fellow-creatures. And only think of bringing up their children in this naughty way, and patting them on the head when they fling stones at strangers!"

"Those children will never come to any good," said Philemon, shaking his white head. "To tell you the truth, wife, I should not wonder if some terrible thing were to happen to all the people in the village, unless they mend their manners. But, as for you and me, so long as Providence affords us a crust of bread, let us be ready to give half to any poor, homeless stranger that may come along and need it."

"That's right, husband!" said Baucis. "So we will!"

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"The Miraculous Pitcher," taken from *A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys*, is Hawthorne's version of the Greek myth of Baucis and Philemon. The two mysterious visitors are Jupiter and Mercury, who, according to the Greek myth, visited earth in disguise and were entertained by Baucis and Philemon.

These old folks, you must know, were quite poor, and had to work pretty hard for a living. Old Philemon toiled diligently in his garden, while Baucis was always busy with her distaff, or making a little butter and cheese with their cow's milk, or doing one thing and another about the cottage. Their food was seldom anything but bread, milk, and vegetables, with sometimes a portion of honey from their beehive, and now and then a bunch of grapes, that had ripened against the cottage wall. But they were two of the kindest old people in the world, and would cheerfully have gone without their dinners, any day, rather than refuse a slice of their brown loaf, a cup of nice milk, and a spoonful of honey, to the weary traveler who might pause before their door. They felt as if such guests had a sort of holiness, and that they ought, therefore, to treat them better and more bountifully than their own selves.

Their cottage stood on a rising ground, at some short distance from a village, which lay in a hollow valley, that was about half a mile in breadth. This valley, in past ages, when the world was new, had probably been the bed of a lake. There, fishes had glided to and fro in the depths, and water-weeds had grown along the margin, and trees and hills had seen their reflected images in the broad and peaceful mirror. But, as the waters subsided, men had cultivated the soil, and built houses on it, so that it was now a fertile spot, and bore no traces of the ancient lake, except a very small brook, which meandered through the midst of the village, and supplied the inhabitants with water. The valley had been dry land so long that oaks had sprung up, and grown great and high, and perished with old age, and been succeeded by others, as tall and stately as the first. Never was there a prettier or more fruitful valley. The very sight of the plenty around them should have made the inhabitants kind and gentle and ready to show their gratitude to Providence by doing good to their fellow-creatures.

But, we are sorry to say, the people of this lovely village were not worthy to dwell in a spot on which Heaven had smiled so beneficently. They were a very selfish and hard-hearted people, and had no pity for the poor, nor sympathy with the homeless. They would only have laughed had anybody told them that human beings owe a debt of love to one another, because there is no other method of paying the debt of love and care which all of us owe to Providence. You will hardly believe what I am going to tell you. These naughty people taught their children to be no better than themselves, and used to clap their hands, by way of encouragement, when they saw the little boys and girls run after some poor stranger, shouting at his heels, and pelting him with stones. They kept large and fierce dogs, and whenever a traveler ventured to show himself in the village street, this pack of disagreeable curs scampered to meet him, barking, snarling, and showing their teeth. Then they would seize him by his leg, or by his clothes, just as it happened; and if he were ragged when he came, he was generally a pitiable object before he had time to run away. This was a very terrible thing to poor travelers, as you may suppose, especially when they chanced to be sick, or feeble, or lame, or old. Such persons (if they once knew how badly these unkind people, and their unkind children and curs, were in the habit of behaving) would go miles and miles out of their way rather than try to pass through the village again.

What made the matter seem worse, if possible, was that when rich persons came in their chariots, or riding on beautiful horses, with their servants in rich liveries attending on them, nobody could be more civil and obsequious than the inhabitants of the village. They would take off their hats, and make the humblest bows you ever saw. If the children were rude, they were pretty certain to get their ears boxed; and as for the dogs, if a single cur in the pack presumed to yelp, his master instantly beat him with a club, and tied him up without any supper. This would have been all very well, only it proved that the villagers cared much about the money that a stranger had in his pocket, and nothing whatever for the human soul, which lives equally in the beggar and the prince.

So now you can understand why old Philemon spoke so sorrowfully when he heard the shouts of the children and the barking of the dogs at the further extremity of the village street. There was a confused din, which lasted a good while, and seemed to pass quite through the breadth of the valley.

"I never heard the dogs so loud!" observed the good old man.

"Nor the children so rude!" answered his good old wife.

They sat shaking their heads, one to another, while the noise came nearer and nearer; until, at the foot of the little eminence on which their cottage stood, they saw two travelers approaching on foot. Close behind them came the fierce dogs, snarling at their very heels. A little farther off, ran a crowd of children, who sent up shrill cries, and flung stones at the two strangers, with all their might. Once or twice, the younger of the two men (he was a slender and very active figure) turned about, and drove back the dogs with a staff which he carried in his hand. His companion, who was a very tall person, walked calmly along, as if disdaining to notice either the naughty children or the pack of curs, whose manners the children seemed to imitate.

Both of the travelers were very humbly clad, and looked as if they might not have money enough in their pockets to pay for a night's lodging. And this, I am afraid, was the reason why the villagers had allowed their children and dogs to treat them so rudely.

"Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go and meet these poor people. No doubt they feel almost too heavy-hearted to climb the hill."

"Go you and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I make haste within doors and see whether we can get them anything for supper. A comfortable bowl of bread and milk would do wonders towards raising their spirits."

Accordingly, she hastened into the cottage. Philemon, on his part, went forward and extended his hand with so hospitable an aspect that there was no need of saying, what nevertheless he did say, in the heartiest tone imaginable, —

"Welcome, strangers! welcome!"

"Thank you!" replied the younger of the two, in a lively kind of way, notwithstanding his weariness and trouble. "This is quite another greeting than we have met with yonder, in the village. Pray, why do you live in such a bad neighborhood?"

"Ah," observed old Philemon, with a quiet and benign smile, "Providence put me here, I hope, among other reasons, in order that I may make you what amends I can for the inhospitality of my neighbors."

"Well said, old father!" said the traveler, laughing; "and, if the truth must be told, my companion and myself need some amends. Those children (the little rascals!) have bespattered us finely with their mud-balls; and one of the curs has torn my cloak, which was ragged enough already. But I took him across the muzzle with my staff; and I think you may have heard him yelp, even thus far off."

Philemon was glad to see him in such good spirits; nor, indeed, would you have fancied, by the traveler's look and manner, that he was weary with a long day's journey, besides being disheartened by rough treatment at the end of it. He was dressed in rather an odd way, with a sort of cap on his head, the brim of which stuck out over both ears. Though it was a summer evening, he wore a cloak, which he kept wrapt closely about him, perhaps because his under garments were shabby. Philemon perceived, too, that he had on a singular pair of shoes; but, as it was now growing dusk, and as the old man's eyesight was none the sharpest, he could not precisely tell in what the strangeness consisted. One thing, certainly, seemed queer. The traveler was so wonderfully light and active, that it appeared as if his feet sometimes rose from the ground of their own accord, or could only be kept down by an effort.

"I used to be light-footed, in my youth," said Philemon to the traveler. "But I always found my feet grow heavier towards nightfall."

"There is nothing like a good staff to help one along," answered the stranger; "and I happen to have an excellent one, as you see."

This staff, in fact, was the oddest-looking staff that Philemon had ever beheld. It was made of olive-wood, and had something like a little pair of wings near the top. Two snakes, carved in the wood, were represented as twining themselves about the staff, and were so very skillfully executed that old Philemon (whose eyes, you know, were getting rather dim) almost thought them alive, and that he could see them wriggling and twisting.

"A curious piece of work, sure enough!" said he. "A staff with wings! It would be an excellent kind of stick for a little boy to ride astride of!"

By this time, Philemon and his two guests had reached the cottage door.

"Friends," said the old man, "sit down and rest yourselves here on this bench. My good wife Baucis has gone to see what you can have for supper. We are poor folks; but you shall be welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard."

The younger stranger threw himself carelessly on the bench, letting his staff fall as he did so. And here happened something rather marvelous, though trifling enough, too. The staff seemed to get up from the ground of its own accord, and, spreading its little pair of wings, it half hopped, half flew, and leaned itself against the wall of the cottage. There it stood quite still, except that the snakes continued to wriggle. But, in my private opinion, old Philemon's eyesight had been playing him tricks again.

Before he could ask any questions, the elder stranger drew his attention from the wonderful staff by speaking to him.

"Was there not," asked the stranger, in a remarkably deep tone of voice, "a lake, in very ancient times, covering the spot where now stands yonder village?"

"Not in my day, friend," answered Philemon; "and yet I am an old man, as you see. There were always the fields and meadows, just as they are now, and the old trees, and the little stream murmuring through the midst of the valley. My father, nor his father before him, ever saw it otherwise, so far as I know; and doubtless it will still be the same when old Philemon shall be gone and forgotten!"

"That is more than can be safely foretold," observed the stranger; and there was something very stern in his deep voice. He shook his head, too, so that his dark and heavy curls were shaken with the movement. "Since the inhabitants of yonder village have forgotten the affections and sympathies of their nature, it were better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again!"

The traveler looked so stern that Philemon was really almost frightened; the more so, that, at his frown, the twilight seemed suddenly to grow darker, and that, when he shook his head, there was a roll as of thunder in the air.

But, in a moment afterwards, the stranger's face became so kindly and mild that the old man quite forgot his terror. Nevertheless, he could not help feeling that this elder traveler must be no ordinary personage, although he happened now to be attired so humbly, and to be journeying on foot. Not that Philemon fancied him a prince in disguise, or any character of that sort; but rather some exceedingly wise man, who went about the world in this poor garb, despising wealth and all worldly objects, and seeking everywhere to add a mite to his wisdom. This idea appeared the more probable, because, when Philemon raised his eyes to the stranger's face, he seemed to see more thought there, in one look, than he could have studied out in a lifetime.

While Baucis was getting the supper, the travelers both began to talk very sociably with Philemon. The younger, indeed, was extremely loquacious, and made such shrewd and witty remarks, that the good old man continually burst out a-laughing, and pronounced him the merriest fellow whom he had seen for many a day.

"Pray, my young friend," said he, as they grew familiar together, "what may I call your name?"

"Why, I am very nimble, as you see," answered the traveler. "So, if you call me Quicksilver, the name will fit tolerably well."

"Quicksilver? Quicksilver!" repeated Philemon, looking in the traveler's face, to see if he were making fun of him. "It is a very odd name! And your companion there? Has he as strange a one?"

"You must ask the thunder to tell you it!" replied Quicksilver, putting on a mysterious look. "No other voice is loud enough."

This remark, whether it were serious or in jest, might have caused Philemon to conceive a very great awe of the elder stranger, if, on venturing to gaze at him, he had not beheld so much beneficence in his visage. But, undoubtedly, here was the grandest figure that ever sat so humbly beside a cottage door. When the stranger conversed, it was with gravity, and in such a way that Philemon felt irresistibly moved to tell him everything which he had most at heart. This is always the feeling that people have, when they meet with any one wise enough to comprehend all their good and evil, and to despise not a tittle of it.

But Philemon, simple and kind-hearted old man that he was, had not many secrets to disclose. He talked, however, quite garrulously, about the events of his past life, in the whole course of which he had never been a score of miles from this very spot. His wife Baucis and himself had dwelt in the cottage from their youth upward, earning their bread by honest labor, always poor, but still contented. He told what excellent butter and cheese Baucis made and how nice were the vegetables which he raised in his garden. He said, too, that, because they loved one another so very much, it was the wish of both that death might not separate them, but that they should die, as they had lived, together.

As the stranger listened, a smile beamed over his countenance, and made its expression as sweet as it was grand.

"You are a good old man," said he to Philemon, "and you have a good old wife to be your helpmeet. It is fit that your wish be granted."

And it seemed to Philemon, just then, as if the sunset clouds threw up a bright flash from the west, and kindled a sudden light in the sky.

Baucis had now got supper ready, and coming to the door, began to make apologies for the poor fare which she was forced to set before her guests.

"Had we known you were coming," said she, "my good man and myself would have gone without a morsel, rather than you should lack a better supper. But I took the most part of to-day's milk to make cheese; and our last loaf is already half eaten. Ah me! I never feel the sorrow of being poor, save when a poor traveler knocks at our door."

"All will be very well; do not trouble yourself, my good dame," replied the elder stranger, kindly. "An honest hearty welcome to a guest works miracles with the fare, and is capable of turning the coarsest food to nectar and ambrosia."

"A welcome you shall have," cried Baucis, "and likewise a little honey that we happen to have left, and a bunch of purple grapes besides."

"Why, Mother Baucis, it is a feast!" exclaimed Quicksilver, laughing, "an absolute feast! and you shall see how bravely I will play my part at it! I think I never felt hungrier in my life."

"Mercy on us!" whispered Baucis to her husband. "If the young man has such a terrible appetite, I am afraid there will not be half enough supper!"

They all went into the cottage.

And now, my little auditors, shall I tell you something that will make you open your eyes very wide? It is really one of the oddest circumstances in the whole story. Quicksilver's staff, you recollect, had set itself up against the wall of the cottage. Well, when its master entered the door, leaving this wonderful staff behind, what should it do but immediately spread its little wings, and go hopping and fluttering up the doorsteps! Tap, tap, went the staff, on the kitchen floor; nor did it rest until it had stood itself on end, with the greatest gravity and decorum, beside Quicksilver's chair. Old Philemon, however, as well as his wife, was so taken up in attending to their guests, that no notice was given to what the staff had been about.

As Baucis had said, there was but a scanty supper for two hungry travelers. In the middle of the table was the remnant of a brown loaf, with a piece of cheese on one side of it, and a dish of honeycomb on the other. There was pretty good bunch of grapes for each of the guests. A moderately sized earthen pitcher, nearly full of milk, stood at a corner of the board; and when Baucis had filled two bowls, and set them before the strangers, only a little milk remained in the bottom of the pitcher. Alas! it is a very sad business, when a bountiful heart finds itself pinched and squeezed among narrow circumstances. Poor Baucis kept wishing that she might starve for a week to come, if it were possible, by so doing, to provide these hungry folks a more plentiful supper.

And, since the supper was so exceedingly small, she could not help wishing that their appetites had not been quite so large. Why, at their very first sitting down, the travelers both drank off all the milk in their two bowls, at a draught.

"A little more milk, kind Mother Baucis, if you please," said Quicksilver. "The day has been hot, and I am very much athirst."

"Now, my dear people," answered Baucis, in great confusion, "I am so sorry and ashamed! But the truth is, there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher. O husband! husband! why didn't we go without our supper?"

"Why, it appears to me," cried Quicksilver, starting up from the table and taking the pitcher by the handle, "it really appears to me that matters are not quite so bad as you represent them. Here is certainly more milk in the pitcher."

So saying, and to the vast astonishment of Baucis, he proceeded to fill, not only his own bowl, but his companion's likewise, from the pitcher, that was supposed to be almost empty. The good woman could scarcely believe her eyes. She had certainly poured out nearly all the milk, and had peeped in afterwards, and seen the bottom of the pitcher, as she set it down upon the table.

"But I am old," thought Baucis to herself, "and apt to be forgetful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events, the pitcher cannot help being empty now, after filling the bowls twice over."

"What excellent milk!" observed Quicksilver, after quaffing the contents of the second bowl. "Excuse me, my kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more."

Now Baucis had seen, as plainly as she could see anything, that Quicksilver had turned the pitcher upside down, and consequently had poured out every drop of milk, in filling the last bowl. Of course, there could not possibly be any left. However, in order to let him know precisely how the case was, she lifted the pitcher, and made a gesture as if pouring milk into Quicksilver's bowl, but without the remotest idea that any milk would stream forth. What was her surprise, therefore, when such an abundant cascade fell bubbling into the bowl, that it was immediately filled to the brim, and overflowed upon the table! The two snakes that were twisted about Quicksilver's staff (but neither Baucis nor Philemon happened to observe this circumstance) stretched out their heads, and began to lap up the spilt milk.

And then what a delicious fragrance the milk had! It seemed as if Philemon's only cow must have pastured, that day, on the richest herbage that could be found anywhere in the world. I only wish that each of you, my beloved little souls, could have a bowl of such nice milk at supper-time!

"And now a slice of your brown loaf,

Mother Baucis," said Quicksilver, "and a little of that honey!"

Baucis cut him a slice, accordingly; and though the loaf, when she and her husband ate of it, had been rather too dry and crusty to be palatable, it was now as light and moist as if but a few hours out of the oven. Tasting a crumb, which had fallen on the table, she found it more delicious than bread ever was before, and could hardly believe that it was a loaf of her own kneading and baking. Yet, what other loaf could it possibly be?

But, oh, the honey! I may just as well let it alone, without trying to describe how exquisitely it smelt and looked. Its color was that of the purest and most transparent gold; and it had the odor of a thousand flowers; but of such flowers as never grew in an earthly garden, and to seek which the bees must have flown high above the clouds. The wonder is, that, after alighting on a flower-bed of so delicious fragrance and immortal bloom, they should have been content to fly down again to their hive in Philemon's garden. Never was such honey tasted, seen, or smelt. The perfume floated around the kitchen, and made it so delightful, that, had you closed your eyes, you would instantly have forgotten the low ceiling and smoky walls, and have fancied yourself in an arbor, with celestial honeysuckles creeping over it.

Although good Mother Baucis was a simple old dame, she could not but think that there was something rather out of the common way in all that had been going on. So, after helping the guests to bread and honey, and laying a bunch of grapes by each of their plates, she sat down by Philemon, and told him what she had seen, in a whisper.

"Did you ever hear the like?" asked she.

"No, I never did," answered Philemon, with a smile. "And I rather think, my dear old wife, you have been walking about in a sort of a dream. If I had poured out the milk, I should have seen through the business at once. There happened to be a little more in the pitcher than you thought,—that is all."

"Ah, husband," said Baucis, "say what you will, these are very uncommon people."

"Well, well," replied Philemon, still smiling, "perhaps they are. They certainly do look as if they had seen better days; and I am heartily glad to see them making so comfortable a supper."

Each of the guests had now taken his bunch of grapes upon his plate. Baucis (who rubbed her eyes, in order to see the more clearly) was of opinion that the clusters had grown larger and richer, and that each separate grape seemed to be on the point of bursting with ripe juice. It was entirely a mystery to her how such grapes could ever have been produced from the old stunted vine that climbed against the cottage wall.

"Very admirable grapes, these!" observed Quicksilver, as he swallowed one after another, without apparently diminishing his cluster. "Pray, my good host, whence did you gather them?"

"From my own vine," answered Philemon. "You may see one of its branches twisting across the window, yonder. But wife and I never thought the grapes very fine ones."

"I never tasted better," said the guest. "Another cup of this delicious milk, if you please, and I shall then have supped better than a prince."

This time, old Philemon bestirred himself, and took up the pitcher; for he was curious to discover whether there was any reality in the marvels which Baucis had whispered to him. He knew that his good old wife was incapable of falsehood, and that she was seldom mistaken in what she supposed to be true; but this was so very singular a case that he wanted to see into it with his own eyes. On taking up the pitcher, therefore, he slyly peeped into it, and was fully satisfied that it contained not so much as a single drop. All at once, however, he beheld a little white fountain, which gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher, and speedily filled it to the brim with foaming and deliciously fragrant milk. It was lucky that Philemon, in his surprise, did not drop the miraculous pitcher from his hand.

"Who are ye, wonder-working strangers?" cried he, even more bewildered than his wife had been.

"Your guests, my good Philemon, and your friends," replied the elder traveler, in his mild, deep voice, that had something at once sweet and awe-inspiring in it. "Give me likewise a cup of the milk; and may your pitcher never be empty for kind Baucis and yourself, any more than for the needy wayfarer!"

The supper being now over, the strangers requested to be shown to their place of repose. The old people would gladly have talked with them a little longer, and have expressed the wonder which they felt, and their delight at finding the poor and meager supper prove so much better and more abundant than they hoped. But the elder traveler had inspired them with such reverence that they dared not ask him any questions. And when Philemon drew Quicksilver aside, and inquired how under the sun a fountain of milk could have got into an old earthen pitcher, this latter personage pointed to his staff.

"There is the whole mystery of the affair," quoth Quicksilver; "and if you can make it out, I'll thank you to let me know. I can't tell what to make of my staff. It is always playing such odd tricks as this; sometimes getting me a supper, and quite as often stealing it away. If I had any faith in such nonsense, I should say the stick was bewitched!"

He said no more, but looked so slyly in their faces, that they rather fancied he was laughing at them. The magic staff went hopping at his heels, as Quicksilver quitted the room. When left alone, the good old couple spent some little time in conversation about the events of the evening, and then lay down on the floor, and fell fast asleep. They had given up their sleeping-room to the guests, and had no other bed for themselves, save these planks, which I wish had been as soft as their own hearts.

The old man and his wife were stirring, betimes, in the morning, and the strangers likewise arose with the sun, and made their preparations to depart. Philemon hospitably entreated them to remain a little longer, until Baucis could milk the cow, and bake a cake upon the hearth, and, perhaps, find them a few fresh eggs, for breakfast. The guests, however, seemed to think it better to accomplish a good part of their journey before the heat of the day should come on. They, therefore, persisted in setting out immediately, but asked Philemon and Baucis to walk forth with them a short distance, and show them the road which they were to take.

So they all four issued from the cottage, chatting together like old friends. It was very remarkable, indeed, how familiar the old couple insensibly grew with the elder traveler, and how their good and simple spirits melted into his, even as two drops of water would melt into the illimitable ocean. And as for Quicksilver, with his keen, quick, laughing wits, he appeared to discover every little thought that but peeped into their minds, before they suspected it themselves. They sometimes wished, it is true, that he had not been quite so quick-witted, and also that he would fling away his staff, which looked so mysteriously mischievous, with the snakes always writhing about it. But then, again, Quicksilver showed himself so very good-humored, that they would have been rejoiced to keep him in their cottage, staff, snakes, and all, every day, and the whole day long.

"Ah, me! Well-a-day!" exclaimed Philemon, when they had walked a little way from their door. "If our neighbors only knew what a blessed thing it is to show hospitality to strangers, they would tie up all their dogs, and never allow their children to fling another stone."

"It is a sin and shame for them to behave so,—that it is!" cried good old Baucis, vehemently. "And I mean to go this very day and tell some of them what naughty people they are!"

"I fear," remarked Quicksilver, slyly smiling, "that you will find none of them at home."

The elder traveler's brow, just then, assumed such a grave, stern, and awful grandeur, yet serene withal, that neither Baucis nor Philemon dared to speak a word. They gazed reverently into his face, as if they had been gazing at the sky.

"When men do not feel towards the humblest stranger as if he were a brother," said the traveler, in tones so deep they sounded like those of an organ, "they are unworthy to exist on earth, which was created as the abode of a great human brotherhood!"

"And, by the by, my dear old people," cried Quicksilver, with the liveliest look of fun and mischief in his eyes, "where is this same village that you talk about? On which side of us does it lie? Methinks I do not see it hereabouts."

Philemon and his wife turned towards the valley, where, at sunset, only the day before, they had seen the meadows, the houses, the gardens, the clumps of trees, the wide, green-margined street, with children playing in it, and all the tokens of business, enjoyment, and prosperity. But what was their astonishment! There was no longer any appearance of a village! Even the fertile vale, in the hollow of which it lay, had ceased to have existence. In its stead, they beheld the broad, blue surface of a lake, which filled the great basin of the valley from brim to brim, and reflected the surrounding hills in its bosom, with as tranquil an image as if it had been there ever since the creation of the world. For an instant, the lake remained perfectly smooth. Then, a little breeze sprang up, and caused the water to dance, glitter, and sparkle in the early sunbeams, and to dash, with a pleasant rippling murmur, against the hither shore.

The lake seemed so strangely familiar, that the old couple were greatly perplexed, and felt as if they could only have been dreaming about a village having lain there. But, the next moment, they remembered the vanished dwellings, and the faces and characters of the inhabitants, far too distinctly for a dream. The village had been there yesterday, and now was gone!

"Alas!" cried these kind-hearted old people, "what has become of our poor neighbors!"

"They exist no longer as men and women," said the elder traveler, in his grand and deep voice, while a roll of thunder seemed to echo it at a distance. "There was neither use nor beauty in such a life as theirs; for they never softened or sweetened the hard lot of mortality by the exercise of kindly affections between man and man. They retained no image of the better life in their bosoms; therefore, the lake, that was of old, has spread itself forth again, to reflect the sky!"

"And as for those foolish people," said Quicksilver, with his mischievous smile, "they are all transformed to fishes. There needed but little change, for they were already a scaly set of rascals, and the coldest-blooded beings in existence. So, kind Mother Baucis, whenever you or your husband have an appetite for a dish of broiled trout, he can throw in a line, and pull out half a dozen of your old neighbors!"

"Ah," cried Baucis, shuddering, "I would not, for the world, put one of them on the gridiron!"

"No," added Philemon, making a wry face, "we could never relish them!"

"As for you, good Philemon," continued the elder traveler, —"and you, kind Baucis,—you, with your scanty means, have mingled so much heartfelt hospitality with your entertainment of the homeless stranger, that the milk became an inexhaustible fount of nectar, and the brown loaf and the honey were ambrosia. Thus, the divinities have feasted, at your board, off the same viands that supply their banquets on Olympus. You have done well, my dear old friends. Wherefore, request whatever favor you have most at heart, and it is granted."

Philemon and Baucis looked at one another, and then, — I know not which of the two it was who spoke, but that one uttered the desire of both their hearts.

"Let us live together, while we live, and leave the world at the same instant, when we die! For we have always loved one another!"

"Be it so!" replied the stranger, with majestic kindness. "Now, look towards your cottage!"

They did so. But what was their surprise on beholding a tall edifice of white marble, with a wide-open portal, occupying the spot where their humble residence had so lately stood!

"There is your home," said the stranger, beneficently smiling on them both. "Exercise your hospitality in yonder palace as freely as in the poor hovel to which you welcomed us last evening."

The old folks fell on their knees to thank him; but, behold! neither he nor Quicksilver was there.

So Philemon and Baucis took up their residence in the marble palace, and spent their time, with vast satisfaction to themselves, in making everybody jolly and comfortable who happened to pass that way. The milk-pitcher, I must not forget to say, retained its marvelous quality of being never empty, when it was desirable to have it full. Whenever an honest, good-humored, and free-hearted guest took a draught from this pitcher, he invariably found it the sweetest and most invigorating fluid that ever ran down his throat. But, if a cross and disagreeable curmudgeon happened to sip, he was pretty certain to twist his visage into a hard knot, and pronounce it a pitcher of sour milk!

Thus the old couple lived in their palace a great, great while, and grew older and older, and very old indeed. At length, however, there came a summer morning when Philemon and Baucis failed to make their appearance, as on other mornings, with one hospitable smile overspreading both their pleasant faces, to invite the guests of over-night to breakfast. The guests searched everywhere, from top to bottom of the spacious palace, and all to no purpose. But, after a great deal of perplexity, they espied, in front of the portal, two venerable trees, which nobody could remember to have seen there the day before. Yet there they stood, with their roots fastened deep into the soil, and a huge breadth of foliage overshadowing the whole front of the edifice. One was an oak, and the other a linden-tree. Their boughs—it was strange and beautiful to see—were intertwined together, and embraced one another, so that each tree seemed to live in the other's bosom, much more than in its own.

While the guests were marveling how these trees, that must have required at least a century to grow, could have come to be so tall and venerable in a single night, a breeze sprang up, and set their intermingled boughs astir. And then there was a deep, broad murmur in the air, as if the two mysterious trees were speaking.

"I am old Philemon!" murmured the oak.

"I am old Baucis!" murmured the linden-tree.

But, as the breeze grew stronger, the trees both spoke at once,—"Philemon! Baucis! Baucis! Philemon!"—as if one were both and both were one, and talking together in the depths of their mutual heart. It was plain enough to perceive that the good old couple had renewed their age, and were now to spend a quiet and delightful hundred years or so, Philemon as an oak, and Baucis as a linden-tree. And oh, what a hospitable shade did they fling around them! Whenever a wayfarer paused beneath it, he heard a pleasant whisper of the leaves above his head, and wondered how the sound should so much resemble words like these:—

"Welcome, welcome, dear traveler, welcome!"

And some kind soul, that knew what would have pleased old Baucis and old Philemon best, built a circular seat around both their trunks, where, for a great while afterwards, the weary, and the hungry, and the thirsty used to repose themselves, and quaff milk abundantly out of the miraculous pitcher.

And I wish, for all our sakes, that we had the pitcher here now!

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One of the very satisfactory attempts to retell the classic myths for young readers is to be found in *Gods and Heroes* by R. E. Francillon. The stories are brought together into a "single *saga*, free from inconsistencies and contradictions." This gives the book all the charm of a single story made of many dramatic episodes. Francillon's version of the familiar tale of Narcissus and Echo follows by permission of the publishers. (Copyright. Ginn & Co., Boston.)

THE NARCISSUS

R. E. FRANCILLON

There was a very beautiful nymph named Echo, who had never, in all her life, seen anybody handsomer than the god Pan. You have read that Pan was the chief of all the Satyrs, and what hideous monsters the Satyrs were. So, when Pan made love to her, she very naturally kept him at a distance: and, as she supposed him to be no worse-looking than the rest of the world, she made up her mind to have nothing to do with love or lovemaking, and was quite content to ramble about the woods all alone.

But one day, to her surprise, she happened to meet with a young man who was as different from Pan as any creature could be. Instead of having a goat's legs and long hairy arms, he was as graceful as Apollo himself: no horns grew out of his forehead, and his ears were not long, pointed, and covered with hair, but just like Echo's own. And he was just as beautiful in face as he was graceful in form. I doubt if Echo would have thought even Apollo himself so beautiful.

The nymphs were rather shy, and Echo was the very shyest of them all. But she admired him so much she could not leave the spot, and at last she even plucked up courage enough to ask him, "What is the name of the most beautiful being in the whole world?"

"Whom do you mean?" asked he. "Yourself? If you want to know your own name, you can tell it better than I can."

"No," said Echo, "I don't mean myself. I mean *you*. What is *your* name?"

"My name is Narcissus," said he. "But as for my being beautiful—that is absurd."

"Narcissus!" repeated Echo to herself. "It is a beautiful name. Which of the nymphs have you come to meet here in these woods all alone? She is lucky—whoever she may be."

"I have come to meet nobody," said Narcissus. "But—am I really so beautiful? I have often been told so by other girls, of course; but really it is more than I can quite believe."

"And you don't care for any of those girls?"

"Why, you see," said Narcissus, "when all the girls one knows call one beautiful, there's no reason why I should care for one more than another. They all seem alike when they are all always saying just the same thing. Ah! I do wish I could see myself, so that I could tell if it was really true. I would marry the girl who could give me the wish of my heart—to see myself as other people see me. But as nobody can make me do that, why, I suppose I shall get on very well without marrying anybody at all."

Looking-glasses had not been invented in those days, so that Narcissus had really never seen even so much of himself as his chin.

"What!" cried Echo, full of hope and joy; "if I make you see your own face, you will marry *me?*"

"I said so," said he. "And of course what I say I'll do, I'll do."

"Then—come with me!"

Echo took him by the hand and led him to the edge of a little lake in the middle of the wood, full of clear water.

"Kneel down, Narcissus," said she, "and bend your eyes over the waterside. That lake is the mirror where Diana comes every morning to dress her hair, and in which, every night, the moon and the stars behold themselves. Look into that water, and see what manner of man you are!"

Narcissus kneeled down and looked into the lake. And, better than in any common looking-glass, he saw the reflected image of his own face — and he looked, and looked, and could not take his eyes away.

But Echo at last grew tired of waiting. "Have you forgotten what you promised me?" asked she. "Are you content now? Do you see now that what I told you is true?"

He lifted his eyes at last. "Oh, beautiful creature that I am!" said he. "I am indeed the most divine creature in the whole wide world. I love myself madly. Go away. I want to be with my beautiful image, with myself, all alone. I can't marry you. I shall never love anybody but myself for the rest of my days." And he kneeled down and gazed at himself once more, while poor Echo had to go weeping away.

Narcissus had spoken truly. He loved himself and his own face so much that he could think of nothing else: he spent all his days and nights by the lake, and never took his eyes away. But unluckily his image, which was only a shadow in the water, could not love him back again. And so he pined away until he died. And when his friends came to look for his body, they found nothing but a flower, into which his soul had turned. So they called it the Narcissus, and we call it so still. And yet I don't know that it is a particularly conceited or selfish flower.

As for poor Echo, she pined away too. She faded and faded until nothing was left of her but her voice. There are many places where she can even now be heard. And she still has the same trick of saying to vain and foolish people whatever they say to themselves, or whatever they would like best to hear said to them. If you go where Echo is, and call out loudly, "I am beautiful!" — she will echo your very words.

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"The Apple of Discord" is also taken, by permission of the publishers, from Francillon's *Gods and Heroes.* It is the story of how the world's first great war was brought about. Teachers who wish to use some of the stories from Homer's *Iliad* might well follow this story with some selected episodes from that work. The prose translation of the *Iliad* by Lang, Leaf, and Myers is the most satisfactory. Of versions adapted for children, Church's *Story of the Iliad* has long been a favorite.

THE APPLE OF DISCORD

R. E. FRANCILLON

Never was such a wedding-feast known as that of Peleus and Thetis. And no wonder; for Peleus was King of Thessaly, and Thetis was a goddess — the goddess who keeps the gates of the West, and throws them open for the chariot of the Sun to pass through when its day's journey is done.

Not only all the neighboring kings and queens came to the feast, but the gods and goddesses besides, bringing splendid presents to the bride and bridegroom. Only one goddess was not there, because she had not been invited; and she had not been invited for the best of all reasons. Her name was Ate, which means Mischief; and wherever she went she caused quarreling and confusion. Jupiter had turned her out of heaven for setting even the gods by the ears; and ever since then she had been wandering about the earth, making mischief, for they would not have her even in Hades.

"So they won't have *Me* at their feast!" she said to herself, when she heard the sound of the merriment to which she had not been bidden. "Very well; they shall be sorry. I see a way to make a bigger piece of mischief than ever was known."

So she took a golden apple, wrote some words upon it, and, keeping herself out of sight, threw it into the very middle of the feasters, just when they were most merry.

Nobody saw where the apple came from; but of course they supposed it had been thrown among them for frolic; and one of the guests, taking it up, read aloud the words written on it. The words were:

"FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL!"

—nothing more.

"What a handsome present somebody has sent me!" said Juno, holding out her hand for the apple.

"Sent *you?*" asked Diana. "What an odd mistake, to be sure! Don't you see it is for the most beautiful? I will thank you to hand me what is so clearly intended for *Me*."

"You seem to forget *I* am present!" said Vesta, making a snatch at the apple.

"Not at all!" said Ceres; "only I happen to be here, too. And who doubts that where I am there is the most beautiful?"

"Except where *I* am," said Proserpine.

"What folly is all this!" said Minerva, the wise. "Wisdom is the only true beauty; and everybody knows that I am the wisest of you all."

"But it's for the *most* beautiful!" said Venus. "The idea of its being for anybody but *Me!*"

Then every nymph and goddess present, and even every woman, put in her claim, until from claiming and disputing it grew to arguing and wrangling and downright quarreling: insults flew about, until the merriment grew into an angry din, the like of which had never been heard. But as it became clear that it was impossible for everybody to be the most beautiful, the claimants gradually settled down into three parties—some taking the side of Venus, others of Juno, others of Minerva.

"We shall never settle it among ourselves," said one, when all were fairly out of breath with quarreling. "Let the gods decide."

For the gods had been silent all the while; and now they looked at one another in dismay at such an appeal. Jupiter, in his heart, thought Venus the most beautiful; but how could he dare decide against either his wife Juno or his daughter Minerva? Neptune hated Minerva on account of their old quarrel; but it was awkward to choose between his daughter Venus and his sister Juno, of whose temper he, as well as Jupiter, stood in awe. Mars was ready enough to vote for Venus; but then he was afraid of a scandal. And so with all the gods—not one was bold enough to decide on such a terrible question as the beauty of three rival goddesses who were ready to tear out each other's eyes. For Juno was looking like a thundercloud, and Minerva like lightning, and Venus like a smiling but treacherous sea.

"I have it," said Jupiter at last. "Men are better judges of beauty than the gods are, who never see anything but its perfection. King Priam of Troy has a son named Paris, whose judgment as a critic I would take even before my own.

I propose that you, Juno, and you, Minerva, and you, Venus, shall go together before Paris and submit yourselves to his decision, whatever it may be."

And so it was settled, for each of the three goddesses was equally sure that, whoever the judge might be, the golden apple was safe to be hers. The quarrel came to an end, and the feast ended pleasantly; but Ate, who had been watching and listening, laughed in her sleeve.

Troy, where King Priam reigned, was a great and ancient city on the shore of Asia: it was a sacred city, whose walls had been built by Neptune, and it possessed the Palladium, the image of Minerva, which kept it from all harm. Priam — who had been the friend of Hercules — and his wife Hecuba had many sons and daughters, all brave and noble princes and beautiful princesses; and of his sons, while the bravest and noblest was his first-born, Hector, the handsomest and most amiable was Paris, whom Jupiter had appointed to be the judge of beauty.

Paris, unlike his brothers, cared nothing for affairs of State, but lived as a shepherd upon Mount Ida with his wife Oenone, a nymph of that mountain, in perfect happiness and peace, loved and honored by the whole country round, which had given him the name of "Alexander," which means "The Helper." One would think that if anybody was safe from the mischief of Ate, it was he.

But one day, while he was watching his flocks and thinking of Oenone, there came to him what he took for three beautiful women — the most beautiful he had ever seen. Yet something told him they were more than mere women, or even than Oreads, before the tallest said —

"There is debate in Olympus which is the most beautiful of us three, and Jupiter has appointed you to be the judge between us. I am Juno, the queen of gods and men, and if you decide for me, I will make you king of the whole world."

"And I," said the second, "am Minerva, and you shall know everything in the whole universe if you decide for me."

"But I," said the third, "am Venus, who can give neither wisdom nor power; but if you decide for me, I will give you the love of the most beautiful woman that ever was or ever will be born."

Paris looked from one to the other, wondering to which he should award the golden apple, the prize of beauty. He did not care for power; he would be quite content to rule his sheep, and even that was not always easy. Nor did he care for wisdom or knowledge: he had enough for all his needs. Nor ought he to have desired any love but Oenone's. But then Venus was really the most beautiful of all the goddesses — the very goddess of beauty; no mortal could refuse anything she asked him, so great was her charm. So he took the apple and placed it in the hands of Venus without a word, while Juno and Minerva departed in a state of wrath with Paris, Venus, and each other, which made Ate laugh to herself more than ever.

Now the most beautiful woman in the whole world was Helen, step-daughter of King Tyndarus of Sparta, and sister of Castor and Pollux: neither before her nor after her has there been any to compare with her for beauty. Thirty-one of the noblest princes in Greece came to her father's Court at the same time to seek her in marriage, so that

Tyndarus knew not what to do, seeing that, whomsoever he chose for his son-in-law, he would make thirty powerful enemies. The most famous among them were Ulysses, King of the island of Ithaca; Diomed, King of Aetolia; Ajax, King of Salamis, the bravest and strongest man in Greece; his brother Teucer; Philoctetes, the friend of Hercules; and Menelaus, King of Sparta. At last, as there was no other way of deciding among them, an entirely new idea occurred to Ulysses — namely, that Helen should be allowed to choose her own husband herself, and that, before she chose, all the rival suitors should make a great and solemn oath to approve her choice, and to defend her and her husband against all enemies thenceforth and forever. This oath they all took loyally and with one accord, and Helen chose Menelaus, King of Sparta, who married her with great rejoicing, and took her away to his kingdom.

And all would have gone well but for that wretched apple. For Venus was faithful to her promise that the most beautiful of all women should be the wife of Paris: and so Menelaus, returning from a journey, found that a Trojan prince had visited his Court during his absence, and had gone away, taking Helen with him to Troy. This Trojan prince was Paris, who, seeing Helen, had forgotten Oenone, and could think of nothing but her whom Venus had given him.

Then, through all Greece and all the islands, went forth the summons of King Menelaus, reminding the thirty princes of their great oath: and each and all of them, and many more, came to the gathering-place with all their ships and all their men, to help Menelaus and to bring back Helen. Such a host as gathered together at Aulis had never been seen since the world began; there were nearly twelve hundred ships and more than a hundred thousand men: it was the first time that all the Greeks joined together in one cause. There, besides those who had come for their oath's sake, were Nestor, the old King of Pylos — so old that he remembered Jason and the Golden Fleece, but, at ninety years old, as ready for battle as the youngest there; and Achilles, the son of Peleus and Thetis, scarcely more than a boy, but fated to outdo the deeds of the bravest of them all. The kings and princes elected Agamemnon, King of Mycenae and Argos, and brother of Menelaus, to be their general-in-chief; and he forthwith sent a herald to Troy to demand the surrender of Helen.

But King Priam was indignant that these chiefs of petty kingdoms should dare to threaten the sacred city of Troy: and he replied to the demand by a scornful challenge, and by sending out his summons also to his friends and allies. And it was as well answered as that of Menelaus had been. There came to his standard Rhesus, with a great army from Thrace; and Sarpedon, the greatest king in all Asia; and Memnon, king of Aethiopia, with twenty thousand men — the hundred thousand Greeks were not so many as the army of Priam. Then Agamemnon gave the order to sail for Troy: and Ate laughed aloud, for her apple had brought upon mankind the First Great War.

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The little book of *Old Greek Folk Stories*, by Josephine P. Peabody, is especially valuable, not only for its fine versions of many of the more interesting myths, but because it supplements the dozen retold by Hawthorne in his *Wonder-Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*. The two stories that follow are taken from that book and are used by permission of and by special arrangement with the publishers. (Copyright. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.) It is worth noticing that the idea of being able to fly through the air successfully is found in a very remote past, and that Daedalus discarded his invention because of the tragedy related below. Only a few years since, most people looked upon one who tried to work out practically the problem of flying as somewhat "short" mentally. Hence the use of such efforts for comic effect as in "Darius Green and His Flying Machine" (No. 375).

ICARUS AND DAEDALUS

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

Among all those mortals who grew so wise that they learned the secrets of the gods, none was more cunning than Daedalus.

He once built, for King Minos of Crete, a wonderful Labyrinth of winding ways so cunningly tangled up and twisted around that, once inside, you could never find your way out again without a magic clue. But the king's favor veered with the wind; and one day he had his master architect imprisoned in a tower. Daedalus managed to escape from his cell; but it seemed impossible to leave the island, since every ship that came or went was well guarded by order of the king.

At length, watching the sea gulls in the air, — the only creatures that were sure of liberty, — he thought of a plan for himself and his young son Icarus, who was captive with him.

Little by little, he gathered a store of feathers great and small. He fastened these together with thread, moulded them in with wax, and so fashioned two great wings like those of a bird. When they were done, Daedalus fitted them to his own shoulders, and after one or two efforts, he found that by waving his arms he could winnow the air and cleave it, as a swimmer does the sea. He held himself aloft, wavered this way and that with the wind, and at last, like a great fledgling, he learned to fly.

Without delay, he fell to work on a pair of wings for the boy Icarus, and taught him carefully how to use them, bidding him beware of rash adventures among the stars. "Remember," said the father, "never to fly very low or very high, for the fogs about the earth would weigh you down, but the blaze of the sun will surely melt your feathers apart if you go too near."

For Icarus, these cautions went in at one ear and out by the other. Who could remember to be careful when he was to fly for the first time? Are birds careful? Not they! And not an idea remained in the boy's head but the one joy of escape.

The day came, and the fair wind that was to set them free. The father bird put on his wings, and, while the light urged them to be gone, he waited to see that all was well with Icarus, for the two could not fly hand in hand. Up they rose, the boy after his father. The hateful ground of Crete sank beneath them; and the country folk, who caught a glimpse of them when they were high above the tree-tops, took it for a vision of the gods, — Apollo, perhaps, with Cupid after him.

At first there was a terror in the joy. The wide vacancy of the air dazed them, — a glance downward made their brains reel. But when a great wind filled their wings, and Icarus felt himself sustained, like a halcyon-bird in the hollow of a wave, like a child uplifted by his mother, he forgot everything in the world but joy. He forgot Crete and the other islands that he had passed over: he saw but vaguely that winged thing in the distance before him that was his father Daedalus. He longed for one draught of flight to quench the thirst of his captivity: he stretched out his arms to the sky and made towards the highest heavens.

Alas for him! Warmer and warmer grew the air. Those arms, that had seemed to uphold him, relaxed. His wings wavered, drooped. He fluttered his young hands vainly,—he was falling,—and in that terror he remembered. The heat of the sun had melted the wax from his wings; the feathers were falling, one by one, like snowflakes; and there was none to help.

He fell like a leaf tossed down the wind, down, down, with one cry that overtook Daedalus far away. When he returned, and sought high and low for the poor boy, he saw nothing but the bird-like feathers afloat on the water, and he knew that Icarus was drowned.

The nearest island he named Icaria, in memory of the child; but he, in heavy grief, went to the temple of Apollo in Sicily, and there hung up his wings as an offering. Never again did he attempt to fly.

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This story of how Apollo, god of music and poetry, was sent to earth for a space to serve a mortal is also from *Old Greek Folk Stories*, by arrangement with the publishers. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.)

James Russell Lowell wrote a very fine poetic treatment of this same story in "The Shepherd of King Admetus" (No. 373).

ADMETUS AND THE SHEPHERD

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

Apollo did not live always free of care, though he was the most glorious of the gods. One day, in anger with the Cyclopes who work at the forges of Vulcan, he sent his arrows after them, to the wrath of all the gods, but especially of Zeus. (For the Cyclopes always make his thunderbolts, and make them well.) Even the divine archer could not go unpunished, and as a penalty he was sent to serve some mortal for a year. Some say one year and some say nine, but in those days time passed quickly; and as for the gods, they took no heed of it.

Now there was a certain king in Thessaly, Admetus by name, and there came to him one day a stranger, who asked leave to serve about the palace. None knew his name, but he was very comely, and moreover, when they questioned him he said that he had come from a position of high trust. So without further delay they made him chief shepherd of the royal flocks.

Every day thereafter, he drove his sheep to the banks of the river Amphryssus, and there he sat to watch them browse. The country folk that passed drew near to wonder at him, without daring to ask questions. He seemed to have a knowledge of leech-craft, and knew how to cure the ills of any wayfarer with any weed that grew near by; and he would pipe for hours in the sun. A simple-spoken man he was, yet he seemed to know much more than he would say, and he smiled with a kindly mirth when the people wished him sunny weather.

Indeed, as days went by, it seemed as if summer had come to stay, and, like the shepherd, found the place friendly. Nowhere else were the flocks so white and fair to see, like clouds loitering along a bright sky; and sometimes, when he chose, their keeper sang to them. Then the grasshoppers drew near and the swans sailed close to the river banks, and the countrymen gathered about to hear wonderful tales of the slaying of the monster Python, and of a king with ass's ears, and of a lovely maiden, Daphne, who grew into a laurel-tree. In time the rumor of these things drew the king himself to listen; and Admetus, who had been to see the world in the ship Argo, knew at once that this was no earthly shepherd, but a god. From that day, like a true king, he treated his guest with reverence and friendliness, asking no questions; and the god was well pleased.

Now it came to pass that Admetus fell in love with a beautiful maiden, Alcestis, and, because of the strange condition that her father Pelias had laid upon all suitors, he was heavy-hearted. Only that man who should come to woo her in a chariot drawn by a wild boar and a lion might ever marry Alcestis; and this task was enough to puzzle even a king.

As for the shepherd, when he heard of it he rose, one fine morning, and left the sheep and went his way,—no one knew whither. If the sun had gone out, the people could not have been more dismayed. The king himself went, late in the day, to walk by the river Amphrysus, and wonder if his gracious keeper of the flocks had deserted him in a time of need. But at that very moment, whom should he see returning from the woods but the shepherd, glorious as sunset, and leading side by side a lion and a boar, as gentle as two sheep! The very next morning, with joy and gratitude, Admetus set out in his chariot for the kingdom of Pelias, and there he wooed and won Alcestis, the most loving wife that was ever heard of.

It was well for Admetus that he came home with such a comrade, for the year was at an end, and he was to lose his shepherd. The strange man came to take leave of the king and queen whom he had befriended.

"Blessed be your flocks, Admetus," he said, smiling. "They shall prosper even though I leave them. And, because you can discern the gods that come to you in the guise of wayfarers, happiness shall never go far from your home, but ever return to be your guest. No man may live on earth forever, but this one gift have I obtained for you. When your last hour draws near, if any one shall be willing to meet it in your stead, he shall die, and you shall live on, more than the mortal length of days. Such kings deserve long life."

So ended the happy year when Apollo tended sheep.

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This version of the Midas story is taken from Bulfinch's *Age of Fable*, which is still one of the most valuable and interesting handbooks in its field. One who wishes simply good versions of the old myths without any of the apparatus of scholarship will find Bulfinch excellent. It serves well for younger or general readers who would be worried by references or interpretations.

Hawthorne's version of this favorite myth may be found in his *Wonder-Book* as "The Golden Touch."

MIDAS

Bacchus, on a certain occasion, found his old schoolmaster and foster-father, Silenus, missing. The old man had been drinking, and in that state had wandered away, and was found by some peasants, who carried him to their king, Midas. Midas recognized him and treated him hospitably, entertaining him for ten days and nights with an unceasing round of jollity. On the eleventh day he brought Silenus back, and restored him in safety to his pupil. Whereupon Bacchus offered Midas his choice of whatever reward he might wish. He asked that whatever he might touch should be changed into *gold*. Bacchus consented, though sorry that he had not made a better choice.

Midas went his way, rejoicing in his newly acquired power, which he hastened to put to the test. He could scarce believe his eyes when he found that a twig of an oak, which he plucked from the branch, became gold in his hand. He took up a stone—it changed to gold. He touched a sod—it did the same. He took an apple from the tree—you would have thought he had robbed the garden of the Hesperides. His joy knew no bounds, and as soon as he got home, he ordered the servants to set a splendid repast on the table. Then he found to his dismay that whether he touched bread, it hardened in his hand; or put a morsel to his lips, it defied his teeth. He took a glass of wine, but it flowed down his throat like melted gold.

In consternation at the unprecedented affliction, he strove to divest himself of his power; he hated the gift he had lately coveted. But all in vain; starvation seemed to await him. He raised his arms, all shining with gold, in prayer to Bacchus, begging to be delivered from his glittering destruction. Bacchus, merciful deity, heard and consented. "Go," said he, "to the River Pactolus, trace the stream to its fountain-head, there plunge in your head and body and wash away your fault and its punishment." He did so, and scarce had he touched the waters before the gold-creating power passed into them, and the river sands became changed into *gold*, as they remain to this day.

Thenceforth Midas, hating wealth and splendor, dwelt in the country and became a worshipper of Pan, the god of the fields. On a certain occasion Pan had the temerity to compare his music with that of Apollo, and to challenge the god of the lyre to a trial of skill. The challenge was accepted; and Tmolus, the mountain-god, was chosen umpire. Tmolus took his seat and cleared away the trees from his ears to listen. At a given signal Pan blew on his pipes, and with his rustic melody gave great satisfaction to himself and his faithful follower Midas, who happened to be present. Then Tmolus turned his head toward the sun-god, and all his trees turned with him. Apollo rose, his brow wreathed with Parnassian laurel, while his robe of Tyrian purple swept the ground. In his left hand he held the lyre, and with his right hand struck the strings. Ravished with the harmony, Tmolus at once awarded the victory to the god of the lyre, and all but Midas acquiesced in the judgment. He dissented, and questioned the justice of the award. Apollo would not suffer such a depraved pair of ears any longer to wear the human form, but caused them to increase in length, grow hairy within and without, and to become movable on their roots; in short, to be on the perfect pattern of those of an ass.

Mortified enough was King Midas at this mishap; but he consoled himself with the thought that it was possible to hide his misfortune, which he attempted to do by means of an ample turban or headdress. But his hairdresser of course knew the secret. He was charged not to mention it, and threatened with dire punishment if he presumed to disobey. But he found it too much for his discretion to keep such a secret; so he went out into the meadow, dug a hole in the ground, and stooping down, whispered the story, and covered it up. Before long a thick bed of reeds sprang up in the meadow, and as soon as it had gained its growth, began whispering the story, and has continued to do so, from that day to this, with every breeze which passes over the place.

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The story of Phaëthon is taken by permission from Gayley's *Classic Myths in English Literature and Art*. (Copyright. Ginn & Co., Boston.) Gayley is by all odds the one handbook for the whole field of mythology that teachers should always have access to. Based upon the older Bulfinch, it brings the whole subject up to date and reflects all the results of later scholarship on the matters of origins and interpretations. Its bibliographies and extended commentaries make it invaluable. The story of Phaëthon is usually thought of as a warning against presumption, conceit, whim, self-will. It was probably invented in the first place to account for the extremely hot weather of the summer months.

PHAËTHON

CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY

Phaëthon was the son of Apollo and the nymph Clymene. One day Epaphus, the son of Jupiter and Io, scoffed at the idea of Phaëthon's being the son of a god. Phaëthon complained of the insult to his mother Clymene. She sent him to Phoebus to ask for himself whether he had not been truly informed concerning his parentage. Gladly Phaëthon traveled toward the regions of sunrise and gained at last the palace of the sun. He approached his father's presence, but stopped at a distance, for the light was more than he could bear.

Phoebus Apollo, arrayed in purple, sat on a throne that glittered with diamonds. Beside him stood the Day, the Month, the Year, the Hours, and the Seasons. Surrounded by these attendants, the Sun beheld the youth dazzled with the novelty and splendor of the scene, and inquired the purpose of his errand. The youth replied, "Oh, light of the boundless world, Phoebus, my father—if thou dost yield me that name—give me some proof, I beseech thee, by which I may be known as thine!"

He ceased. His father, laying aside the beams that shone around his head, bade him approach, embraced him, owned him for his son, and swore by the river Styx that whatever proof he might ask should be granted. Phaëthon immediately asked to be permitted for one day to drive the chariot of the sun. The father repented of his promise and tried to dissuade the boy by telling him the perils of the undertaking. "None but myself," he said, "may drive the flaming car of day. Not even Jupiter, whose terrible right arm hurls the thunderbolts. The first part of the way is steep and such as the horses when fresh in the morning can hardly climb; the middle is high up in the heavens, whence I myself can scarcely, without alarm, look down and behold the earth and sea stretched beneath me. The last part of the road descends rapidly and requires most careful driving. Tethys, who is waiting to receive me, often trembles for me lest I should fall headlong. Add to this that the heaven is all the time turning round and carrying the stars with it. Couldst thou keep thy course while the sphere revolved beneath thee? The road, also, is through the midst of frightful monsters. Thou must pass by the horns of the Bull, in front of the Archer, and near the Lion's jaws, and where the Scorpion stretches its arms in one direction and the Crab in another. Nor wilt thou find it easy to guide those horses, with their breasts full of fire that they breathe forth from their mouths and nostrils. Beware, my son, lest I be the donor of a fatal gift; recall the request while yet thou canst." He ended; but the youth rejected admonition and held to his demand. So, having resisted as long as he might, Phoebus at last led the way to where stood the lofty chariot.

It was of gold, the gift of Vulcan, — the axle of gold, the pole and wheels of gold, the spokes of silver. Along the seat were rows of chrysolites and diamonds, reflecting the brightness of the sun. While the daring youth gazed in admiration, the early Dawn threw open the purple doors of the east and showed the pathway strewn with roses. The stars withdrew, marshaled by the Day-star, which last of all retired also. The father, when he saw the earth beginning to glow and the Moon preparing to retire, ordered the Hours to harness up the horses. They led forth from the lofty stalls the steeds full fed with ambrosia, and attached the reins. Then the father, smearing the face of his son with a powerful unguent, made him capable of enduring the brightness of the flame. He set the rays on the lad's head, and, with a foreboding sigh, told him to spare the whip and hold tight the reins; not to take the straight road between the five circles, but to turn off to the left; to keep within the limit of the middle zone and avoid the northern and the southern alike; finally, to keep in the well-worn ruts and to drive neither too high nor too low, for the middle course was safest and best.

Forthwith the agile youth sprang into the chariot, stood erect, and grasped the reins with delight, pouring out thanks to his reluctant parent. But the steeds soon perceived that the load they drew was lighter than usual; and as a ship without its accustomed weight, was dashed about as if empty. The horses rushed headlong and left the traveled road. Then, for the first time, the Great and Little Bears were scorched with heat, and would fain, if it were possible, have plunged into the water; and the Serpent which lies coiled round the north pole, torpid and harmless, grew warm, and with warmth felt its rage revive. Boötes, they say, fled away, though encumbered with his plow and unused to rapid motion.

When hapless Phaëthon looked down upon the earth, now spreading in vast extent beneath him, he grew pale, and his knees shook with terror. He lost his self-command and knew not whether to draw tight the reins or throw them loose; he forgot the names of the horses. But when he beheld the monstrous forms scattered over the surface of heaven,—the Scorpion extending two great arms, his tail, and his crooked claws over the space of two signs of the zodiac,—when the boy beheld him, reeking with poison and menacing with fangs, his courage failed, and the reins fell from his hands. The horses, unrestrained, went off into unknown regions of the sky in among the stars, hurling the chariot over pathless places, now up in high heaven, now down almost to the earth. The moon saw with astonishment her brother's chariot running beneath her own. The clouds began to smoke. The forest-clad mountains burned,—Athos and Taurus and Tmolus and Oete; Ida, once celebrated for fountains; the Muses' mountain Helicon, and Haemus; Aetna, with fires within and without, and Parnassus, with his two peaks, and Rhodope, forced at last to part with his snowy crown. Her cold climate was no protection to Scythia; Caucasus burned, and Ossa and Pindus, and, greater than both, Olympus,—the Alps high in air, and the Apennines crowned with clouds.

Phaëthon beheld the world on fire and felt the heat intolerable. Then, too, it is said, the people of Aethiopia became black because the blood was called by the heat so suddenly to the surface; and the Libyan desert was dried up to the condition in which it remains to this day. The Nymphs of the fountains, with disheveled hair, mourned their waters, nor were the rivers safe beneath their banks; Tanaïs smoked, and Caïcus, Xanthus, and Maeander; Babylonian Euphrates and Ganges, Tagus, with golden sands, and Caÿster, where the swans resort. Nile fled away and hid his head in the desert, and there it still remains concealed. Where he used to discharge his waters through seven mouths into the sea, seven dry channels alone remained. The earth cracked open and through the chinks light broke into Tartarus and frightened the king of shadows and his queen. The sea shrank up. Even Nereus and his wife Doris with the Nereïds, their daughters, sought the deepest caves for refuge. Thrice Neptune essayed to raise his head above the surface and thrice was driven back by the heat. Earth, surrounded as she was by waters, yet with head and shoulders bare, screening her face with her hand, looked up to heaven, and with husky voice prayed Jupiter, if it were his will that she should perish by fire, to end her agony at once by his thunderbolts, or else to consider his own Heaven, how both the poles were smoking that sustained his palace, and that all must fall if they were destroyed.

Earth, overcome with heat and thirst, could say no more. Then Jupiter, calling the gods to witness that all was lost unless some speedy remedy were applied, thundered, brandished a lightning bolt in his right hand, launched it against the charioteer, and struck him at the same moment from his seat and from existence. Phaëthon, with his hair on fire, fell headlong, like a shooting star which marks the heavens with its brightness as it falls, and Eridanus, the great river, received him and cooled his burning frame. His sisters, the Heliades, as they lamented his fate, were turned into poplar trees on the banks of the river; and their tears, which continued to flow, became amber as they dropped into the stream. The Italian Naiads reared a tomb for him and inscribed these words upon the stone:

> Driver of Phoebus' chariot, Phaëthon,
> Struck by Jove's thunder, rests beneath
> this stone.
> He could not rule his father's car of fire,
> Yet was it much so nobly to aspire.

The Norse myths originated among peoples who lived in the country which is now Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Iceland. In these lands of the North, winter is long and dark, and the intense cold is not easily endured; but summer brings sunshine, warmth, and happiness. It is not strange, therefore, that the evil spirits of Norse mythology should be represented as huge frost giants and mountain giants. These giants, or Jotuns, were first formed from the mist that came from fields of ice. They lived in a dreary country called Jōtunheim, and were enemies of the gods, who lived in the bright, beautiful city of Asgard.

To live the life of the old Norse folk required strength and courage, for the little boats in which they went to fish were too small for storm-tossed Arctic seas, and the weapons with which they hunted in the cold, lonely forests were primitive. It is but natural, therefore, that they should have idealized strength and courage and that they should have represented the gods of Asgard as being large, strong, and courageous. Although Thor, the eldest son of Odin, was small in comparison with the giants, we are told in one of the myths that he was a mile in height; also he had great strength and a wonderful hammer, called Mjolmer, with which he always defeated the giants and kept them from Asgard. Thunder was caused by the stroke of Thor's hammer; hence Thor was called the Thunderer.

The spiritual ideals in Norse mythology are more important than the physical ideals. The long, cold winter nights kept the Norse folk at home; hence they had a love for home and family relations and a respect for women that may not be found revealed in the mythology of Greece. Wisdom and judgment, too, were more essential than craft and fraud in encountering the hardships of their life; therefore they represented Odin, the supreme god of Asgard, as being the god of wisdom. The gods of Greek mythology often used craft and fraud to accomplish their purposes, but only Loke among the inhabitants of Asgard relied upon deception. Loke was descended from the giants, but was also related to the gods; so he was permitted to live in Asgard. It is significant of the spirit of the Norse folk that the gods did not trust Loke and came to regard him as their enemy; and it was he who finally brought misfortune to the gods.

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This story of Thor's visit to the land of the giants is taken from Bulfinch. It deals with one of the favorite sections of Norse mythology, satisfying, as it does, the listeners' demand for courageous struggle against great and mysterious forces. The use of illusion by the giant forces of evil as a method of defeating the open-minded forces of truth is strikingly exemplified in the various contests staged at Jōtunheim.

THOR'S VISIT TO JÖTUNHEIM

One day the god Thor, with his servant Thialfi, and accompanied by Loki, set out on a journey to the giants' country. Thialfi was of all men the swiftest of foot. He bore Thor's wallet, containing their provisions. When night came on they found themselves in an immense forest, and searched on all sides for a place where they might pass the night, and at last came to a very large hall, with an entrance that took the whole breadth of one end of the building. Here they lay down to sleep, but towards midnight were alarmed by an earthquake which shook the whole edifice. Thor, rising up, called on his companions to seek with him a place of safety. On the right they found an adjoining chamber, into which the others entered, but Thor remained at the doorway with his mallet in his hand, prepared to defend himself, whatever might happen. A terrible groaning was heard during the night, and at dawn of day Thor went out and found lying near him a huge giant, who slept and snored in the way that had alarmed them so. It is said that for once Thor was afraid to use his mallet, and as the giant soon waked up, Thor contented himself with simply asking his name.

"My name is Skrymir," said the giant, "but I need not ask thy name, for I know that thou art the god Thor. But what has become of my glove?" Thor then perceived that what they had taken overnight for a hall was the giant's glove, and the chamber where his two companions had sought refuge was the thumb. Skrymir then proposed that they should travel in company, and Thor consenting, they sat down to eat their breakfast, and when they had done, Skrymir packed all the provisions into one wallet, threw it over his shoulder, and strode on before them, taking such tremendous strides that they were hard put to it to keep up with him. So they traveled the whole day, and at dusk Skrymir chose a place for them to pass the night in under a large oak tree. Skrymir then told them he would lie down to sleep. "But take ye the wallet," he added, "and prepare your supper."

Skrymir soon fell asleep and began to snore strongly; but when Thor tried to open the wallet, he found the giant had tied it up so tight he could not untie a single knot. At last Thor became wroth, and grasping his mallet with both hands he struck a furious blow on the giant's head. Skrymir, awakening, merely asked whether a leaf had not fallen on his head, and whether they had supped and were ready to go to sleep. Thor answered that they were just going to sleep, and so saying went and laid himself down under another tree. But sleep came not that night to Thor, and when Skrymir snored again so loud that the forest reëchoed with the noise, he arose, and grasping his mallet launched it with such force at the giant's skull that it made a deep dint in it. Skrymir, awakening, cried out, "What's the matter? Are there any birds perched on this tree? I felt some moss from the branches fall on my head. How fares it with thee, Thor?" But Thor went away hastily, saying that he had just then awoke, and that as it was only midnight, there was still time for sleep. He, however, resolved that if he had an opportunity of striking a third blow, it should settle all matters between them.

A little before daybreak he perceived that Skrymir was again fast asleep, and again grasping his mallet, he dashed it with such violence that it forced its way into the giant's skull up to the handle. But Skrymir sat up, and stroking his cheek said, "An acorn fell on my head. What! Art thou awake, Thor? Methinks it is time for us to get up and dress ourselves; but you have not now a long way before you to the city called Utgard. I have heard you whispering to one another that I am not a man of small dimensions; but if you come to Utgard you will see there many men much taller than I. Wherefore, I advise you, when you come there, not to make too much of yourselves, for the followers of Utgard-Loki will not brook the boasting of such little fellows as you are. You must take the road that leads eastward, mine lies northward, so we must part here."

Hereupon he threw his wallet over his shoulders and turned away from them into the forest, and Thor had no wish to stop him or to ask for any more of his company.

Thor and his companions proceeded on their way, and towards noon descried a city standing in the middle of a plain. It was so lofty that they were obliged to bend their necks quite back on their shoulders in order to see to the top of it. On arriving they entered the city, and seeing a large palace before them with the door wide open, they went in, and found a number of men of prodigious stature, sitting on benches in the hall. Going further, they came before the king, Utgard-Loki, whom they saluted with great respect. The king, regarding them with a scornful smile, said, "If I do not mistake me, that stripling yonder must be the god Thor." Then addressing himself to Thor, he said, "Perhaps thou mayst be more than thou appearest to be. What are the feats that thou and thy fellows deem yourselves skilled in, for no one is permitted to remain here who does not, in some feat or other, excel all other men?"

"The feat that I know," said Loki, "is to eat quicker than any one else, and in this I am ready to give a proof against any one here who may choose to compete with me."

"That will indeed be a feat," said Utgard-Loki, "if thou performest what thou promisest, and it shall be tried forthwith."

He then ordered one of his men who was sitting at the farther end of the bench, and whose name was Logi, to come forward and try his skill with Loki. A trough filled with meat having been set on the hall floor, Loki placed himself at one end, and Logi at the other, and each of them began to eat as fast as he could, until they met in the middle of the trough. But it was found that Loki had only eaten the flesh, while his adversary had devoured both flesh and bone, and the trough to boot. All the company therefore adjudged that Loki was vanquished.

Utgard-Loki then asked what feat the young man who accompanied Thor could perform. Thialfi answered that he would run a race with any one who might be matched against him. The king observed that skill in running was something to boast of, but if the youth would win the match he must display great agility. He then arose and went with all who were present to a plain where there was good ground for running on, and calling a young man named Hugi, bade him run a match with Thialfi. In the first course Hugi so much outstripped his competitor that he turned back and met him not far from the starting place. Then they ran a second and a third time, but Thialfi met with no better success.

Utgard-Loki then asked Thor in what feats he would choose to give proofs of that prowess for which he was so famous. Thor answered that he would try a drinking-match with any one. Utgard-Loki bade his cup-bearer bring the large horn which his followers were obliged to empty when they had trespassed in any way against the law of the feast. The cup-bearer having presented it to Thor, Utgard-Loki said, "Whoever is a good drinker will empty that horn at a single draught, though most men make two of it, but the most puny drinker can do it in three."

Thor looked at the horn, which seemed of no extraordinary size though somewhat long; however, as he was very thirsty, he set it to his lips, and without drawing breath, pulled as long and as deeply as he could, that he might not be obliged to make a second draught of it; but when he set the horn down and looked in, he could scarcely perceive that the liquor was diminished.

After taking breath, Thor went to it again with all his might, but when he took the horn from his mouth, it seemed to him that he had drunk rather less than before, although the horn could now be carried without spilling.

"How now, Thor?" said Utgard-Loki; "thou must not spare thyself. If thou meanest to drain the horn at the third draught thou must pull deeply; and I must needs say that thou wilt not be called so mighty a man here as thou art at home if thou showest no greater prowess in other feats than methinks will be shown in this."

Thor, full of wrath, again set the horn to his lips and did his best to empty it; but on looking in found the liquor was only a little lower, so he resolved to make no further attempt, but gave back the horn to the cup-bearer.

"I now see plainly," said Utgard-Loki, "that thou art not quite so stout as we thought thee; but wilt thou try any other feat, though methinks thou art not likely to bear any prize away with thee hence?"

"What new trial hast thou to propose?" said Thor.

"We have a very trifling game here," answered Utgard-Loki, "in which we exercise none but children. It consists in merely lifting my cat from the ground; nor should I have dared to mention such a feat to the great Thor if I had not already observed that thou art by no means what we took thee for."

As he finished speaking, a large gray cat sprang on the hall floor. Thor put his hand under the cat's belly and did his utmost to raise him from the floor, but the cat, bending his back, had, notwithstanding all Thor's efforts, only one of his feet lifted up, seeing which Thor made no further attempt.

"This trial has turned out," said Utgard-Loki, "just as I imagined it would. The cat is large, but Thor is little in comparison to our men."

"Little as ye call me," answered Thor, "let me see who among you will come hither now I am in wrath and wrestle with me."

"I see no one here," said Utgard-Loki, looking at the men sitting on the benches, "who would not think it beneath him to wrestle with thee; let somebody, however, call hither that old crone, my nurse Elli, and let Thor wrestle with her if he will. She has thrown to the ground many a man not less strong than this Thor is."

A toothless old woman then entered the hall, and was told by Utgard-Loki to take hold of Thor. The tale is shortly told. The more Thor tightened his hold on the crone the firmer she stood. At length after a very violent struggle Thor began to lose his footing, and was finally brought down upon one knee. Utgard-Loki then told them to desist, adding that Thor had now no occasion to ask any one else in the hall to wrestle with him, and it was also getting late; so he showed Thor and his companions to their seats, and they passed the night there in good cheer.

The next morning, at break of day, Thor and his companions dressed themselves and prepared for their departure. Utgard-Loki ordered a table to be set for them, on which there was no lack of victuals or drink. After the repast Utgard-Loki led them to the gate of the city, and on parting asked Thor how he thought his journey had turned out, and whether he had met with any men stronger than himself. Thor told him that he could not deny but that he had brought great shame on himself. "And what grieves me most," he added, "is that ye will call me a person of little worth."

"Nay," said Utgard-Loki, "it behooves me to tell thee the truth, now thou art out of the city, which so long as I live and have my way thou shalt never enter again. And, by my troth, had I known beforehand that thou hadst so much strength in thee, and wouldst have brought me so near to a great mishap, I would not have suffered thee to enter this time. Know then that I have all along deceived thee by my illusions; first in the forest, where I tied up the wallet with iron wire so that thou couldst not untie it. After this thou gavest me three blows with thy mallet; the first, though the least, would have ended my days had it fallen on me, but I slipped aside and thy blows fell on the mountain, where thou wilt find three glens, one of them remarkably deep. These are the dints made by thy mallet. I have made use of similar illusions in the contests you have had with my followers. In the first, Loki, like hunger itself, devoured all that was set before him, but Logi was in reality nothing else than Fire, and therefore consumed not only the meat, but the trough which held it. Hugi, with whom Thialfi contended in running, was Thought, and it was impossible for Thialfi to keep pace with that. When thou in thy turn didst attempt to empty the horn, thou didst perform, by my troth, a deed so marvelous that had I not seen it myself I should never have believed it. For one end of that horn reached the sea, which thou wast not aware of, but when thou comest to the shore thou wilt perceive how much the sea has sunk by thy draughts. Thou didst perform a feat no less wonderful by lifting up the cat, and to tell thee the truth, when we saw that one of his paws was off the floor, we were all of us terror-stricken, for what thou tookest for a cat was in reality the Midgard serpent that encompasseth the earth, and he was so stretched by thee that he was barely long enough to enclose it between his head and tail. Thy wrestling with Elli was also a most astonishing feat, for there was never yet a man, nor ever will be, whom Old Age, for such in fact was Elli, will not sooner or later lay low. But now, as we are going to part, let me tell thee that it will be better for both of us if thou never come near me again, for shouldst thou do so, I shall again defend myself by other illusions, so that thou wilt only lose thy labor and get no fame from the contest with me."

On hearing these words Thor in a rage laid hold of his mallet and would have launched it at him, but Utgard-Loki had disappeared, and when Thor would have returned to the city to destroy it, he found nothing around him but a verdant plain.

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One of the very best sources for the stories of Norse mythology is the little book called *Norse Stories*, by Hamilton Wright Mabie (1846–1916). (Edited by Katherine Lee Bates, and published by Rand McNally & Co., Chicago. Copyright, and used here by permission.) It reads well as a connected story and the versions follow closely the originals as found in the ancient Eddas. In his introduction Mr. Mabie comments upon those who made these stories, in language that suggests something of the value of the stories to us: "They thought of life as a tremendous fight, and they wanted to acquit themselves like men; enduring hardship without repining, doing hard work honestly and with a whole heart, and dying with their faces toward their foes. Their heaven was a place for heroes, and their gods were men of heroic size and spirit." Of the subject of the following myth it has been said, "Odin had no less than two hundred names, as, Father of the Ages, Father of Hosts, Father of Victory, the High One, the Swift One, the Wanderer, Long-Beard, Burning-Eye, Slouchy-Hat. Odin is a one-eyed god, because the sky has but one sun. His raiment is sometimes blue and sometimes gray, as the weather is fair or cloudy."

ODIN'S SEARCH FOR WISDOM

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

The wonderful ash-tree, Ygdrasil, made a far-spreading shade against the fierce heat of the sun in summer, and a stronghold against the piercing winds of winter. No man could remember when it had been young. Little children played under its branches, grew to be strong men and women, lived to be old and weary and feeble, and died; and yet the ash-tree gave no signs of decay. Forever preserving its freshness and beauty, it was to live as long as there were men to look upon it, animals to feed under it, birds to flutter among its branches.

This mighty ash-tree touched and bound all the worlds together in its wonderful circle of life. One root it sent deep down into the sightless depths of Hel, where the dead lived; another it fastened firmly in Jötunheim, the dreary home of the giants; and with the third it grasped Midgard, the dwelling place of men. Serpents and all kinds of worms gnawed continually at its roots, but were never able to destroy them. Its branches spread out over the whole earth, and the topmost boughs swayed in the clear air of Asgard itself, rustling against the Valhal, the home of the heroes who had done great deeds or died manfully in battle. At the foot of the tree sat the three Norns, wonderful spinners of fate, who weave the thread of every man's life, making it what they will; and a strange weaving it often was, cut off when the pattern was just beginning to show itself. And every day these Norns sprinkled the tree with the water of life from the Urdar fountain, and so kept it forever green. In the topmost branches sat an eagle singing a strange song about the birth of the world, its decay and death. Under its branches browsed all manner of animals; among its leaves every kind of bird made its nest; by day the rainbow hung under it; at night the pale northern light flashed over it, and as the winds swept through its rustling branches, the multitudinous murmur of the leaves told strange stories of the past and of the future.

The giants were older than the gods,

and knew so much more of the past that the gods had to go to them for wisdom. After a time, however, the gods became wiser than the giants, or they would have ceased to be gods, and been destroyed by the giants, instead of destroying them. When the world was still young, and there were still many things which even the gods had to learn, Odin was so anxious to become wise that he went to a deep well whose waters touched the roots of Ygdrasil itself. The keeper of the well was a very old and very wise giant, named Mimer, or Memory, and he gave no draughts out of the well until he was well paid; for the well contained the water of wisdom, and whoever drank of it became straightway wonderfully wise.

"Give me a draught of this clear water, O Mimer," said Odin, when he had reached the well, and was looking down into its clear, fathomless depths.

Mimer, the keeper, was so old that he could remember everything that had ever happened. His eyes were clear and calm as the stars, his face was noble and restful, and his long white beard flowed down to his waist.

"This water is only to be had at a great price," he said in a wonderfully sweet, majestic tone. "I cannot give to all who ask, but only to those who are able and willing to give greatly in return," he continued.

If Odin had been less of a god he would have thought longer and bargained sharper, but he was so godlike that he cared more to be wise and great than for anything else.

"I will give you whatever you ask," he answered.

Mimer thought a moment. "You must leave an eye," he said at last.

Then he drew up a great draught of the sparkling water, and Odin quenched his divine thirst and went away rejoicing, although he had left an eye behind. Even the gods could not be wise without struggle and toil and sacrifice.

So Odin became the wisest in all the worlds, and there was no god or giant that could contend with him. There was one giant, however, who was called all-wise in Jötunheim, with whom many had contended in knowledge, with curious and difficult questions, and had always been silenced and killed, for then, as now, a man's life often depended on his wisdom. Of this giant, Vafthrudner, and his wisdom many wonderful stories were told, and even among the gods his fame was great. One day as Odin sat thinking of many strange things in the worlds, and many mysterious things in the future, he thought of Vafthrudner. "I will go to Jötunheim and measure wisdom with Vafthrudner, the wisest of the giants," said he to Frigg, his wife, who was sitting by.

Then Frigg remembered those who had gone to contend with the all-wise giant and had never come back, and a fear came over her that the same fate might befall Odin.

"You are wisest in all the worlds, All-Father," she said; "why should you seek a treacherous giant who knows not half so much as you?"

But Odin, who feared nothing, could not be persuaded to stay, and Frigg sadly said good-by as he passed out of Asgard on his journey to Jötunheim. His blue mantle set with stars and his golden helmet he left behind him, and as he journeyed swiftly those who met him saw nothing godlike in him; nor did Vafthrudner when at last he stood at the giant's door.

"I am a simple traveler, Gangraad by name," he said, as Vafthrudner came gruffly toward him. "I ask your hospitality and a chance to strive with you in wisdom." The giant laughed scornfully at the thought of a man coming to contend with him for mastery in knowledge.

"You shall have all you want of both," he growled, "and if you cannot answer my questions you shall never go hence alive."

He did not even ask Odin to sit down, but let him stand in the hall, despising him too much to show him any courtesy. After a time he began to ask questions.

"Tell me, if you can, O wise Gangraad, the name of the river which divides Asgard from Jötunheim."

"The river Ifing, which never freezes over," answered Odin quickly, as if it were the easiest question in the world; and indeed it was to him, although no man could have answered it. Vafthrudner looked up in great surprise when he heard the reply.

"Good," he said, "you have answered rightly. Tell me, now, the names of the horses that carry day and night across the sky."

Before the words were fairly spoken Odin replied, "Skinfaxe and Hrimfaxe." The giant could not conceal his surprise that a man should know these things.

"Once more," he said quickly, as if he were risking everything on one question; "tell me the name of the plain where the Last Battle will be fought."

This was a terrible question, for the Last Battle was still far off in the future, and only the gods and the greatest of the giants knew where and when it would come. Odin bowed his head when he heard the words, for to be ready for that battle was the divine work of his life, and then said, slowly and solemnly, "On the plain of Vigrid, which is one hundred miles on each side."

Vafthrudner rose trembling from his seat. He knew now that Gangraad was some great one in disguise, and that his own life hung on the answers he himself would soon be forced to make.

"Sit here beside me," he said, "for whoever you are, worthier antagonist has never entered these walls."

Then they sat down together in the rude stone hall, the mightiest of the gods and the wisest of the giants, and the great contest in wisdom, with a life hanging in either scale, went on between them. Wonderful secrets of the time when no man was and the time when no man will be, those silent walls listened to as Vafthrudner asked Odin one deep question after another, the answer coming swiftly and surely.

After a time the giant could ask no more, for he had exhausted his wisdom.

"It is my turn now," said Odin, and one after another he drew out from Vafthrudner the events of the past and then the wonderful things of the race of giants, and finally he began to question him of that dim, mysterious future whose secrets only the gods know; and as he touched these wonderful things Odin's eyes began to flash, and his form to grow larger and nobler until he seemed no longer the humble Gangraad, but the mighty god he was, and Vafthrudner trembled as he felt the coming doom nearing him with every question.

So hours went by, until at last Odin paused in his swift questioning, stooped down, and asked the giant, "What did Odin whisper in the ear of Balder as he ascended the funeral pile?"

Only Odin himself could answer this question, and Vafthrudner replied humbly and with awe, "Who but thyself, All-Father, knoweth the words thou didst say to thy son in the days of old? I have brought my doom upon myself, for in my ignorance I have contended with wisdom itself. Thou art ever the wisest of all."

So Odin conquered, and Wisdom was victorious, as she always has been even when she has contended with giants.

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The story of the splendid courage of Tyr at the time of the chaining up of the terrible Fenris wolf has always been one of the favorite Norse tales. The three repulsive giant monsters in whom the forces of evil are embodied are well imagined to suggest to us powers that may finally be stronger than the gods themselves. The failures to find a chain strong enough, and the final success with the magic bond made in Dwarfland, form a series of powerfully dramatic steps in the story. The elements of which the slender rope is made never fail to fascinate hearers, young or old, with a sense of the most profound mystery. "Why the dwarfs should be able to make a chain strong enough to bind him, which the gods had failed to do, is a puzzle. May it mean that subtlety can compass ends which force has to relinquish, or possibly a better thing than subtlety, gentleness?" And the final need of a hero willing to take extreme risks for some good greater than himself is amply and admirably satisfied in the brave Tyr. The version of the story used here is from Miss E. M. Wilmot-Buxton's *Stories of Norse Heroes*.

HOW THE FENRIS WOLF WAS CHAINED

E. M. WILMOT-BUXTON

Fair as were the meads of Asgard, we have seen that the Asa folk were fond of wandering far afield in other regions. Most restless of all was Red Loki, that cunning fellow who was always bringing trouble upon himself or upon his kindred. And because he loved evil, he would often betake himself to the gloomy halls of Giantland and mingle with the wicked folk of that region.

Now one day he met a hideous giantess named Angur-Boda. This creature had a heart of ice, and because he loved ugliness and evil she had a great attraction for him, and in the end he married her, and they lived together in a horrible cave in Giantland.

Three children were born to Loki and Angur-Boda in this dread abode, and they were even more terrible in appearance than their mother. The first was an immense wolf called Fenris, with a huge mouth filled with long white teeth, which he was constantly gnashing together. The second was a wicked-looking serpent with a fiery-red tongue lolling from its mouth. The third was a hideous giantess, partly blue and partly flesh color, whose name was Hela.

No sooner were these three terrible children born than all the wise men of the earth began to foretell the misery they would bring upon the Asa folk.

In vain did Loki try to keep them hidden within the cave wherein their mother dwelt. They soon grew so immense in size that no dwelling would contain them, and all the world began to talk of their frightful appearance.

It was not long, of course, before All-Father Odin, from his high seat in Asgard, heard of the children of Loki. So he sent for some of the Asas, and said: "Much evil will come upon us, O my children, from this giant brood, if we defend not ourselves against them. For their mother will teach them wickedness, and still more quickly will they learn the cunning wiles of their father. Fetch me them here, therefore, that I may deal with them forthwith."

So, after somewhat of a struggle, the Asas captured the three giant-children and brought them before Odin's judgment seat.

Then Odin looked first at Hela, and when he saw her gloomy eyes, full of misery and despair, he was sorry, and dealt kindly with her, saying: "Thou art the bringer of Pain to man, and Asgard is no place for such as thou. But I will make thee ruler of the Mist Home, and there shalt thou rule over that unlighted world, the Region of the Dead."

Forthwith he sent her away over rough roads to the cold, dark region of the North called the Mist Home. And there did Hela rule over a grim crew, for all those who had done wickedness in the world above were imprisoned by her in those gloomy regions. To her came also all those who had died, not on the battlefield, but of old age or disease. And though these were treated kindly enough, theirs was a joyless life in comparison with that of the dead warriors who were feasting and fighting in the halls of Valhalla, under the kindly rule of All-Father Odin.

Having thus disposed of Hela, Odin next turned his attention to the serpent. And when he saw his evil tongue and cunning, wicked eyes, he said: "Thou art he who bringest Sin into the world of men; therefore the ocean shall be thy home forever."

Then he threw that horrid serpent into the deep sea which surrounds all lands, and there the creature grew so fast that when he stretched himself one day he encircled all the earth, and held his own tail fast in his mouth. And sometimes he grew angry to think that he, the son of a god, had thus been cast out; and at those times he would writhe with his huge body and lash his tail till the sea spouted up to the sky. And when that happened the men of the North said that a great tempest was raging. But it was only the serpent-son of Loki writhing in his wrath.

Then Odin turned to the third child. And behold! the Fenris Wolf was so appalling to look upon that Odin feared to cast him forth, and he decided to endeavor to tame him by kindness so that he should not wish them ill.

But when he bade them carry food to the Fenris Wolf, not one of the Asas would do so, for they feared a snap from his great jaws. Only the brave Tyr had courage enough to feed him, and the wolf ate so much and so fast that the business took him all his time. Meantime, too, the Fenris grew so rapidly, and became so fierce, that the gods were compelled to take counsel and consider how they should get rid of him. They remembered that it would make their peaceful halls unholy if they were to slay him, and so they resolved instead to bind him fast, that he should be unable to do them harm.

So those of the Asa folk who were clever smiths set to work and made a very strong, thick chain; and when it was finished they carried it out to the yard where the wolf dwelt, and said to him, as though in jest: "Here is a fine proof of thy boasted strength, O Fenris. Let us bind this about thee, that we may see if thou canst break it asunder."

Then the wolf gave a great grin with his wide jaws, and came and stood still that they might bind the chain about him; for he knew what he could do. And it came to pass that directly they had fastened the chain, and had slipped aside from him, the great beast gave himself a shake, and the chain fell about him in little bits. At this the Asas were much annoyed, but they tried not to show it, and praised him for his strength.

Then they set to work again upon a chain much stronger than the last, and brought it to the Fenris Wolf, saying: "Great will be thy renown, O Fenris, if thou canst break this chain as thou didst the last."

But the wolf looked at them askance, for the chain they brought was very much thicker than the one he had already broken. He reflected, however, that since that time he himself had grown stronger and bigger, and moreover, that one must risk something in order to win renown.

So he let them put the chain upon him, and when the Asas said that all was ready, he gave a good shake and stretched himself a few times, and again the fetters lay in fragments on the ground.

Then the gods began to fear that they would never hold the wolf in bonds; and it was All-Father Odin who persuaded them to make one more attempt. So they sent a messenger to Dwarfland bidding him ask the Little Men to make a chain which nothing could possibly destroy.

Setting at once to work, the clever little smiths soon fashioned a slender silken rope, and gave it to the messenger, saying that no strength could break it, and that the more it was strained the stronger it would become.

It was made of the most mysterious things—the sound of a cat's footsteps, the roots of a mountain, the sinews of a bear, the breath of fishes, and other such strange materials, which only the dwarfs knew how to use. With this chain the messenger hastened back over the Rainbow Bridge to Asgard.

By this time the Fenris Wolf had grown too big for his yard, so he lived on a rocky island in the middle of the lake that lies in the midst of Asgard. And here the Asas now betook themselves with their chain, and began to play their part with wily words.

"See," they cried, "O Fenris! Here is a cord so soft and thin that none would think of it binding such strength as thine." And they laughed great laughs, and handed it to one another, and tried its strength by pulling at it with all their might, but it did not break.

Then they came nearer and used more wiles, saying: "*We* cannot break the cord, though 'tis stronger than it looks, but thou, O mighty one, will be able to snap it in a moment."

But the wolf tossed his head in scorn, and said: "Small renown would there be to me, O Asa folk, if I were to break yon slender string. Save, therefore, your breath, and leave me now alone."

"Aha!" cried the Asas, "thou fearest the might of the silken cord, thou false one, and that is why thou wilt not let us bind thee!"

"Not I," said the Fenris Wolf, growing rather suspicious, "but if it is made with craft and guile it shall never come near my feet."

"But," said the Asas, "thou wilt surely be able to break this silken cord with ease, since thou hast already broken the great iron fetters."

To this the wolf made no answer, pretending not to hear.

"Come!" said the Asas again, "why shouldst thou fear? For even if thou couldst not break the cord we would immediately let thee free again. To refuse is a coward's piece of work."

Then the wolf gnashed his teeth at them in anger, and said: "Well I know you Asas! For if you bind me so fast that I cannot get loose you will skulk away, and it will be long before I get any help from you; and therefore am I loth to let this band be laid upon me."

But still the Asas continued to persuade him and to twit him with cowardice until at length the Fenris Wolf said, with a sullen growl: "Have it your own way then. But, as a pledge that this is done without deceit, let one of you lay his hand in my mouth while you are binding me, and afterwards while I try to break the bonds."

Then the Asa folk looked at one another in dismay, for they knew very well what this would mean. And while they consulted together the wolf stood gnashing his teeth at them with a horrid grin.

At length Tyr the Brave hesitated no longer. Boldly he stalked up to the wolf and thrust his arm into his enormous mouth, bidding the Asas bind fast the beast. Scarce had they done so when the wolf began to strain and pull, but the more he did so the tighter and stiffer the rope became.

The gods shouted and laughed with glee when they saw how all his efforts were in vain. But Tyr did not join in their mirth, for the wolf in his rage snapped his great teeth together and bit off his hand at the wrist.

Now when the Asas discovered that the animal was fast bound, they took the chain which was fixed to the rope and drew it through a huge rock, and fastened this rock deep down in the earth, so that it could never be moved. And this they fastened to another great rock which was driven still deeper into the ground.

When the Fenris Wolf found that he had been thus secured he opened his mouth terribly wide, and twisted himself right and left, and tried his best to bite the Asa folk. He uttered, moreover, such terrible howls that at length the gods could bear it no longer. So they took a sword and thrust it into his mouth, so that the hilt rested on his lower, and the point against his upper, jaw. And there he was doomed to remain until the end of All Things shall come, when he

"Freed from the Chain
Shall range the Earth."

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The story of Frey in the Norse mythology corresponds to that of Persephone (Proserpine) in classic mythology. (See No. 255.) Frey is "the god of the earth's fruitfulness, presiding over rain, sunshine, and all the fruits of the earth, and dispensing wealth among men." Skirnir is the sun-warmed air, and Gerda is the seed. The version of the story used below is from *The Heroes of Asgard*, by Annie and Eliza Keary. This book was first published in 1854, and while a little old-fashioned in style is still one of the most pleasing attempts to tell the Norse myths for young people.

FREY

A. AND E. KEARY

PART I

ON TIPTOE IN AIR THRONE

Wherever Frey came there was summer and sunshine. Flowers sprang up under his footsteps, and bright-winged insects, like flying flowers, hovered round his head. His warm breath ripened the fruit on the trees, and gave a bright yellow color to the corn, and purple bloom to the grapes, as he passed through fields and vineyards.

When he rode along in his car, drawn by the stately boar, Golden Bristles, soft winds blew before him, filling the air with fragrance and spreading abroad the news, "Van Frey is coming!" and every half-closed flower burst into perfect beauty, and forest, and field, and hill flushed their richest colors to greet his presence.

Under Frey's care and instruction the pretty little light elves forgot their idle ways and learned all the pleasant tasks he had promised to teach them. It was the prettiest possible sight to see them in the evening filling their tiny buckets, and running about among the woods and meadows to hang the dewdrops deftly on the slender tips of the grass-blades, or to drop them into the half-closed cups of the sleepy flowers. When this last of their day's tasks was over they used to cluster round their summer-king, like bees about the queen, while he told them stories about the wars between the Aesir and the giants, or of the old time when he lived alone with his father Niörd, in Noatun, and listened to the waves singing songs of far distant lands. So pleasantly did they spend their time in Alfheim.

But in the midst of all this work and play Frey had a wish in his mind, of which he could not help often talking to his clear-minded messenger and friend Skirnir. "I have seen many things," he used to say, "and traveled through many lands; but to see all the world at once, as Asa Odin does from Air Throne, *that* must be a splendid sight."

"Only Father Odin may sit on Air Throne," Skirnir would say; and it seemed to Frey that this answer was not so much to the purpose as his friend's sayings generally were.

At length, one very clear summer evening, when Odin was feasting with the other Aesir in Valhalla, Frey could restrain his curiosity no longer. He left Alfheim, where all the little elves were fast asleep, and, without asking any one's advice, climbed into Air Throne, and stood on tiptoe in Odin's very seat. It was a clear evening, and I had, perhaps, better not even try to tell you what Frey saw.

He looked first all round him over Manheim, where the rosy light of the set sun still lingered, and where men, and birds, and flowers were gathering themselves up for their night's repose; then he glanced towards the heavenly hills where Bifröst rested, and then towards the shadowy land which deepened down into Niflheim. At length he turned his eyes northward to the misty land of Jötunheim. There the shades of evening had already fallen; but from his high place Frey could still see distinct shapes moving about through the gloom. Strange and monstrous shapes they were, and Frey stood a little higher, on tiptoe, that he might look further after them. In this position he could just descry a tall house standing on a hill in the very middle of Jötunheim. While he looked at it a maiden came and lifted up her arms to undo the latch of the door. It was dusk in Jötunheim; but when this maiden lifted up her white arms, such a dazzling reflection came from them, that Jötunheim, and the sky, and all the sea were flooded with clear light. For a moment everything could be distinctly seen; but Frey saw nothing but the face of the maiden with the uplifted arms; and when she had entered the house and shut the door after her, and darkness fell again on earth, and sky, and sea, — darkness fell, too, upon Frey's heart.

PART II

THE GIFT

The next morning, when the little elves awoke up with the dawn, and came thronging round their king to receive his commands, they were surprised to see that he had changed since they last saw him.

"He has grown up in the night," they whispered one to another sorrowfully. And in truth he was no longer so fit a teacher and playfellow for the merry little people as he had been a few hours before.

It was to no purpose that the sweet winds blew, and the flowers opened, when Frey came forth from his chamber. A bright white light still danced before him, and nothing now seemed to him worth looking at. That evening when the sun had set, and work was over, there were no stories for the light elves.

"Be still," Frey said, when they pressed round. "If you will be still and listen, there are stories enough to be heard better than mine."

I do not know whether the elves heard anything; but to Frey it seemed that flowers, and birds, and winds, and the whispering rivers, united that day in singing one song, which he never wearied of hearing. "We are fair," they said; "but there is nothing in the whole world so fair as Gerda, the giant-maiden whom you saw last night in Jötunheim."

"Frey has dew-drops in his eyes," the little elves said to each other in whispers as they sat round looking up at him, and they felt very much surprised; for only to men and the Aesir is it permitted to be sorrowful and weep. Soon, however, wiser people noticed the change that had come over the summer-king, and his good-natured father, Niörd, sent Skirnir one day into Alfheim to inquire into the cause of Frey's sorrow.

He found him walking alone in a shady place, and Frey was glad enough to tell his trouble to his wise friend.

When he had related the whole story, he said, "And now you will see that there is no use in asking me to be merry as I used to be; for how can I ever be happy in Alfheim, and enjoy the summer and sunshine, while my dear Gerda, whom I love, is living in a dark, cold land, among cruel giants?"

"If she be really as beautiful and beloved as you say," answered Skirnir, "she must be sadly out of place in Jötunheim. Why do not you ask her to be your wife, and live with you in Alfheim?"

"That would I only too gladly do," answered Frey; "but if I were to leave Alfheim only for a few hours, the cruel giant Ryme, — the Frost Giant — would rush in to take my place; all the labors of the year would be undone in a night, and the poor, toiling men, who are watching for the harvest, would wake some morning to find their corn fields and orchards buried in snow."

"Well," said Skirnir, thoughtfully, "I am neither so strong nor so beautiful as you, Frey; but, if you will give me the sword that hangs by your side, I will undertake the journey to Jötunheim; and I will speak in such a way of you, and of Alfheim, to the lovely Gerda, that she will gladly leave her land and the house of her giant-father to come to you."

Now, Frey's sword was a gift, and he knew well enough that he ought not to part with it, or trust it in any hands but his own; and yet how could he expect Skirnir to risk all the dangers of Jötunheim for any less recompense than an enchanted sword? And what other hope had he of ever seeing his dear Gerda again?

He did not allow himself a moment to think of the choice he was making. He unbuckled his sword from his side and put it into Skirnir's hands; and then he turned rather pettishly away, and threw himself down on a mossy bank under a tree.

"You will be many days in traveling to Jötunheim," he said, "and all that time I shall be miserable."

Skirnir was too sensible to think this speech worth answering. He took a hasty farewell of Frey, and prepared to set off on his journey; but, before he left the hill, he chanced to see the reflection of Frey's face in a little pool of water that lay near. In spite of its sorrowful expression, it was as beautiful as the woods are in full summer, and a clever thought came into Skirnir's mind. He stooped down, without Frey's seeing him, and, with cunning touch, stole the picture out of the water; then he fastened it up carefully in his silver drinking-horn, and, hiding it in his mantle, he mounted his horse and rode towards Jötunheim, secure of succeeding in his mission, since he carried a matchless sword to conquer the giant, and a matchless picture to win the maiden.

PART III

FAIREST GERDA

The house of Gymir, Gerda's father, stood in the middle of Jötunheim, so it will not be difficult for you to imagine what a toilsome and wondrous journey Skirnir had. He was a brave hero, and he rode a brave horse; but, when they came to the barrier of murky flame that surrounds Jötunheim, a shudder came over both.

"Dark it is without," said Skirnir to his horse, "and you and I must leap through flame, and go over hoar mountains among Giant Folk. The giants will take us both, or we shall return victorious together." Then he patted his horse's neck, and touched him with his armed heel, and with one bound he cleared the barrier, and his hoofs rang on the frozen land.

Their first day's journey was through the land of the Frost Giants, whose prickly touch kills, and whose breath is sharper than swords. Then they passed through the dwellings of the horse-headed and vulture-headed giants—monsters terrible to see. Skirnir hid his face, and the horse flew along swifter than the wind.

On the evening of the third day they reached Gymir's house. Skirnir rode round it nine times; but though there were twenty doors, he could find no entrance; for fierce three-headed dogs guarded every doorway.

At length he saw a herdsman pass near, and he rode up and asked him how it was possible for a stranger to enter Gymir's house, or get a sight of his fair daughter Gerda.

"Are you doomed to death, or are you already a dead man," answered the herdsman, "that you talk of seeing

Gymir's fair daughter, or entering a house from which no one ever returns?"

"My death is fixed for one day," said Skirnir, in answer, and his voice, the voice of an Asa, sounded loud and clear through the misty air of Jötunheim. It reached the ears of the fair Gerda as she sat in her chamber with her maidens.

"What is that noise of noises," she said, "that I hear? The earth shakes with it, and all Gymir's halls tremble."

Then one of the maidens got up, and peeped out of the window. "I see a man," she said; "he has dismounted from his horse, and he is fearlessly letting it graze before the door."

"Go out and bring him in stealthily, then," said Gerda; "I must again hear him speak; for his voice is sweeter than the ringing of bells."

So the maiden rose, and opened the house-door softly, lest the grim giant, Gymir, who was drinking mead in the banquet-hall with seven other giants, should hear and come forth.

Skirnir heard the door open, and understanding the maiden's sign, he entered with stealthy steps, and followed her to Gerda's chamber. As soon as he entered the doorway the light from her face shone upon him, and he no longer wondered that Frey had given up his sword.

"Are you the son of an Asa, or an Alf, or of a wise Van?" asked Gerda; "and why have you come through flame and snow to visit our halls?"

Then Skirnir came forward and knelt at Gerda's feet, and gave his message, and spoke as he had promised to speak of Van Frey and of Alfheim.

Gerda listened; and it was pleasant enough to talk to her, looking into her bright face; but she did not seem to understand much of what he said.

He promised to give her eleven golden apples from Iduna's grove if she would go with him, and that she should have the magic ring Draupnir from which every day a still fairer jewel fell. But he found there was no use in talking of beautiful things to one who had never in all her life seen anything beautiful. Gerda smiled at him as a child smiles at a fairy tale.

At length he grew angry. "If you are so childish, maiden," he said, "that you can believe only what you have seen, and have no thought of Aesirland or the Aesir, then sorrow and utter darkness shall fall upon you; you shall live alone on the Eagle Mount turned towards Hel. Terrors shall beset you; weeping shall be your lot. Men and Aesir will hate you, and you shall be doomed to live for ever with the Frost Giant, Ryme, in whose cold arms you will wither away like a thistle on a house-top."

"Gently," said Gerda, turning away her bright head, and sighing. "How am I to blame? You make such a talk of your Aesir and your Aesir; but how can I know about it, when all my life long I have lived with giants?"

At these words, Skirnir rose as if he would have departed, but Gerda called him back. "You must drink a cup of mead," she said, "in return for your sweet-sounding words."

Skirnir heard this gladly, for now he knew what he would do. He took the cup from her hand, drank off the mead, and, before he returned it, he contrived cleverly to pour in the water from his drinking-horn, on which Frey's image was painted; then he put the cup into Gerda's hand, and bade her look.

She smiled as she looked; and the

longer she looked, the sweeter grew her smile; for she looked for the first time on a face that loved her, and many things became clear to her that she had never understood before. Skirnir's words were no longer like fairy tales. She could now believe in Aesirland, and in all beautiful things.

"Go back to your master," she said, at last, "and tell him that in nine days I will meet him in the warm wood Barri."

After hearing these joyful words, Skirnir made haste to take leave, for every moment that he lingered in the giant's house he was in danger. One of Gerda's maidens conducted him to the door, and he mounted his horse again, and rode from Jötunheim with a glad heart.

PART IV

THE WOOD BARRI

When Skirnir got back to Alfheim, and told Gerda's answer to Frey, he was disappointed to find that his master did not immediately look as bright and happy as he expected.

"Nine days!" he said; "but how can I wait nine days? One day is long, and three days are very long, but 'nine days' might as well be a whole year."

I have heard children say such things when one tells them to wait for a new toy.

Skirnir and old Niörd only laughed at it; but Freyja and all the ladies of Asgard made a journey to Alfheim, when they heard the story, to comfort Frey, and hear all the news about the wedding.

"Dear Frey," they said, "it will never do to lie still here, sighing under a tree. You are quite mistaken about the time being long; it is hardly long enough to prepare the marriage presents, and talk over the wedding. You have no idea how busy we are going to be; everything in Alfheim will have to be altered a little."

At these words Frey really did lift up his head, and wake up from his musings. He looked, in truth, a little frightened at the thought; but, when all the Asgard ladies were ready to work for his wedding, how could he make any objection? He was not allowed to have much share in the business himself; but he had little time, during the nine days, to indulge in private thought, for never before was there such a commotion in Alfheim. The ladies found so many things that wanted overlooking, and the little light elves were not of the slightest use to any one. They forgot all their usual tasks, and went running about through groves and fields, and by the sedgy banks of rivers, peering into earth-holes, and creeping down into flower-cups and empty snail-shells, every one hoping to find a gift for Gerda.

Some stole the light from glowworms' tails, and wove it into a necklace, and others pulled the ruby spots from cowslip leaves, to set with jewels the acorn cups that Gerda was to drink from; while the swiftest runners chased the butterflies, and pulled feathers from their wings to make fans and bonnet-plumes.

All the work was scarcely finished when the ninth day came, and Frey set out from Alfheim with all his elves, to the warm wood Barri.

The Aesir joined him on the way, and they made, together, something like a wedding procession. First came Frey in his chariot, drawn by Golden Bristles, and carrying in his hand the wedding ring, which was none other than Draupnir, the magic ring of which so many stories are told.

Odin and Frigga followed with their wedding gift, the Ship Skidbladnir, in which all the Aesir could sit and sail, though it could afterwards be folded up so small that you might carry it in your hand.

Then came Iduna, with eleven golden apples in a basket on her fair head, and then two and two all the heroes and ladies with their gifts.

All round them flocked the elves, toiling under the weight of their offerings. It took twenty little people to carry one gift, and yet there was not one so large as a baby's finger. Laughing, and singing, and dancing, they entered the warm wood, and every summer flower sent a sweet breath after them. Everything on earth smiled on the wedding-day of Frey and Gerda, only—when it was all over, and every one had gone home, and the moon shone cold into the wood—it seemed as if the Vanir spoke to one another.

"Odin," said one voice, "gave his eye for wisdom, and we have seen that it was well done."

"Frey," answered the other, "has given his sword for happiness. It may be well to be unarmed while the sun shines and bright days last; but when Ragnarök has come, and the sons of Muspell ride down to the last fight, will not Frey regret his sword?"

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Balder represented sunlight. He was a son of Odin. If we try to imagine how welcome the sunlight of spring must have been to the Norse folk after the long Arctic night of winter, we may understand why everything in the world, except the evil Loke, was willing to weep in order to bring Balder back from Helheim. Some knowledge of the geography of Norse mythology will aid the reader in understanding the myth of Balder. Far below Asgard, the home of the gods, was Niflheim, the region of cold and darkness. Here in a deep cavern was Helheim, the city of the dead, over which Hel ruled. Midway between Asgard and Niflheim was Midgard, the earth. The whole universe was supported by Ygdrasil, a wonderful ash-tree, one root of which extended into Midgard, one into Jōtunheim, and one into Niflheim.

"Balder is another figure of that radiant type to which belong all bright and genial heroes, righters of wrong, blazing to consume evil, gentle and strong to uplift weakness: Apollo, Hercules, Perseus, Achilles, Sigard, St. George, and many another." Balder has been a favorite subject for poetic treatment, perhaps to best effect in Matthew Arnold's dignified "Balder Dead."

THE DEATH OF BALDER

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

There was one shadow which always fell over Asgard. Sometimes in the long years the gods almost forgot it, it lay so far off, like a dim cloud in a clear sky; but Odin saw it deepen and widen as he looked out into the universe, and he knew that the last great battle would surely come, when the gods themselves would be destroyed and a long twilight would rest on all the worlds; and now the day was close at hand. Misfortunes never come singly to men, and they did not to the gods. Idun, the beautiful goddess of youth, whose apples were the joy of all Asgard, made a resting place for herself among the massive branches of Ygdrasil, and there every evening came Brage, and sang so sweetly that the birds stopped to listen, and even the Norns, those implacable sisters at the foot of the tree, were softened by the melody. But poetry cannot change the purposes of fate, and one evening no song was heard of Brage or birds, the leaves of the world-tree hung withered and lifeless on the branches, and the fountain from which they had daily been sprinkled was dry at last. Idun had fallen into the dark valley of death, and when Brage, Heimdal, and Loke went to question her about the future she could answer them only with tears. Brage would not leave his beautiful wife alone amid the dim shades that crowded the dreary valley, and so youth and genius vanished out of Asgard forever.

Balder was the most god-like of all the gods, because he was the purest and the best. Wherever he went his coming was like the coming of sunshine, and all the beauty of summer was but the shining of his face. When men's hearts were white like the light, and their lives clear as the day, it was because Balder was looking down upon them with those soft, clear eyes that were open windows to the soul of God. He had always lived in such a glow of brightness that no darkness had ever touched him; but one morning, after Idun and Brage had gone, Balder's face was sad and troubled. He walked slowly from room to room in his palace Breidablik, stainless as the sky when April showers have swept across it because no impure thing had ever crossed the threshold, and his eyes were heavy with sorrow. In the night terrible dreams had broken his sleep, and made it a long torture. The air seemed to be full of awful changes for him, and for all the gods. He knew in his soul that the shadow of the last great day was sweeping on; as he looked out and saw the worlds lying in light and beauty, the fields yellow with waving grain, the deep fiords flashing back the sunbeams from their clear depths, the verdure clothing the loftiest mountains, and knew that over all this darkness and desolation would come, with silence of reapers and birds, with fading of leaf and flower, a great sorrow fell on his heart.

Balder could bear the burden no longer. He went out, called all the gods together, and told them the terrible dreams of the night. Every face was heavy with care. The death of Balder would be like the going out of the sun, and after a long, sad council the gods resolved to protect him from harm by pledging all things to stand between him and any hurt. So Frigg, his mother, went forth and made everything promise, on a solemn oath, not to injure her son. Fire, iron, all kinds of metal, every sort of stone, trees, earth, diseases, birds, beasts, snakes, as the anxious mother went to them, solemnly pledged themselves that no harm should come near Balder. Everything promised, and Frigg thought she had driven away the cloud; but fate was stronger than her love, and one little shrub had not sworn.

Odin was not satisfied even with these precautions, for whichever way he looked the shadow of a great sorrow spread over the worlds. He began to feel as if he were no longer the greatest of the gods, and he could almost hear the rough shouts of the frost-giants crowding the rainbow bridge on their way into Asgard. When trouble comes to men it is hard to bear, but to a god who had so many worlds to guide and rule it was a new and terrible thing. Odin thought and thought until he was weary, but no gleam of light could he find anywhere; it was thick darkness everywhere.

At last he could bear the suspense no longer, and saddling his horse he rode sadly out of Asgard to Niflheim, the home of Hel, whose face was as the face of death itself. As he drew near the gates, a monstrous dog came out and barked furiously, but Odin rode a little eastward of the shadowy gates to the grave of a wonderful prophetess. It was a cold, gloomy place, and the soul of the great god was pierced with a feeling of hopeless sorrow as he dismounted from Sleipner, and bending over the grave began to chant weird songs, and weave magical charms over it. When he had spoken those wonderful words which could waken the dead from their sleep, there was an awful silence for a moment, and then a faint ghost-like voice came from the grave.

"Who art thou?" it said. "Who breaketh the silence of death, and calleth the sleeper out of her long slumbers? Ages ago I was laid at rest here, snow and rain have fallen upon me through myriad years; why dost thou disturb me?"

"I am Vegtam," answered Odin, "and I come to ask why the couches of Hel are hung with gold and the benches strewn with shining rings?"

"It is done for Balder," answered the awful voice; "ask me no more."

Odin's heart sank when he heard these words; but he was determined to know the worst.

"I will ask thee until I know all. Who shall strike the fatal blow?"

"If I must, I must," moaned the prophetess. "Hoder shall smite his brother Balder and send him down to the dark home of Hel. The mead is already brewed for Balder, and the despair draweth near."

Then Odin, looking into the future across the open grave, saw all the days to come.

"Who is this," he said, seeing that which no mortal could have seen,—"who is this that will not weep for Balder?"

Then the prophetess knew that it was none other than the greatest of the gods who had called her up.

"Thou are not Vegtam," she exclaimed, "thou art Odin himself, the king of men."

"And thou," answered Odin angrily, "art no prophetess, but the mother of three giants."

"Ride home, then, and exult in what thou hast discovered," said the dead woman. "Never shall my slumbers be broken again until Loke shall burst his chains and the great battle come."

And Odin rode sadly homeward knowing that already Niflheim was making itself beautiful against the coming of Balder.

The other gods meanwhile had become merry again; for had not everything promised to protect their beloved Balder? They even made sport of that which troubled them, for when they found that nothing could hurt Balder, and that all things glanced aside from his shining form, they persuaded him to stand as a target for their weapons; hurling darts, spears, swords, and battle-axes at him, all of which went singing through the air and fell harmless at his feet. But Loke, when he saw these sports, was jealous of Balder, and went about thinking how he could destroy him.

It happened that as Frigg sat spinning in her house Fensal, the soft wind blowing in at the windows and bringing the merry shouts of the gods at play, an old woman entered and approached her.

"Do you know," asked the newcomer, "what they are doing in Asgard? They are throwing all manner of dangerous weapons at Balder. He stands there like the sun for brightness, and against his glory, spears and battle-axes fall powerless to the ground. Nothing can harm him."

"No," answered Frigg, joyfully; "nothing can bring him any hurt, for I have made everything in heaven and earth swear to protect him."

"What!" said the old woman, "has everything sworn to guard Balder?"

"Yes," said Frigg, "everything has sworn except one little shrub which is called Mistletoe, and grows on the eastern side of Valhal. I did not take an oath from that because I thought it too young and weak."

When the old woman heard this a strange light came into her eyes; she walked off much faster than she had come in, and no sooner had she passed beyond Frigg's sight than this same feeble old woman grew suddenly erect, shook off her woman's garments, and there stood Loke himself. In a moment he had reached the slope east of Valhal, had plucked a twig of the unsworn Mistletoe, and was back in the circle of the gods, who were still at their favorite pastime with Balder. Hoder was standing silent and alone outside the noisy throng, for he was blind. Loke touched him.

"Why do you not throw something at Balder?"

"Because I cannot see where Balder stands, and have nothing to throw if I could," replied Hoder.

"If that is all," said Loke, "come with me. I will give you something to throw, and direct your aim."

Hoder, thinking no evil, went with Loke and did as he was told.

The little sprig of Mistletoe shot through the air, pierced the heart of Balder, and in a moment the beautiful god lay dead upon the field. A shadow rose out of the deep beyond the worlds and spread itself over heaven and earth, for the light of the universe had gone out.

The gods could not speak for horror. They stood like statues for a moment, and then a hopeless wail burst from their lips. Tears fell like rain from eyes that had never wept before, for Balder, the joy of Asgard, had gone to Niflheim and left them desolate. But Odin was saddest of all, because he knew the future, and he knew that peace and light had fled from Asgard forever, and that the last day and the long night were hurrying on.

Frigg could not give up her beautiful son, and when her grief had spent itself a little, she asked who would go to Hel and offer her a rich ransom if she would permit Balder to return to Asgard.

"I will go," said Hermod; swift at the word of Odin, Sleipner was led forth, and in an instant Hermod was galloping furiously away.

Then the gods began with sorrowful hearts to make ready for Balder's funeral. When the once beautiful form had been arrayed in grave-clothes they carried it reverently down to the deep sea, which lay, calm as a summer afternoon, waiting for its precious burden. Close to the water's edge lay Balder's Ringhorn, the greatest of all the ships that sailed the seas, but when the gods tried to launch it they could not move it an inch. The great vessel creaked and groaned, but no one could push it down to the water. Odin walked about it with a sad face, and the gentle ripple of the little waves chasing each other over the rocks seemed a mocking laugh to him.

"Send to Jötunheim for Hyrroken," he said at last; and a messenger was soon flying for that mighty giantess.

In a little time, Hyrroken came riding swiftly on a wolf so large and fierce that he made the gods think of Fenris. When the giantess had alighted, Odin ordered four Berserkers of mighty strength to hold the wolf, but he struggled so angrily that they had to throw him on the ground before they could control him. Then Hyrroken went to the prow of the ship and with one mighty effort sent it far into the sea, the rollers underneath bursting into flame, and the whole earth trembling with the shock. Thor was so angry at the uproar that he would have killed the giantess on the spot if he had not been held back by the other gods. The great ship floated on the sea as she had often done before, when Balder, full of life and beauty, set all her sails and was borne joyfully across the tossing seas. Slowly and solemnly the dead god was carried on board, and as Nanna, his faithful wife, saw her husband borne for the last time from the earth which he had made dear to her and beautiful to all men, her heart broke with sorrow, and they laid her beside Balder on the funeral pyre.

Since the world began no one had seen such a funeral. No bell tolled, no long procession of mourners moved across the hills, but all the worlds lay under a deep shadow, and from every quarter came those who had loved or feared Balder. There at the very water's edge stood Odin himself, the ravens flying about his head, and on his majestic face a gloom that no sun would ever lighten again; and there was Frigg, the desolate mother, whose son had already gone so far that he would never come back to her; there was Frey standing sad and stern in his chariot; there was Freyja, the goddess of love, from whose eyes fell a shining rain of tears; there, too, was Heimdal on his horse Goldtop; and around all these glorious ones from Asgard crowded the children of Jötunheim, grim mountain-giants seamed with scars from Thor's hammer, and frost-giants who saw in the death of Balder the coming of that long winter in which they should reign through all the worlds.

A deep hush fell on all created things, and every eye was fixed on the great ship riding near the shore, and on the funeral pyre rising from the deck crowned with the forms of Balder and Nanna. Suddenly a gleam of light flashed over the water; the pile had been kindled, and the flames, creeping slowly at first, climbed faster and faster until they met over the dead and rose skyward. A lurid light filled the heavens and shone on the sea, and in the brightness of it the gods looked pale and sad, and the circle of giants grew darker and more portentous. Thor struck the fast burning pyre with his consecrating hammer, and Odin cast into it the wonderful ring Draupner. Higher and higher leaped the flames, more and more desolate grew the scene; at last they began to sink, the funeral pyre was consumed. Balder had vanished forever, the summer was ended, and winter waited at the doors.

Meanwhile Hermod was riding hard and fast on his gloomy errand. Nine days and nights he rode through valleys so deep and dark that he could not see his horse. Stillness and blackness and solitude were his only companions until he came to the golden bridge which crosses the river Gjol. The good horse Sleipner, who had carried Odin on so many strange journeys, had never traveled such a road before, and his hoofs rang drearily as he stopped short at the bridge, for in front of him stood its porter, the gigantic Modgud.

"Who are you?" she asked, fixing her piercing eyes on Hermod. "What is your name and parentage? Yesterday five bands of dead men rode across the bridge, and beneath them all it did not shake as under your single tread. There is no color of death in your face. Why ride you hither, the living among the dead?"

"I come," said Hermod, "to seek for Balder. Have you seen him pass this way?"

"He has already crossed the bridge and taken his journey northward to Hel."

Then Hermod rode slowly across the bridge that spans the abyss between life and death, and found his way at last to the barred gates of Hel's dreadful home. There he sprang to the ground, tightened the girths, remounted, drove the spurs deep into the horse, and Sleipner, with a mighty leap, cleared the wall. Hermod rode straight to the gloomy palace, dismounted, entered, and in a moment was face to face with the terrible queen of the kingdom of the dead. Beside her, on a beautiful throne, sat Balder, pale and wan, crowned with a withered wreath of flowers, and close at hand was Nanna, pallid as her husband, for whom she had died. And all night long, while ghostly forms wandered restless and sleepless through Helheim, Hermod talked with Balder and Nanna. There is no record of what they said, but the talk was sad enough, doubtless, and ran like a still stream among the happy days in Asgard when Balder's smile was morning over the earth and the sight of his face the summer of the world.

When the morning came, faint and dim, through the dusky palace, Hermod sought Hel, who received him as cold and stern as fate.

"Your kingdom is full, O Hel!" he said, "and without Balder, Asgard is empty. Send him back to us once more, for there is sadness in every heart and tears are in every eye. Through heaven and earth all things weep for him."

"If that is true," was the slow, icy answer, "if every created thing weeps for Balder, he shall return to Asgard; but if one eye is dry he remains henceforth in Helheim."

Then Hermod rode swiftly away, and the decree of Hel was soon told in Asgard. Through all the worlds the gods sent messengers to say that all who loved Balder should weep for his return, and everywhere tears fell like rain. There was weeping in Asgard, and in all the earth there was nothing that did not weep. Men and women and little children, missing the light that had once fallen into their hearts and homes, sobbed with bitter grief; the birds of the air, who had sung carols of joy at the gates of the morning since time began, were full of sorrow; the beasts of the fields crouched and moaned in their desolation; the great trees, that had put on their robes of green at Balder's command, sighed as the wind wailed through them; and the sweet flowers, that waited for Balder's footstep and sprang up in all the fields to greet him, hung their frail blossoms and wept bitterly for the love and the warmth and the light that had gone out. Throughout the whole earth there was nothing but weeping, and the sound of it was like the wailing of those storms in autumn that weep for the dead summer as its withered leaves drop one by one from the trees.

The messengers of the gods went gladly back to Asgard, for everything had wept for Balder; but as they journeyed they came upon a giantess, called Thok, and her eyes were dry.

"Weep for Balder," they said.

"With dry eyes only will I weep for Balder," she answered. "Dead or alive, he never gave me gladness. Let him stay in Helheim."

When she had spoken these words a terrible laugh broke from her lips, and the messengers looked at each other with pallid faces, for they knew it was the voice of Loke.

Balder never came back to Asgard, and the shadows deepened over all things, for the night of death was fast coming on.

SECTION VII
POETRY

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SECTION VII. POETRY

INTRODUCTORY

Many teachers have more difficulty in interesting their pupils in poetry than in any other form of literature. This difficulty may be due to any one of a number of causes. It may be due to a lack of poetic appreciation on the part of the teacher, leading to poor judgment in selecting and presenting poetry. It may be due to the feeling that there is something occult and mysterious about poetry that puts it outside the range of common interests, or to the idea that the technique of verse must in some way be emphasized. The first step in using poetry successfully with children is to brush away all these and other extraneous matters and to realize that poetry is in essence a simple and natural mode of expression, and that all attempts to explain how poetry does its work may be left for later stages of study. It is not necessary even for the teacher to be able to recognize and name all the varieties of rhythm to be able to present poetry enthusiastically and understandingly. Least of all is it necessary to have a prescribed list of the hundred "best poems." Some of the best poems for children would not belong in any such list.

The selections in this section cover a wide variety. They are not all equally great, but no teacher can fail to find here something suitable and interesting for any grade. The few suggestions which it is possible to make in this brief introduction may best, perhaps, and without any intention of being exhaustive, be thrown into the form of dogmatic statements:

1. If in doubt about what to use beyond the material in the following pages, depend upon some of the fine collections mentioned in the bibliography. Every teacher should have access to Stevenson's *Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*, which contains many poems from recent writers as well as the older favorites. If possible, have the advantage of the fine taste and judgment of the collections made by Andrew Lang, Miss Repplier, E. V. Lucas, and as many of the others as are available.

2. Remember that in poetry, more than elsewhere, one can present only what one is really interested in and, as a consequence, enthusiastic about. Even poems about whose fitness all judges agree should be omitted rather than run the risk of deadening them for children by a dead and formal handling.

3. Mainly, poetry should be presented orally. The appeal is first to the ear just as in music. The teacher should read or, better, recite the poem in order to get the best results. There should be no effort at "elocution" in its worst sense, but a simple, sincere rendering of the language of the poem. The more informal the process is, the better. There should be much repetition of favorite poems, so that the rich details and pictures may sink into the mind.

4. There should be great variety in choice that richness and breadth of impression may thus be gained. It is a mistake to confine the work in poetry entirely to lyrics or entirely to ballads. Wordsworth's "Daffodils" and Gilbert's "Yarn

of the Nancy Bell" are far apart, but there is a place for each. Teachers should always be on the lookout for poetry old or new, in the magazines or elsewhere, which they can bring into the schoolroom. Such "finds" are often fresh with some timely suggestion and may prove just what is needed to start some hesitating pupil to reading poetry.

5. The earliest poetry should be that in which the music is very prominent and the idea absent or not prominent. The perfection of the Mother Goose jingles for little folks is in their fulfillment of this principle. Use and encourage strongly emphasized rhythm in reading poetry, especially in the early work. Gradually the meaning in poetry takes on more prominence as the work proceeds.

6. Children should be encouraged to commit much poetry to memory. They do this very easily after hearing it repeated a time or two. Such memorizing should not be done usually as a task. Children are, however, very obliging about liking what a teacher is enthusiastic about, and what they like they can hold in mind with surprising ease. The game of giving quotations that no one else in the class has given is always a delight. Don't be misled by the fun poked at the "memory gem method" of studying poetry. The error is not in memorizing complete poems and fine poetic passages, but in doing this in a mechanical fashion.

7. It is a mistake to use too much poetry at one time. Children, as well as grown people, tire of it more quickly than they do of prose. The mind seems soon to reach the saturation point where it is unable to take in any more. Frequent returns to a poem rather than long periods of study give the best results.

8. Encourage children to read poetry aloud. By example and suggestion help them keep their minds on the ideas, the pictures, the characters. Only by doing this can they really read so as to interpret a poem. No one can read with a lazy mind, or merely by imitation. Encourage them to croon or recite the lines when alone.

9. It is not necessary that children should understand everything in a poem. If it is worth while they will get enough of its meaning to justify its use and they will gradually see more and more in it as time passes. In fact it is this constantly growing content of a poem that makes its possession in memory such a treasure. Neither should the presence of difficult words be allowed to rule out a poem that possesses some large element of accessible value. Many words are understood by the ear that are not recognized by sight.

SUGGESTIONS FOR READING

Books such as Woodberry's *Heart of Man* and *Appreciation of Literature* are of especial value for getting the right attitude toward poetry. The most illuminating practical help would come from consulting the published lectures of Lafcadio Hearn, explaining poetry to Japanese students. His problem was not unlike that faced by the teacher of poetry in the grades. These lectures have been edited by John Erskine as *Interpretations of Literature* (2 vols.), *Appreciations of Poetry*, and *Life and Literature*. The whole philosophy of poetry is treated compactly in Professor Gayley's "The Principles of Poetry," which forms the introduction to Gayley and Young's *Principles and Progress of English Poetry*

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Mrs. Follen (1787–1860) was a rather voluminous writer and adapter of juvenile material. Her verses are old-fashioned, simple, and child-like, and have pleased several generations of children. While they have no such air of distinction as belongs to Stevenson's poems for children, they are full of the fancies that children enjoy, and deserve their continued popularity.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

Three little kittens lost their mittens;
And they began to cry,
"Oh, mother dear,
We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens."
"Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie!"
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
"No, you shall have no pie."

The three little kittens found their mittens;
And they began to cry,
"Oh, mother dear,
See here, see here!
See, we have found our mittens!"
"Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
And you may have some pie."
"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh, let us have the pie!
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r."

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
"Oh, mother dear,
We greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens!"
"Soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh,
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
Then they began to sigh,
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;
"Oh, mother dear,
Do not you hear
That we have washed our mittens?"
"Washed your mittens!
Oh, you're good kittens!
But I smell a rat close by;
Hush, hush! Mee-ow, mee-ow."
"We smell a rat close by,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

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THE MOON

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

O look at the moon!
She is shining up there;
O mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air.

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow;
But now she's grown bigger,
And round as an O.

Pretty moon, pretty moon,
How you shine on the door,
And make it all bright
On my nursery floor!

You shine on my playthings,
And show me their place,
And I love to look up
At your pretty bright face.

And there is a star
Close by you, and maybe
That small twinkling star
Is your little baby.

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RUNAWAY BROOK

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

"Stop, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary one day,
To a frolicsome brook
That was running away.

"You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

"But I will run after:
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

So Mary ran on;
But I have heard say,
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

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DING DONG! DING DONG!

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song,
'Tis about a little bird;
He sat upon a tree,
And he sang to me,
And I never spoke a word.

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song,
'Tis about a little mouse;
He looked very cunning,
As I saw him running
About my father's house.

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song
About my little kitty;
She's speckled all over,
And I know you'll love her,
For she is very pretty.

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Mrs. Prentiss (1818–1878) was the author of *The Susy Books*, published from 1853 to 1856, forerunners of many series of such juvenile publications. The following poem has retained its hold on the affections of children.

THE LITTLE KITTY

ELIZABETH PRENTISS

Once there was a little kitty
Whiter than snow;
In a barn she used to frolic,
Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro;
For she heard the kitty coming,
Long time ago.

Two eyes had little kitty,
Black as a sloe;
And they spied the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Four paws had little kitty,
Paws soft as dough,
And they caught the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Nine teeth had little kitty,
All in a row;
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Little mousie cried "Oh!"
But she got away from kitty,
Long time ago.

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Mrs. Hale (1788–1879), left a widow with five children to support, devoted herself to a literary career. She wrote fiction, edited the *Ladies' Magazine* of Boston, afterward the *Ladies' Book* of Philadelphia, compiled a book of poetical quotations, and biographies of celebrated women. Most of her work was ephemeral in character, and she lives for us in the one poem that follows. It is usually printed without the last stanza which is here restored. Younger children, as a rule, do not object to such moralizing.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

SARA J. HALE

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day,
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

And so the Teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear:

And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid,
You'll save me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry —
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The Teacher did reply.

And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your will,
If you are only kind.

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Theodore Tilton (1835–1907) was a very brilliant New York orator, poet, and journalist. His poetry, published in a complete volume in 1897, contains some really distinguished verse. He is largely known to the new generation, however, by some stanzas from the following poem, which are usually found in readers and poetic compilations for children. The entire poem is given here. Does our "Swat the fly" campaign of recent years negate the kindly attitude emphasized in the poem?

BABY BYE

THEODORE TILTON

Baby bye,
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls,
Yet he never falls!
I believe with six such legs
You and I could walk on eggs.
There he goes
On his toes,
Tickling baby's nose.

Spots of red
Dot his head;
Rainbows on his back are spread;
That small speck
Is his neck;
See him nod and beck.
I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes,—
Three small pairs,
Made of hairs;
These he always wears.

Black and brown
Is his gown;
He can wear it upside down;
It is laced
Round his waist;
I admire his taste.
Yet though tight his clothes are made
He will lose them, I'm afraid,
If to-night
He gets sight
Of the candle-light.

In the sun
Webs are spun;
What if he gets into one?
        When it rains
        He complains
        On the window-panes.
Tongue to talk have you and I;
God has given the little fly
        No such things,
        So he sings
        With his buzzing wings.

He can eat
Bread and meat;
There's his mouth between his feet.
        On his back
        Is a pack
        Like a pedler's sack.
Does the baby understand?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand;
        Put a crumb
        On her thumb,
        Maybe he will come.

Catch him? No,
Let him go,
Never hurt an insect so;
        But no doubt
        He flies out
        Just to gad about.
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the baby's milk;
        Fie, oh fie,
        Foolish fly!
        How will he get dry?

All wet flies
Twist their thighs,
Thus they wipe their head and eyes;
        Cats, you know,
        Wash just so,
        Then their whiskers grow.
Flies have hair too short to comb,
So they fly bareheaded home;
        But the gnat
        Wears a hat,
        Do you believe that?

Flies can see
More than we.
So how bright their eyes must be!
        Little fly,
        Ope your eye;
        Spiders are near by.
For a secret I can tell,—
Spiders never use flies well.
        Then away!
        Do not stay.
        Little fly, good-day!

276

Prominent among American writers who have contributed to the happiness of children is Lucy Larcom (1826–1893). One of a numerous family, she worked as a child in the Lowell mills, later taught school in Illinois, was one of the editors of *Our Young Folks*, and wrote a most fascinating autobiography called *A New England Girlhood*. Several of her poems are still used in schools. The one that follows is, perhaps, the most popular of these. It is semi-dramatic, and the three voices of the poem can be easily discovered. Miss Larcom's finest poem is the one entitled "Hannah Binding Shoes."

THE BROWN THRUSH

LUCY LARCOM

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree,
He's singing to me! He's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
    Don't you hear? Don't you see?
    Hush! Look! In my tree
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing,
"A nest do you see,
And five eggs hid by me in the juniper
tree?
Don't meddle! Don't touch! little girl,
little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! Now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in
the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me.
And he sings all the day, little girl, little
boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!"
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be.

277

Mrs. Child (1802–1880) was the editor of the first monthly for children in the United States, the *Juvenile Miscellany*. She wrote and compiled several works for children, and her optimistic outlook has led someone to speak of her as the "Apostle of Cheer." She wrote a novel, *Hobomak* (1821), which is still spoken of with respect, and she was a prominent figure in the anti-slavery agitation. The two poems following have held their own with children for reasons easily recognized.

THANKSGIVING DAY

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting-hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard
gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow,
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood—
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for pumpkin-pie!

278

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But did n't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree, to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
I would n't be so mean, anyhow!
I gave the hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep; "oh, no!
I would n't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! Baa!" said the sheep; "oh, no,
I would n't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow;
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?"

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again,
Why, I have n't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He did n't like to tell his name.

279

"Susan Coolidge" was the pseudonym used by Sarah C. Woolsey (1845–1905). She wrote numerous tales and verses for young people, and her series of *Katy Books* was widely known and enjoyed. The poem that follows is a very familiar one, and its treatment of its theme may be compared with that in Henry Ward Beecher's little prose apologue (No. 249).

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

"SUSAN COOLIDGE"

I'll tell you how the leaves came down:
The great Tree to his children said,
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red;
It is quite time to go to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief!
'Tis such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away."

So, just for one more merry day
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced and had their way
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among,

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg and coax and fret."
But the great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children all, to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped up on her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.
"Good-night, dear little leaves," he said;
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good-night," and murmurèd,
"It is *so* nice to go to bed."

The poems for young readers produced by the sisters Alice Cary (1820–1871) and Phoebe Cary (1824–1871) constitute the most successful body of juvenile verse yet produced in this country. One of Alice Cary's poems, "An Order for a Picture," is of a very distinguished quality, but as its appeal is largely to mature readers, two of Phoebe Cary's poems of simpler quality are chosen for use here. The first of these marks, by means of three illustrations within the range of children's observation, a very common defect of child nature and is, by the force of these illustrations, a good lesson in practical ethics. The appeal of the second is to that inherent ideal of disinterested heroism which is so strong in children. The setting of the story amidst the ever-present threat of the sea affords a good chance for the teacher to do effective work in emphasizing the geographical background. This should be done, however, not as geography merely, but with the attention on the human elements involved.

280

THEY DID N'T THINK

PHOEBE CARY

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;

Which tickled so a little mouse
  It almost made him sneeze;
An old rat said, "There's danger,
  Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other,
  "I don't think you know!"
So he walked in boldly—
  Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
  Then he took a bite;
Close the trap together
  Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching mousey fast there,
  'Cause he did n't think.

Once a little turkey,
  Fond of her own way,
Would n't ask the old ones
  Where to go or stay;
She said, "I'm not a baby,
  Here I am half-grown;
Surely, I am big enough
  To run about alone!"
Off she went, but somebody
  Hiding saw her pass;
Soon like snow her feathers
  Covered all the grass.
So she made a supper
  For a sly young mink,
'Cause she was so headstrong
  That she would n't think.

Once there was a robin
  Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
  And hop upon the floor.
"Ho, no," said the mother,
  "You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
  Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said Robin,
  And gave his tail a fling,
"I don't think the old folks
  Know quite everything."
Down he flew, and Kitty seized him.
  Before he'd time to blink.
"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry,
  But I did n't think."

Now my little children,
  You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
  Comes of thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning
  From their dreadful fate
Who began their thinking
  When it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety
  Where no danger shows,
Don't suppose you know more
  Than anybody knows;
But when you're warned of ruin,
  Pause upon the brink,
And don't go under headlong,
  'Cause you did n't think.

281

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

A Story of Holland

PHOEBE CARY

The good dame looked from her cottage
  At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
  Outside the door at play:
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
  While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
  Across the dike, for me;
And take these cakes I made for him—
  They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
  Before the sun is set."

Then the good-wife turned to her labor,
  Humming a simple song,
And thought of her husband, working
    hard
  At the sluices all day long;

And set the turf a-blazing,
  And brought the coarse black bread;
That he might find a fire at night,
  And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,
  With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
  In the willow's tender shade;
And told them they'd see him back before
  They saw a star in sight,
Though he would n't be afraid to go
  In the very darkest night!

For he was a brave, bright fellow,
  With eye and conscience clear;
He could do whatever a boy might do,
  And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he would n't have robbed a bird's nest,
  Nor brought a stork to harm,
Though never a law in Holland
  Had stood to stay his arm!

And now, with his face all glowing,
  And eyes as bright as the day
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
  He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattle
  Made glad a lonesome place —
Alas! if only the blind old man
  Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
  Which his voice and presence lent;
And he felt the sunshine come and go
  As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
  And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
  Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen
  And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
  Along the level track.
But she said: "He will come at morning,
  So I need not fret or grieve —
Though it isn't like my boy at all
  To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
  On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
  An hour above the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
  Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
  Against their narrow bound.

"Ah! well for us," said Peter,
  "That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
  Or they would not hold you long!
You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
  "I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
  But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! Through the noise of waters
  Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
  And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
  And stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
  As his slender, childish hand.

'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
  Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
  The dreadful thing that means.
A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
  Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
  Turns white with mortal fear.

For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor,
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post!

So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea;
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying — and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last:
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester eve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!

"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears:
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife —
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"
So, there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

'T is many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,
Remembered through the years:
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told to the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea!

The world's greatest writer of verse for children, Robert Louis Stevenson, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1850. After he was twenty-five years old he spent much of the rest of his short life traveling in search of health. From 1889 to the time of his death in 1894 he resided in Samoa. The verses given here (Nos. 282–295) are taken from his famous book, *A Child's Garden of Verses*, which, says Professor Saintsbury, "is, perhaps, the most perfectly natural book of the kind. It was supplemented later by other poems for children; and some of his work outside this, culminating in the widely known epitaph

> Home is the sailor, home from sea,
> And the hunter home from the hill,

has the rarely combined merits of simplicity, sincerity, music, and strength." One of the best of Stevenson's poems for children outside the *Child's Garden of Verses* is the powerfully dramatic story called *Heather Ale*. In attempting to solve the secret of Stevenson's supremacy, Edmund Gosse calls attention to the "curiously candid and confidential attitude of mind" in these poems, to the "extraordinary clearness and precision with which the immature fancies of eager childhood" are reproduced, and particularly, to the fact that they give us "a transcript of that child-mind which we have all possessed and enjoyed, but of which no one, except Mr. Stevenson, seems to have carried away a photograph." It is this ability to hand on a photographic transcript of the child's way of seeing things that, according to Mr. Gosse, puts Stevenson in a class which contains only two other members, Hans Christian Andersen in nursery stories, and Juliana Horatia Ewing in the more realistic prose tale. Children find expressed in these poems their own active fancies. It has been objected to them that the child pictured there is a lonely child, but every child, like every mature person, has an inner world of dreams and experiences in which he delights now and then to dwell. The presence of the qualities mentioned put at least two of Stevenson's prose romances among the most splendid adventure stories for young people, *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped*. Perhaps no book is more popular among pupils of the seventh and eighth grades than the former. It has been called a "sublimated dime novel," that is, it has all the decidedly attractive features of the "dime novel" plus the fine art of story-telling which is always lacking in that sensational type of story.

282

WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A child should always say what's true,
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able.

283

THE COW

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

284

TIME TO RISE

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window-sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head?"

285

RAIN

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

286

A GOOD PLAY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

We built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake;" —
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.

We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

287

THE LAMPLIGHTER

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has
left the sky;
It's time to take the window to see
Leerie going by;
For every night at tea-time and before
you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes
posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria
go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as
he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can
choose what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and
light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp
before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights
so many more;
And O! before you hurry by with ladder
and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to
him to-night!

288

THE LAND OF NOD

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

From breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do—
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad,
Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

289

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,

And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lion comes to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Story-books.

290

MY BED IS A BOAT

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

My bed is like a little boat;
  Nurse helps me in when I embark:
She girds me in my sailor's coat
  And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say
  Good-night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away
  And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
  As prudent sailors have to do;
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
  Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
  But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
  I find my vessel fast.

291

MY SHADOW

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He has n't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

292

THE SWING

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

How do you like to go up in a swing,
  Up in the air so blue?

Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

293

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

294

THE WIND

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

295

WINDY NIGHTS

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

The four poems that follow are from *Little-Folk Lyrics*, by Frank Dempster Sherman (1860—), and are used here by permission of and special arrangement with the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. Many of Sherman's poems have been found pleasing to children, particularly those dealing with nature themes and with outdoor activities.

296

SPINNING TOP

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

When I spin round without a stop
And keep my balance like the top,

I find that soon the floor will swim
Before my eyes; and then, like him,
I lie all dizzy on the floor
Until I feel like spinning more.

297

FLYING KITE

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

I often sit and wish that I
Could be a kite up in the sky,
And ride upon the breeze, and go
Whatever way it chanced to blow.
Then I could look beyond the town,
And see the river winding down,
And follow all the ships that sail
Like me before the merry gale,
Until at last with them I came
To some place with a foreign name.

298

KING BELL

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

Long ago there lived a King
A mighty man and bold,
Who had two sons, named Dong and Ding,
Of whom this tale is told.

Prince Ding was clear of voice, and tall,
A Prince in every line;
Prince Dong, his voice was very small,
And he but four feet nine.

Now both these sons were very dear
To Bell, the mighty King.
They always hastened to appear
When he for them would ring.

Ding never failed the first to be,
But Dong, he followed well,
And at the second summons he
Responded to King Bell.

This promptness of each royal Prince
Is all of them we know,
Except that all their kindred since
Have done exactly so.

And if you chance to know a King
Like this one of the dong,
Just listen once — and there is Ding;
Again — and there is Dong.

299

DAISIES

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadows of the Night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the Moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

The three poems by Eugene Field (Nos. 300–302) are used by special permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City. Field was born at St. Louis in 1850, and died at Chicago in 1895. The quaint fantastical conceptions in these poems have made them supreme favorites with children. No. 300 belongs to the list of the world's great lullabies.

300

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

EUGENE FIELD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe, —
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"

The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea —
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
Never afeard are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam,—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home:
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three: —
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

301

THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE

EUGENE FIELD

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of the Lollypop sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below —
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,

And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground—
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes
With stripings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains,
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

302

THE DUEL

EUGENE FIELD

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(*I was n't there; I simply state*
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(*Now mind: I'm only telling you*
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(*Don't fancy I exaggerate—*
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat:
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(*The old Dutch clock it told me so,*
And that is how I came to know.)

303

James Whitcomb Riley was born in Greenfield, Indiana, in 1849, and died at Indianapolis in 1916. His success was largely due to his ability to present homely phases of life in the Hoosier dialect. "The Raggedy Man" is a good illustration of this skill. In his prime Mr. Riley was an excellent oral interpreter of his own work, and his personifications of the Hoosier types in his poems in recitals all over the country had much to do with giving him an understanding body of readers. He had much of the power in which Stevenson was so supreme—that power of remembering accurately and giving full expression to the points of view of childhood. The perennial fascination of the circus as in "The Circus Day Parade" illustrates this particularly well. "The Treasures of the Wise Man" represents another class of Mr. Riley's poems in which he moralizes in a fashion that makes people willing to be preached at. It may be said very truly that most of his poems have their chief attraction in enabling older readers to recall the almost vanished thrilling delights of youth, but poems that do that are generally found to interest children also.

THE TREASURES OF THE WISE MAN[1]

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

O the night was dark and the night was late,
And the robbers came to rob him;
And they picked the locks of his palace gate,
The robbers that came to rob him—
They picked the locks of his palace gate,
Seized his jewels and gems of state,
His coffers of gold and his priceless plate—
The robbers that came to rob him.

But loud laughed he in the morning red!—
For of what had the robbers robbed him?—
Ho! hidden safe, as he slept in bed,
When the robbers came to rob him,—
They robbed him not of a golden shred
Of the childish dreams in his wise old head—
"And they're welcome to all things else," he said,
When the robbers came to rob him.

304

THE CIRCUS-DAY PARADE[1]

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Oh, the Circus-Day parade! How the bugles played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes, and neighed,
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!
How the grand band-wagon shone with a splendor all its own,
And glittered with a glory that our dreams had never known!
And how the boys behind, high and low of every kind,
Marched in unconscious capture, with a rapture undefined!

How the horsemen, two and two, with their plumes of white and blue,
And crimson, gold and purple, nodding by at me and you,
Waved the banners that they bore, as the Knights in days of yore,
Till our glad eyes gleamed and glistened like the spangles that they wore!

How the graceless-graceful stride of the elephant was eyed,
And the capers of the little horse that cantered at his side!
How the shambling camels, tame to the plaudits of their fame,
With listless eyes came silent, masticating as they came.

How the cages jolted past, with each wagon battened fast,
And the mystery within it only hinted of at last
From the little grated square in the rear, and nosing there
The snout of some strange animal that sniffed the outer air!

And, last of all, The Clown, making mirth for all the town,
With his lips curved ever upward and his eyebrows ever down,
And his chief attention paid to the little mule that played
A tattoo on the dashboard with his heels, in the parade.

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[1] From the Biographical Edition of the *Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley*. Copyright 1913. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Oh! the Circus-Day parade! How the bugles played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and neighed,
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!

305

THE RAGGEDY MAN[1]

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

O The Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobblely calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—
Aint he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, The Raggedy Man—he's ist so good
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 'at *boys* can't do!—
He clumbed clean up in our big tree
An' shooked a' apple down fer me—
An' nother'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—
An' nother'n', too, fer The Raggedy Man—
Aint he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' The Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes:
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers therselves!
An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!
Aint he a funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time when he
Wuz makin' a little bow-'n'-orry fer me,
Says "When *you're* big like your Pa is,
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his—
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?—
Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness knows!"
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!
I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!"

306

James Hogg (1770–1835) was a poet of Scotland and a contemporary of Sir Walter Scott. He was known as the Ettrick Shepherd, from the place of his birth and from the fact that as a boy he tended the sheep. He had little schooling and was a thoroughly self-made man. The strongly marked and energetic swing of the rhythm, fitting in so well with the vigorous out-of-door experiences suggested, has made "A Boy's Song" a great favorite. Other poems of his that are still read are "The Skylark" and the verse fairy tale called "Kilmeny."

A BOY'S SONG

JAMES HOGG

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

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[1] From the Biographical Edition of the *Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley.* Copyright 1913. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

307

Mary Howitt (1799–1888), an English author and translator, was the first to put Hans Christian Andersen's tales into English. She wrote on a great variety of subjects, and much of her work was useful and pleasing to a multitude of readers old and young. Besides the following poem, she is known well to young readers by her "The Fairies of Caldon-Low."

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

MARY HOWITT

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
Said the Spider to the Fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy.

"The way into my parlor
Is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things
To show when you are there."

"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly,
"To ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair
Can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear,
With soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?"
Said the Spider to the Fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around;
The sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile,
I'll snugly tuck you in!"

"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly,
"For I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again,
Who sleep upon your bed."

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly:
"Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection
I've always felt for you?

"I have within my pantry
Good store of all that's nice:
I'm sure you're very welcome—
Will you please to take a slice?"

"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly,
"Kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry,
And I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature!" said the Spider,
"You're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings
How brilliant are your eyes!

"I have a little looking-glass
Upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear,
You shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
  "For what you're pleased to say,
And, bidding you good-morning now,
  I'll call another day."

The Spider turned him round about,
  And went into his den,
For well he knew the silly Fly
  Would soon come back again:

So he wove a subtle web
  In a little corner sly,
And set his table ready
  To dine upon the Fly.

Then came out to his door again,
  And merrily did sing:
"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly,
  With the pearl and silver wing;

"Your robes are green and purple—
  There's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
  But mine are dull as lead!"

Alas, alas! how very soon
  This silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
  Came slowly flitting by;

With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
  Then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes,
  And green and purple hue—

Thinking only of her crested head—
  Poor, foolish thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning Spider,
  And fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair,
  Into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor—
  But she ne'er came out again.

And now, dear little children,
  Who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words,
  I pray you ne'er give heed.

Unto an evil counsellor
  Close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale
  Of the Spider and the Fly.

308

William Howitt (1792–1879) and his wife, author of the preceding poem, worked together on many literary projects. One of William Howitt's poems, "The Wind in a Frolic," has long found a place in collections for children. It presents the wind in a sprightly, mischievous, and boisterous mood.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC

WILLIAM HOWITT

The wind one morning sprang up from
    sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"

So it swept with a bustle right through
    a great town,
Cracking the signs and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless
    squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread
    stalls,
There never was heard a much lustier
    shout,
As the apples and oranges trundled about;
And the urchins that stand with their
    thievish eyes
For ever on watch, ran off each with a
    prize.

Then away to the field it went, blustering
    and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever
    was coming;
It plucked by the tails the grave matronly
    cows,

And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows;
Till, offended at such an unusual salute,
They all turned their backs, and stood sulky and mute.

So on it went capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;

'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried gaily, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm;—

There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the wind had swept on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain;
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool and his shoes in the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea,
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.

But lo! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea-bird's rock in the gleaming West,
Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,
How little of mischief it really had done.

Ann Taylor (1782–1866) and Jane Taylor (1783–1824), English writers of verse and prose for children, have earned a permanent place in the history of juvenile literature on account of the real worth of their work and because they were among the first authors to write poetry especially for children. They published jointly three volumes of verse for children: *Original Poems for Infant Minds*, *Rhymes for the Nursery*, and *Hymns for Infant Minds*. Many of their poems seem a little too didactic, but they were genuine in their ethical earnestness and largely succeeded in putting things in terms of the child's own comprehension. The four poems given here represent them at their best, which was good enough to win the admiration of Sir Walter Scott.

309

THE COW

ANN TAYLOR

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,

Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

310

MEDDLESOME MATTY

ANN TAYLOR

One ugly trick has often spoiled
The sweetest and the best;
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
One ugly trick possessed,
Which, like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid,
To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day
And by mistake she laid
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay
Too near the little maid;
"Ah! well," thought she, "I'll try them on,
As soon as grandmamma is gone."

Forthwith she placed upon her nose
The glasses large and wide;
And looking round, as I suppose,
The snuff-box too she spied:
"Oh! what a pretty box is that;
I'll open it," said little Matt.

"I know that grandmamma would say,
'Don't meddle with it, dear,'
But then, she's far enough away,
And no one else is near:
Besides, what can there be amiss
In opening such a box as this?"

So thumb and finger went to work
To move the stubborn lid,
And presently a mighty jerk
The mighty mischief did;
For all at once, ah! woeful case,
The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth beside
A dismal sight presented;
In vain, as bitterly she cried,
Her folly she repented.
In vain she ran about for ease;
She could do nothing else but sneeze.

She dashed the spectacles away,
To wipe her tingling eyes,
And as in twenty bits they lay,
Her grandmamma she spies.
"Heyday! and what's the matter now?"
Says grandmamma with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
From meddling evermore.
And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

311

"I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY"

JANE TAYLOR

I like little Pussy,
Her coat is so warm;
And if I don't hurt her
She'll do me no harm.
So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I
Very gently will play;

She shall sit by my side,
  And I'll give her some food;
And she'll love me because
  I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little Pussy,
  And then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks
  For my kindness to her;
I'll not pinch her ears,
  Nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her
  To use her sharp claw;
I never will vex her,
  Nor make her displeased,
For Pussy can't bear
  To be worried or teased.

312

THE STAR

JANE TAYLOR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveler in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Although Christina G. Rossetti (1830–1894) is not known primarily as a writer for children, her *Sing-Song*, from which the next seven poems are taken, is a juvenile classic. She ranks very high among the women poets of the nineteenth century, her only equal being Mrs. Browning. Besides the brief poems in *Sing-Song*, Miss Rossetti's "Goblin Market" and "Uphill" please young people of a contemplative mood. While there is an undercurrent of sadness in much of her work, it is a natural accompaniment of her themes and is not unduly emphasized.

313

SELDOM OR NEVER

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Seldom "can't,"
  Seldom "don't";
Never "shan't,"
  Never "won't."

314

AN EMERALD IS AS GREEN AS GRASS

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

An emerald is as green as grass;
  A ruby, red as blood;
A sapphire shines as blue as heaven;
  A flint lies in the mud.

A diamond is a brilliant stone
  To catch the world's desire;
An opal holds a fiery spark;
  But a flint holds fire.

315

BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Boats sail on the rivers,
  And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
  Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

316

A DIAMOND OR A COAL?

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

A diamond or a coal?
A diamond, if you please;
Who cares about a clumsy coal
Beneath the summer trees?

A diamond or a coal?
A coal, sir, if you please;
One comes to care about the coal
At times when waters freeze.

317

THE SWALLOW

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Fly away, fly away over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done;
Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer and bringing the sun.

318

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing thro'.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

319

MILKING TIME

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

When the cows come home the milk is coming;
Honey's made while the bees are humming;
Duck and drake on the rushy lake,
And the deer live safe in the breezy brake;
And timid, funny, pert little bunny
Winks his nose, and sits all sunny.

320

William Brighty Rands (1823–1882), an English author writing under the name of "Matthew Browne," produced in his *Lilliput Lyrics* a juvenile masterpiece containing much verse worthy to live. The two poems that follow are decidedly successful in catching that elusive something called the child's point of view.

THE PEDDLER'S CARAVAN

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

I wish I lived in a caravan
With a horse to drive, like a peddler-man!
Where he comes from nobody knows,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes!

His caravan has windows two,
And a chimney of tin, that the smoke comes through;
He has a wife, with a baby brown,
And they go riding from town to town.

Chairs to mend, and delf to sell!
He clashes the basins like a bell;
Tea-trays, baskets ranged in order,
Plates, with alphabets round the border!

The roads are brown, and the sea is green,
But his house is like a bathing-machine;
The world is round, and he can ride,
Rumble and slash, to the other side!

With the peddler-man I should like to
roam,
And write a book when I came home;
All the people would read my book,
Just like the Travels of Captain Cook!

321

THE WONDERFUL WORLD

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you
curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your
breast—
World, you are beautifully dressed!

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the
tree—
It walks on the water, and whirls the
mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the
rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens and cliffs and isles,
And the people upon you for thousands
of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I hardly can think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
My mother kissed me, and said, quite gay,

"If the wonderful World is great to you,
And great to father and mother, too,
You are more than the Earth, though
you are such a dot!
You can love and think, and the Earth
cannot!"

322

Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton, 1809–1885), an English poet, wrote one poem that has held its own in children's collections. Its quiet mood of industry at one with the gentler influences of nature is especially appealing.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it
right
And said, "Dear work, good-night, good-
night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her
head,
Crying "Caw! Caw!" on their way to
bed,
She said, as she watched their curious
flight,
"Little black things, good-night, good-
night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! Bleat!" came over
the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good-
night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of
light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was
day;

And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning, good-morning! our work is begun."

323

It is quite impossible for us to realize why the English reading public should have been so excited over the following poem in the years immediately following its first appearance in 1806. It attracted the attention of royalty, was set to music, had a host of imitators, and established itself as a nursery classic. It was written by William Roscoe (1753–1831), historian, banker, and poet, for his son Robert, and was merely an entertaining skit upon an actual banquet. Probably the fact that the characters at the butterfly's ball were drawn with human faces in the original illustrations to represent the prominent guests at the actual banquet had much to do with the initial success. The impulse which it received a hundred years ago, coupled with its own undoubted power of fancy, has projected it thus far, and children seem inclined to approve and still further insure its already long life.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL

WILLIAM ROSCOE

"Come, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast,
The Trumpeter, Gadfly, has summon'd the crew,
And the Revels are now only waiting for you."
So said little Robert, and pacing along,
His merry Companions came forth in a throng,
And on the smooth Grass by the side of a Wood,
Beneath a broad oak that for ages had stood,
Saw the Children of Earth and the Tenants of Air
For an Evening's Amusement together repair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back,
And there was the Gnat and the Dragon-fly too,
With all their Relations, green, orange and blue.
And there came the Moth, with his plumage of down,
And the Hornet in jacket of yellow and brown;
Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did bring,
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.
And the sly little Dormouse crept out of his hole,
And brought to the Feast his blind Brother, the Mole;
And the Snail, with his horns peeping out of his shell,
Came from a great distance, the length of an ell.

A Mushroom, their Table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a table-cloth made.
The Viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought her honey to crown the Repast.
Then close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The Frog from a corner look'd up to the skies;
And the Squirrel, well pleased such diversion to see,
Mounted high overhead and look'd down from a tree.

Then out came the Spider, with finger so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight-line,
From one branch to another his cobwebs he slung,
Then quick as an arrow he darted along,
But just in the middle—oh! shocking to tell,
From his rope, in an instant, poor Harlequin fell.
Yet he touch'd not the ground, but with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air, at the end of a thread.

Then the Grasshopper came with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his Leg, though but short was his Wing;
He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirp'd his own praises the rest of the night.
With step so majestic the Snail did advance,
And promised the Gazers a Minuet to dance;
But they all laughed so loud that he pulled in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.
Then as Evening gave way to the shadows of Night,
Their Watchman, the Glowworm, came out with a light.
"Then Home let us hasten while yet we can see,
For no Watchman is waiting for you and for me."
So said little Robert, and pacing along,
His merry Companions return'd in a throng.

324

CAN YOU?

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Can you put the spider's web back in place
That once has been swept away?
Can you put the apple again on the bough
Which fell at our feet to-day?
Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem
And cause it to live and grow?
Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing
That you crush with a hasty blow?
Can you put the bloom again on the grape
And the grape again on the vine?
Can you put the dewdrops back on the flowers
And make them sparkle and shine?
Can you put the petals back on the rose?
If you could, would it smell as sweet?
Can you put the flour again in the husk,
And show me the ripened wheat?
Can you put the kernel again in the nut,
Or the broken egg in the shell?
Can you put the honey back in the comb,
And cover with wax each cell?
Can you put the perfume back in the vase
When once it has sped away?
Can you put the corn-silk back on the corn,
Or down on the catkins, say?
You think my questions are trifling, lad,
Let me ask you another one:
Can a hasty word be ever unsaid,
Or a deed unkind, undone?

325

In 1841 Robert Browning (1812–1889) published a drama in verse entitled *Pippa Passes.* Pippa was a little girl who worked in the silkmills of an Italian city. When her one holiday of the year came, she arose early and went singing out of town to the hills to enjoy the day. Various people who were planning to do evil heard her songs as she passed and did not do the wicked things they had intended to do. The next day Pippa returned to her usual work and never knew that her songs had changed the lives of many people. The following is the first of Pippa's songs.

PIPPA'S SONG

ROBERT BROWNING

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His Heaven —
All's right with the world!

326

Charles Mackay (1814–1889) was an English journalist, poet, and miscellaneous writer. He was especially popular as a writer of songs, composing both words and music. Other well-known poems of his are "The Miller of Dee" and "Tubal Cain." "Little and Great" presents a familiar idea through a series of illustrations—the idea that great and lasting results may spring from unstudied deeds of helpfulness and love.

LITTLE AND GREAT

CHARLES MACKAY

A traveler on a dusty road
  Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
  And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening-time,
  To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
  To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
  The birds sweet music bore —
It stood a glory in its place,
  A blessing evermore.
A little spring had lost its way
  Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
  Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
  A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
  But judged that Toil might drink.
He passed again; and lo! the well,
  By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parchèd tongues,
  And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
  'Twas old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain,
  But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
  And, lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
  A monitory flame.
The thought was small; its issue great;
  A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
  And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid the crowd
  That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
  Unstudied from the heart,—
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
  A transitory breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust,
  It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
  O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
  But mighty at the last.

327

The following poem by Mrs. Hemans (1793–1835), an English poet, is remembered for its historic interest. Louis Casabianca, a

Frenchman, served on a war ship that helped convey French troops to America, to aid the colonists during the Revolution. Later, when Napoleon attempted to conquer Egypt, he was captain of the admiral's flagship during the battle of the Nile. When the admiral was killed, he took command of the fleet at the moment of defeat. He blew up his ship, after the crew had been saved, rather than surrender it. His ten-year-old son refused to leave and perished with his father.

CASABIANCA

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

The boy stood on the burning deck,
  Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
  Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
  As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
  A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on; he would not go
  Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
  His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say,
  If yet my task be done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
  Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
  "If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
  And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
  And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
  In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
  "My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him, fast, through sail and shroud,
  The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
  They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
  Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound:
  The boy,— oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
  With fragments strewed the sea,—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
  That well had borne their part,—
But the noblest thing that perished there,
  Was that young, faithful heart.

The five numbers that follow are from the works of the great English poet and mystic William Blake (1757–1827). All except the first are given in their entirety. No. 328 is made up of three couplets taken from the loosely strung together *Auguries of Innocence*. Nos. 329, 330, and 332 are from *Songs of Innocence* (1789), where the last was printed as an introduction without any other title. No. 331 is from *Songs of Experience* (1794). Blake labored in obscurity and poverty, though he has now come to be regarded as one of England's most important poets. It is not necessary that children should understand fully all that Blake says, but it is important for teachers to realize that most children are natural mystics and that Blake's poetry, more than any other, is the natural food for them.

328

THREE THINGS TO REMEMBER

WILLIAM BLAKE

A Robin Redbreast in a cage,
Puts all heaven in a rage.

A skylark wounded on the wing
Doth make a cherub cease to sing.

He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be beloved by men.

329

THE LAMB

WILLIAM BLAKE

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For He calls himself a Lamb:
He is meek and he is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee,
Little lamb, God bless thee.

330

THE SHEPHERD

WILLIAM BLAKE

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot;
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lambs' innocent call,
And he hears the ewes' tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

331

THE TIGER

WILLIAM BLAKE

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize thy fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

332

THE PIPER

WILLIAM BLAKE

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:—

"Pipe a song about a lamb":
So I piped with merry cheer.

"Piper, pipe that song again":
So I piped; he wept to hear.

Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer":
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read."
So he vanish'd from my sight;
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

333

Eliza Cook (1818–1889) was an English poet who had quite a vogue in her day, and whose poem "Try Again" deals with one of those incidents held in affectionate remembrance by youth. Bruce and the spider may be less historically true, but it seems destined to eternal life alongside Leonidas and his Spartans. Older readers may remember Miss Cook's "My Old Arm Chair," which is usually given the place of honor as her most popular poem.

TRY AGAIN

ELIZA COOK

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down
In a lonely mood to think:
'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad;
He had tried and tried, but could n't succeed;
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be;
And after a while as he pondered there,
"I'll give it all up," said he.

Now, just at the moment, a spider dropped,
With its silken, filmy clue;
And the King, in the midst of his thinking, stopped
To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine,
That how it would get to its cobweb home
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up, with strong endeavor;
But down it came with a slippery sprawl,
As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second to stay,
To utter the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower, and there it lay,
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
And traveled a half yard higher;
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,
But again it quickly mounted;
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," cried the King, "that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb;
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more;
Ah me! 'tis an anxious minute;

He's only a foot from his cobweb door,
Oh, say, will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got;
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into his native cot.

"Bravo, bravo!" the King cried out;
"All honor to those who *try;*
The spider up there, defied despair;
He conquered, and why should n't I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And that time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying, "I *can't*";
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To idleness, folly, and want.

Whenever you find your heart despair
Of doing some goodly thing,
Con over this strain, try bravely again,
And remember the spider and King!

334

Nonsense verse seems to have its special place in the economy of life as a sort of balance to the over-serious tendency. One of the two great masters of verse of this sort was the English author Edward Lear (1812–1888). He was also a famous illustrator of books and magazines. Among his juvenile books, illustrated by himself, were *Nonsense Songs* and *More Nonsense Songs*. All his verse is now generally published under the first title. Good nonsense verse precludes explanation, the mind of the hearer being too busy with the delightfully odd combinations to figure on how they happened.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

EDWARD LEAR

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

335

THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR

EDWARD LEAR

Said the Table to the Chair,
"You can hardly be aware
How I suffer from the heat
And from chilblains on my feet.
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk;
Pray let us take the air,"
Said the Table to the Chair.

Said the Chair unto the Table,
"Now, you *know* we are not able:
How foolishly you talk,
When you know we *cannot* walk!"
Said the Table with a sigh,
"It can do no harm to try.
I've as many legs as you:
Why can't we walk on two?"

So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town
With a cheerful bumpy sound
As they toddled round and round;
And everybody cried,
As they hastened to their side,
"See! the Table and the Chair
Have come out to take the air!"

But in going down an alley,
To a castle in a valley,
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day;
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle, and a Mouse,
Who took them to their house.

Then they whispered to each other,
"O delightful little brother,
What a lovely walk we've taken!
Let us dine on beans and bacon."
So the Ducky and the leetle
Browny-mousy and the Beetle
Dined, and danced upon their heads
Till they toddled to their beds.

336

THE POBBLE WHO HAS NO TOES

EDWARD LEAR

The Pobble who has no toes
  Had once as many as we;
When they said, "Some day you may
    lose them all";
  He replied—"Fish fiddle-de-dee!"
And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink
Lavender water tinged with pink,
For she said, "The world in general
    knows
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's
    toes!"

The Pobble who has no toes
  Swam across the Bristol Channel;
But before he set out he wrapped his
    nose
  In a piece of scarlet flannel.
For his Aunt Jobiska said, "No harm
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm;
And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's
    toes
Are safe—provided he minds his nose."

The Pobble swam fast and well,
  And when boats or ships came near him
He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell,
  So that all the world could hear him.
And all the Sailors and Admirals cried,
When they saw him nearing the farther
    side,—
"He has gone to fish for his Aunt
    Jobiska's
Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!"

But before he touched the shore,
  The shore of the Bristol Channel,

A sea-green Porpoise carried away
His wrapper of scarlet flannel.
And when he came to observe his feet,
Formerly garnished with toes so neat,
His face at once became forlorn
On perceiving that all his toes were gone!

And nobody ever knew,
From that dark day to the present,
Whoso had taken the Pobble's toes,
In a manner so far from pleasant.
Whether the shrimps or crawfish gray,
Or crafty Mermaids stole them away—
Nobody knew; and nobody knows
How the Pobble was robbed of his twice five toes!

The Pobble who has no toes
Was placed in a friendly Bark,
And they rowed him back, and carried him up
To his Aunt Jobiska's Park.
And she made him a feast at his earnest wish
Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish;—
And she said,—"It's a fact the whole world knows,
That Pobbles are happier without their toes."

337

The two great classics among modern nonsense books are Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass.* They are in prose with poems interspersed. "The Walrus and the Carpenter," is from *Through the Looking Glass*, while "A Strange Wild Song," is from *Sylvie and Bruno.* This latter book never achieved the success of its forerunners, though it has some delightful passages, as in the case of the poem given. Lewis Carroll was the pseudonym of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1832–1898), an English mathematician at Oxford University.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

"LEWIS CARROLL"

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky;
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand:
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.
"Do you admire the view?

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut me another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," cried the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

338

A STRANGE WILD SONG

"LEWIS CARROLL"

He thought he saw a Buffalo
Upon the chimney-piece:

He looked again, and found it was
  His Sister's Husband's Niece.
"Unless you leave this house," he said,
  "I'll send for the Police."

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
  That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was
  The Middle of Next Week.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
  "Is that it cannot speak!"

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
  Descending from the 'bus:
He looked again, and found it was
  A Hippopotamus.
"If this should stay to dine," he said,
  "There won't be much for us!"

He thought he saw a Kangaroo
  That worked a coffee-mill;
He looked again, and found it was
  A Vegetable-Pill.
"Were I to swallow this," he said,
  "I should be very ill."

He thought he saw a Coach and Four
  That stood beside his bed:
He looked again, and found it was
  A Bear without a Head.
"Poor thing," he said, "poor silly thing!
  It's waiting to be fed!"

He thought he saw an Albatross
  That fluttered round the Lamp:
He looked again, and found it was
  A Penny Postage-Stamp.
"You'd best be getting home," he said:
  "The nights are very damp!"

He thought he saw a Garden Door
  That opened with a key:
He looked again, and found it was
  A Double-Rule-of-Three:
"And all its mystery," he said,
  "Is clear as day to me!"

He thought he saw an Argument
  That proved he was the Pope:
He looked again, and found it was
  A Bar of Mottled Soap.
"A fact so dread," he faintly said,
  "Extinguishes all hope!"

339

Isaac Watts (1674–1748) was an English minister and the writer of many hymns still included in our hymn books. He had a notion that verse might be used as a means of religious and ethical instruction for children, and wrote some poems as illustrations of his theory so that they might suggest to better poets how to carry out the idea. But Watts did this work so well that two or three of his poems and several of his stanzas have become common possessions. They are dominated, of course, by the heavy didactic moralizing, but are all so genuine and true that young readers feel their force and enjoy them.

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF

ISAAC WATTS

How doth the little busy bee
  Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
  From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell,
  How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
  With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
  I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
  For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
  Let my first years be past,

That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

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FAMOUS PASSAGES FROM DOCTOR WATTS

O 'tis a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's true;
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.
(From "Against Lying")

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree:
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.
(From "Love between Brothers and Sisters")

How proud we are! how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
That very clothing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I;
Let me be dressed fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.

Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.
(From "Against Pride in Clothes")

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.
(From "Against Quarreling and Fighting")

Most of the work of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882) is within the range of children's interests and comprehension. Three poems are given here, "The Skeleton in Armor," as representative of Longfellow's large group of narrative poems, "The Day Is Done," as an expression of the value of poetry in everyday life, and "The Psalm of Life," as the finest and most popular example of his hortatory poems.

341

"The Skeleton in Armor" is one of Longfellow's first and best American art ballads. In Newport, Rhode Island, is an old stone tower known as the "Round Tower," which some people think was built by the Northmen, though it probably was not. In 1836 workmen unearthed a strange skeleton at Fall River, Massachusetts. It was wrapped in bark and coarse cloth. On the breast was a plate of brass, and around the waist was a belt of brass tubes. Apparently it was not the skeleton of an Indian, and people supposed it might have been that of one of the old Norsemen. Longfellow used these two historic facts as a basis for the plot of his poem, which he wrote in 1840.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!

Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound.
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once, as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning, yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory:
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrel stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,

From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-new's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white-sea strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
'Death!' was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron-keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water.

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden:
So toward the open main,
Beating the sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *Skoal!*"
—Thus the tale ended.

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THE DAY IS DONE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,

As a feather is wafted downward
  From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village
  Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
  That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
  That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
  As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
  Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
  And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
  Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
  Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
  Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
  And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
  Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
  Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
  And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
  Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
  The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
  That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
  The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
  The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
  And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
  And as silently steal away.

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A PSALM OF LIFE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
  Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
  Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,

A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

344

Historians usually mention Charles Kingsley (1819–1875) only as an English novelist, but it seems probable that eventually he will be remembered chiefly for his work in juvenile literature. His *Water Babies* is popular with children of the fourth and fifth grade, while his book of Greek myths entitled *The Heroes* is a classic for older children. The next two poems are popular with both adults and children. Kingsley was a minister and his church was located in Devon so that the tragedies of the sea among the fisher folk were often brought to his attention. Both these poems deal with such tragedies.

THE THREE FISHERS

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,—
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep;
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,—
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,—
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

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THE SANDS OF DEE

CHARLES KINGSLEY

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drownèd maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the sailing foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee!

The next two poems, by Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892), are very well-known songs. "What Does Little Birdie Say" is the mother's song in "Sea Dreams." "Sweet and Low" is one of the best of the lyrics in "The Princess," and a favorite among the greatest lullabies.

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"WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?"

ALFRED TENNYSON

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away."
"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."
"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger."
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

347

SWEET AND LOW

ALFRED TENNYSON

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

348

This poem is a great poet's expression of what a poet's ideal of his mission should be. It is summed up in the last two lines. An interesting comparison could be made of the purpose of poetry as reflected here with that suggested by Longfellow in No. 342.

THE POET'S SONG

ALFRED TENNYSON

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He pass'd by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

349

Those who live near the sea know that outside a harbor a bar is formed of earth washed down from the land. At low tide this may be so near the surface as to be dangerous to ships passing in and out, and the waves may beat against it with a moaning sound. In his eighty-first year Tennyson wrote "Crossing the Bar" to express his thought about death. He represents the soul as having come from the boundless deep of eternity into this world-harbor of Time and Place, and he represents death as the departure from the harbor. He would have no lingering illness to bar the departure. He would have the end of life's day to be peaceful and without sadness of farewell, for he trusts that his journey into the sea of eternity will be guided by "my Pilot." This poem may be somewhat beyond the comprehension of eighth-grade pupils, but they can perceive the beauty of the imagery and music, and later in life it will be a source of hope and comfort.

CROSSING THE BAR

ALFRED TENNYSON

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

350

Leigh Hunt (1784–1859) was an English essayist, journalist, and poet. His one universally known poem is "Abou Ben Adhem." The secret of its appeal is no doubt the emphasis placed on the idea that a person's attitude toward his fellows is more important than mere professions. The line "Write me as one that loves his fellow men" is on Hunt's tomb in Kensal Green Cemetery, London.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

LEIGH HUNT

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—the vision rais'd its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those that love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

351

Cincinnatus Heine Miller, generally known as Joaquin Miller (1841–1912), revealed in his verse much of the restless energy of Western America, where most of his life was passed. "Columbus" is probably his best known poem. "For Those Who Fail" suggests the important truth that he who wins popular applause is not usually the one who most deserves to be honored.

FOR THOSE WHO FAIL

JOAQUIN MILLER

"All honor to him who shall win the prize,"
The world has cried for a thousand years;
But to him who tries and who fails and dies,
I give great honor and glory and tears.

O great is the hero who wins a name,
But greater many and many a time,
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame,
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,
And good is the man who refrains from wine;
But the man who fails and yet fights on,
Lo! he is the twin-born brother of mine!

352

Numerous poems have been written about the futility of searching on earth for a place of perfect happiness. The next poem, by Edgar Allan Poe (1809–1849), seems to deal with this subject. Some lines from Longfellow are good to suggest its special message:

> "No endeavor is in vain,
> Its reward is in the doing,
> And the rapture of pursuing
> Is the prize the vanquished gain."

ELDORADO

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Gaily bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
This knight so bold—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow—
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be—
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow
Ride, boldly ride,"
The Shade replied,
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

353

Lord Byron (1788–1824) was the most popular of English poets in his day. His fame has since declined, although his fiery, impetuous nature, expressing itself in rapid verse of great rhetorical and satiric power, still reaches kindred spirits. His "Prisoner of Chillon" is often studied in the upper grades. It is full of the passion for freedom which was the dominating idea in Byron's work as it was in his life. He gave his life for this idea, striving to help the Greeks gain their independence. The poem which follows is from an early work called *Hebrew Melodies*. We learn from II Chronicles 32:21 that Sennacherib, King of Assyria, having invaded Judah, Hezekiah cried unto heaven, "And the Lord sent an angel, which cut off the mighty men of valor, and the leaders and captains in the camp of the King of Assyria. So he returned with shame of face to his own land." Byron's title seems to indicate that Sennacherib was himself destroyed. The fine swinging measure of the lines, and the vivid picture of the destroyed hosts in contrast to the brilliant glory of their triumphant invasion, are two of the chief elements in its appeal.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

LORD BYRON

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
The host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

354

The next two poems may represent the youth and the maturity of America's first great nature poet, William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878), although neither is in the style that characterizes his nature verse.

He wrote "To a Waterfowl" in 1815. When he had completed his study of law, he set out on foot to find a village where he might begin work as a lawyer. He was poor and without friends. At the end of a day's journey, when he began to feel discouraged, he saw a wild duck flying alone high in the sky. Then the thought came to him that he would be guided aright, just as the bird was, and he wrote "To a Waterfowl," the most artistic of all his poems. The poem is suitable for the seventh or eighth grade.

TO A WATERFOWL

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

355

Bryant wrote this poem in 1849 after he had been planting fruit trees on his country place on Long Island.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Come, let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade:
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest;

We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright;
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
Oh, when its agèd branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some agèd man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'T is said he made some quaint old rhymes,
On planting the apple-tree."

356

The next poem, by the English poet Thomas Edward Brown (1830–1897), deserves to be classed with the most beautiful and artistic verse in our language. Students will notice the allusion to the biblical tradition that God walked in the Garden of Eden in the cool of the evening.

MY GARDEN

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,

Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'T is very sure God walks in mine.

357

William Wordsworth (1770–1850) ranks very high among English poets. He endeavored to bring poetry close to actual life and to get rid of the stilted language of conventional verse. The struggle was long and difficult, but Wordsworth lived long enough to know that the world had realized his greatness. Many of his poems are suitable for use with children. Their simplicity, their directness, and their utter sincerity made many of them, while not written especially for the young, seem as if directly addressed to the childlike mind. "We are Seven," "Lucy Gray," and "Michael" belong to this number, as do the two masterpieces among short poems which are quoted here. "How many people," exclaims Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, "have been waked to a quicker consciousness of life by Wordsworth's simple lines about the daffodils, and what he says of the thoughts suggested to him by 'the meanest flower that blows'!" In both poems the imagery is of the utmost importance. Through it the reader is able to put himself with the poet and see things as the poet saw them. In "The Daffodils" the flowers, jocund in the breeze, drive away the melancholy mood with which the poet had approached them and enable him to carry away a picture in his memory that can be drawn upon for help on future occasions of gloom. In "The Solitary Reaper" the weird and haunting notes of the song coming to his ear in an unknown tongue suggest possible ideas back of the strong feeling which he recognizes in the singer. Here also, the poet's memory carries something away,

> "The music in my heart I bore,
> Long after it was heard no more."

One of the purposes in teaching poetry should be to store the mind, not with words only, but with impressions that may later be recalled to beautify and strengthen life.

DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

358

THE SOLITARY REAPER

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary highland lass!

Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago!
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending:
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listen'd, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

359

Lady Norton (1808–1877) does not belong among the great poets, but she wrote several poems that were immense favorites with a generation now passing away. Among them are "Bingen on the Rhine," "The King of Denmark's Ride," and the one given below. It will no doubt show that her work still has power to stir readers of the present day, although we are likely to think of her poems as being too emotional or sentimental. She wrote the words of the very popular song "Juanita."

THE ARAB TO HIS FAVORITE STEED

CAROLINE E. NORTON

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye,
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy wingèd speed;
I may not mount on thee again,—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!
Fret not with that impatient hoof,—snuff not the breezy wind,—
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein,—thy master hath his gold,—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell; thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold.

Farewell! those free untired limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare,
Thy silky mane, I braided once, must be another's care!
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were wont to be;
Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.

Yes, thou must go! the wild, free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's house,—from all of these my exiled one must fly;

Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet.
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye, glancing bright;—
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel,— thou'rt sold, my Arab steed.

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side:
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each starting vein.
Will they ill-use thee? If I thought— but no, it cannot be,—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle, yet so free:
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart should yearn,
Can the hand which casts thee from it now command thee to return?

Return! alas! my Arab steed! what shall thy master do,
When thou, who wast his all of joy, hast vanished from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gathering tears
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirage appears;
Slow and unmounted shall I roam, with weary step alone,
Where, with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne me on;
And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly think,
"It was here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him drink!"

When last I saw thee drink!—Away! the fevered dream is o'er,—
I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no more!
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong,—
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.
Who said that I had given thee up? who said that thou wast sold?
'T is false!—'t is false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold!
Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains;
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains!

360

Robert Southey (1774–1843) was poet laureate of England, and a most prolific writer of poetry and miscellaneous prose. His great prominence in his own day has been succeeded by an obscurity so complete that only a few items of his work are now remembered. Among these are "The Battle of Blenheim," a very brief and effective satire against war, "The Well of St. Keyne," a humorous poem based on an old superstition, and "The Inchcape Rock," a stirring narrative of how evil deeds return upon the evil doer. (See, also, No. 153.)

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

ROBERT SOUTHEY

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be;
Her sails from Heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;

So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The holy Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The Sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled around,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Rock was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph, the Rover, walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess;
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat;
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the Bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose, and burst around.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Will not bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph, the Rover, sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the Sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising Moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
"O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock."

Sir Ralph, the Rover, tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair.
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound he seemed to hear,—
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

The Shakespeare passages which follow are from the fairy play "A Midsummer Night's Dream." A teacher well acquainted with that play would find it possible to delight children with it. The fairy and rustic scenes could be given almost in their entirety, the other scenes could be summarized.

361

OVER HILL, OVER DALE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Over hill, over dale,
  Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
  Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

362

A FAIRY SCENE IN A WOOD

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

FAIRY QUEEN TITANIA (*calls to her* FAIRIES *following her*)

Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices and let me rest.

She lies down to sleep, and the FAIRIES *sing as follows:*

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
  Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
  Come not near our fairy queen.
    Philomel, with melody
    Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
    Never harm,
    Nor spell nor charm,
  Come our lovely lady nigh:
  So good-night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
  Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence.
Beetles black, approach not near;
  Worm nor snail, do no offence.
    Philomel, with melody
    Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
    Never harm,
    Nor spell nor charm,
  Come our lovely lady nigh;
  So, good-night, with lullaby.

A FAIRY

Hence, away! now all is well:
One aloof stand sentinel.

363

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882) is America's greatest spiritual teacher. His essays, such as "Self-Reliance" and "The American Scholar," are his chief claim to fame. The two brief poems given here are well known. "Fable" should be studied along with No. 236, since they emphasize the same lesson that size is after all a purely relative matter. "Concord Hymn" is a splendidly dignified expression of the debt of gratitude we owe to the memory of those who made our country possible. Of course no reader will fail to notice the famous last two lines of the first stanza.

FABLE

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig";
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut!"

364

CONCORD HYMN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

365

Almost any of the works of Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832), whether in prose or verse, is within the range of children in the grades. Especially the fine ballads, such as "Lochinvar" and "Allen-a-Dale," are sure to interest them. Children should be encouraged to read one of the long story-poems, "The Lady of the Lake" or "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." The famous expression of patriotism quoted below is from the latter poem.

BREATHES THERE THE MAN

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there be, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

366

When Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–1894) was twenty-one years old, he read that the Navy Department had decided to destroy the old, unseaworthy frigate "Constitution," which had become famous in the War of 1812. In one evening he wrote the poem "Old Ironsides." This not only made Holmes immediately famous as a poet, but so aroused the American people that the Navy Department changed its plans and rebuilt the ship.

OLD IRONSIDES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
  Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
  That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
  And burst the cannon's roar: —
The meteor of the ocean air
  Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
  Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
  And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
  Or know the conquered knee; —
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
  The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
  Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
  And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
  Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
  The lightning and the gale!

367

William Collins (1721–1759), English poet, wrote only a few poems, but among them is this short dirge which keeps his name alive in popular memory. It was probably in honor of his countrymen who fell at Fontenoy in 1745, the year before its composition. Its austere brevity, its well-known personifications, its freedom from fulsome expressions, place it very high among patriotic utterances.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

WILLIAM COLLINS

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
  By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
  Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
  Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
  By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
  To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
  To dwell a weeping hermit there!

368

The anonymous ballad dealing with the familiar story of Nathan Hale, of Revolutionary times, is the nearest approach to the old folk ballad in our history. Its repetitions help it in catching something of the breathless suspense accompanying his daring effort, betrayal, and execution. The pathos of the closing incidents of Hale's career has attracted the tributes of poets and dramatists. Francis Miles Finch, author of "The Blue and the Gray," wrote a well-known poetic account of Hale, while Clyde Fitch's drama of *Nathan Hale* had a great popular success.

THE BALLAD OF NATHAN HALE

The breezes went steadily through the tall pines,
  A-saying "Oh! hu-ush!" a-saying "Oh! hu-ush!"
As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
  For Hale in the bush; for Hale in the bush.

"Keep still!" said the thrush as she nestled her young,
In a nest by the road; in a nest by the road.
"For the tyrants are near, and with them appear
What bodes us no good; what bodes us no good."

The brave captain heard it, and thought of his home
In a cot by the brook; in a cot by the brook;
With mother and sister and memories dear,
He so gayly forsook; he so gayly forsook.

Cooling shades of the night were coming apace,
The tattoo had beat; the tattoo had beat.
The noble one sprang from his dark lurking-place,
To make his retreat; to make his retreat.

He warily trod on the dry rustling leaves,
As he passed through the wood; as he passed through the wood;
And silently gained his rude launch on the shore,
As she played with the flood; as she played with the flood.

The guards of the camp, on that dark, dreary night,
Had a murderous will; had a murderous will.
They took him and bore him afar from the shore,
To a hut on the hill; to a hut on the hill.

No mother was there, nor a friend who could cheer,
In that little stone cell; in that little stone cell.
But he trusted in love, from his Father above.
In his heart, all was well; in his heart, all was well.

An ominous owl, with his solemn bass voice,
Sat moaning hard by; sat moaning hard by;
"The tyrant's proud minions most gladly rejoice,
For he must soon die; for he must soon die."

The brave fellow told them, no thing he restrained,—
The cruel general! the cruel general!—
His errand from camp, of the ends to be gained,
And said that was all; and said that was all.

They took him and bound him and bore him away,
Down the hill's grassy side; down the hill's grassy side.
'Twas there the base hirelings, in royal array,
His cause did deride; his cause did deride.

Five minutes were given, short moments, no more,
For him to repent; for him to repent.
He prayed for his mother, he asked not another,
To Heaven he went; to Heaven he went.

The faith of a martyr the tragedy showed,
As he trod the last stage; as he trod the last stage.
And Britons will shudder at gallant Hale's blood,
As his words do presage; as his words do presage:

"Thou pale King of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the slave; go frighten the slave;
Tell tyrants, to you their allegiance they owe.
No fears for the brave; no fears for the brave."

369

That men of great courage are certain to recognize and pay tribute to courage in others, even if those others are their enemies, is the theme of "The Red Thread of Honor." Sir Francis Hastings Doyle (1810–1888) wrote two other stirring poems of action, "The Loss of the Birkenhead" and "The Private of the Buffs."

THE RED THREAD OF HONOR

FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE

Eleven men of England
A breastwork charged in vain;
Eleven men of England
Lie stripp'd, and gash'd, and slain.
Slain; but of foes that guarded
Their rock-built fortress well,
Some twenty had been master'd,
When the last soldier fell.

The robber-chief mused deeply,
Above those daring dead;
"Bring here," at length he shouted,
"Bring quick, the battle thread.
Let Eblis blast forever
Their souls, if Allah will:
But we must keep unbroken
The old rules of the Hill.

"Before the Ghiznee tiger
Leapt forth to burn and slay;
Before the holy Prophet
Taught our grim tribes to pray;
Before Secunder's lances
Pierced through each Indian glen;
The mountain laws of honor
Were framed for fearless men.

"Still, when a chief dies bravely,
We bind with green one wrist—
Green for the brave, for heroes
One crimson thread we twist.
Say ye, oh gallant Hillmen,
For these, whose life has fled,
Which is the fitting color,
The green one, or the red?"

"Our brethren, laid in honor'd graves, may wear
Their green reward," each noble savage said;
"To these, whom hawks and hungry wolves shall tear,
Who dares deny the red?"

Thus conquering hate, and steadfast to the right,
Fresh from the heart that haughty verdict came;
Beneath a waning moon, each spectral height
Rolled back its loud acclaim.

Once more the chief gazed keenly
Down on those daring dead;
From his good sword their heart's blood
Crept to that crimson thread.
Once more he cried, "The judgment,
Good friends, is wise and true,
But though the red be given,
Have we not more to do?

"These were not stirred by anger,
Nor yet by lust made bold;
Renown they thought above them,
Nor did they look for gold.
To them their leader's signal
Was as the voice of God:
Unmoved, and uncomplaining,
The path it showed they trod.

"As, without sound or struggle,
The stars unhurrying march,
Where Allah's finger guides them,
Through yonder purple arch,
These Franks, sublimely silent,
Without a quickened breath,
Went, in the strength of duty,
Straight to their goal of death.

"If I were now to ask you,
To name our bravest man,
Ye all at once would answer,
They call'd him Mehrab Khan.
He sleeps among his fathers,
Dear to our native land,
With the bright mark he bled for
Firm round his faithful hand.

"The songs they sing of Roostum
Fill all the past with light;
If truth be in their music,
He was a noble knight.
But were those heroes living,
And strong for battle still,
Would Mehrab Khan or Roostum
Have climbed, like these, the Hill?"

And they replied, "Though Mehrab Khan was brave,
As chief, he chose himself what risks to run;
Prince Roostum lied, his forfeit life to save,
Which these had never done."

"Enough!" he shouted fiercely;
"Doomed though they be to hell,
Bind fast the crimson trophy
Round BOTH wrists—bind it well.
Who knows but that great Allah
May grudge such matchless men,
With none so decked in heaven,
To the fiend's flaming den?"

Then all those gallant robbers
Shouted a stern "Amen!"
They raised the slaughter'd sergeant,
They raised his mangled ten.
And when we found their bodies
Left bleaching in the wind,
Around BOTH wrists in glory
That crimson thread was twined.

370

In the year 1897 a great diamond jubilee was held in England in honor of the completion of sixty years of rule by Queen Victoria. Many poems were written for the occasion, most of which praised the greatness of Britain, the extent of her dominion, the strength of her army and navy, and the abundance of her wealth. The "Recessional" was written for the occasion by Rudyard Kipling (1865—). It is in the form of a prayer, but its purpose was to tell the British that they were forgetting the "God of our fathers" and putting their trust in wealth and navies and the "reeking tube and iron shard" of the cannon. The poem rang through England like a bugle call and stirred the British people more deeply than any other poem of recent times.

RECESSIONAL

RUDYARD KIPLING

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
A humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies sink away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
  Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

371

William Ernest Henley (1849–1903) was an English critic and journalist of great force and a poet whose verse is full of manliness and tenderness. His life was a constant and courageous struggle against disease. The spirit in which he faced conditions that would have conquered a weaker man breathes through the famous poem quoted below. Such a spirit is not confined to any particular stage of maturity as represented by years, and many young people will find themselves buoyed up in the face of difficulties by coming into touch with the unconquered and unconquerable voice in this poem. The last two lines in particular are often quoted.

INVICTUS

WILLIAM E. HENLEY

Out of the night that covers me,
  Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
  For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
  I have not winced nor cried aloud:
Under the bludgeonings of chance
  My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
  Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
  Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
  How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
  I am the captain of my soul.

372

James Russell Lowell (1819–1891) is a poet of such high idealisms that many of his poems seem to form the natural heritage of youth. Among such are "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "The Present Crisis," "The Fatherland," and "Aladdin." "The Falcon" is not so well known as any of these, but its fine image for the seeker after truth should appeal to most children of upper grades. "The Shepherd of King Admetus" is a very attractive poetizing of an old myth (see No. 261) and lets us see something of how the public looks upon its poets and other artistic folk.

THE FALCON

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

I know a falcon swift and peerless
  As e'er was cradled in the pine;
No bird had ever eye so fearless,
  Or wing so strong as this of mine.

The winds not better love to pilot
  A cloud with molten gold o'errun,
Than him, a little burning islet,
  A star above the coming sun.

For with a lark's heart he doth tower,
  By a glorious upward instinct drawn;
No bee nestles deeper in the flower
  Than he in the bursting rose of dawn.

No harmless dove, no bird that singeth,
Shudders to see him overhead;
The rush of his fierce swooping bringeth
To innocent hearts no thrill of dread.

Let fraud and wrong and baseness shiver,
For still between them and the sky
The falcon Truth hangs poised forever
And marks them with his vengeful eye.

373

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

There came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plough, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine:

And so, well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

374

Sir William S. Gilbert (1837–1911), an English dramatist, is known to us as the librettist of the popular Gilbert and Sullivan operas, *The Mikado*, *Pinafore*, etc. In his earlier days he wrote a book of humorous poetry called *The Bab Ballads*. Many of these still please readers who like a little nonsense now and then of a supremely ridiculous type. "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell" is a splendid take-off on "travelers' tales," and is not likely to deceive anyone. However, Gilbert said that when he sent the poem to *Punch*, the editor made objection to its extremely cannibalistic nature!

THE YARN OF THE NANCY BELL

WILLIAM S. GILBERT

'T was on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,

That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I could n't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
However you can be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn:

"'T was in the good ship Nancy Bell
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the Nancy's men
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we drawed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the Nancy's mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom;
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be,'—
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I;
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do;
For don't you see that you can't cook me,
While I can—and will—cook *you!*'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true

(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley, too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
''T will soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see!

. . . . . .

"'And I never larf, and never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

"'Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!'"

375

John T. Trowbridge (1827–1916) is one of the important figures in modern literature for young folks. He wrote a popular series of books for them beginning with *Cudjo's Cave*, and many poems, the most famous of which are "The Vagabonds" and the one given below. Trowbridge's autobiography will interest children with its story of a literary life devoted to the problems of their entertainment. "Darius Green and His Flying Machine" first appeared in *Our Young Folks* in 1867. It is to be read for its fun—fun of dialect, fun of character, and fun of incident. If it has any lesson, it must be that dreamers may come to grief unless they have some plain practical common sense to balance their enthusiasm!

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

If ever there lived a Yankee lad,
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump
With flapping arms from stake or stump,
Or, spreading the tail of his coat for a sail,
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
And wonder why he couldn't fly,
And flap and flutter and wish and try,—
If ever you knew a country dunce
Who didn't try that as often as once,
All I can say is, that's a sign
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green;
The son of a farmer,— age fourteen;
His body was long and lank and lean,—
Just right for flying, as will be seen;
He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,
A little awry;—for I must mention
That he had riveted his attention
Upon his wonderful invention,
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
And working his face as he worked the wings,
And with every turn of gimlet and screw
Turning and screwing his mouth round too,
Till his nose seemed bent to catch the scent,
Around some corner, of new-baked pies,
And his wrinkled cheek and his squinting eyes
Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
That made him look very droll in the face,
And also very wise.

And wise he must have been, to do more
Than ever a genius did before,
Excepting Daedalus of yore
And his son Icarus, who wore
Upon their backs those wings of wax
He had read of in the old almanacs.
Darius was clearly of the opinion,
That the air was also man's dominion,
And that with paddle or fin or pinion,
We soon or late should navigate
The azure as now we sail the sea.
The thing looks simple enough to me;
And, if you doubt it,
Hear how Darius reasoned about it:
"The birds can fly, an' why can't I?
Must we give in," says he with a grin,
" 'T the bluebird an' phoebe are smarter'n we be?
Jest fold our hands, an' see the swaller
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?
Does the leetle chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?
Jest show me that! er prove 't bat
Hez got more brains than's in my hat,
An' I'll back down, an' not till then!"
He argued further: "Ner I can't see
What's th' use o' wings to a bumble-bee,
Fer to git a livin' with, more'n to me;—
Ain't my business importanter'n his'n is?
That Icarus was a silly cuss,—
Him an' his daddy Daedalus;
They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax
Wouldn't stan' sun-heat an' hard whacks:
I'll make mine o' luther, er suthin' er other."

And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned:
"But I ain't goin' to show my hand
To nummies that never can understand
The fust idee that's big an' grand.
They'd 'a' laft an' made fun
O' Creation itself afore it was done!"
So he kept his secret from all the rest,
Safely buttoned within his vest;
And in the loft above the shed
Himself he locks, with thimble and thread
And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,
And all such things as geniuses use;—
Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!
A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;
An old hoop-skirt or two, as well as
Some wire, and several old umbrellas;
A carriage-cover, for tail and wings;
A piece of harness; and straps and strings;
And a big strong box, in which he locks
These and a hundred other things.

His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke
And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk
Around the corner to see him work,—
Sitting cross-leggèd, like a Turk,
Drawing the waxed-end through with a jerk,
And boring the holes with a comical quirk
Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.
But vainly they mounted each other's backs,
And poked through knot-holes and pried through cracks;
With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks
He plugged the knot-holes and calked the cracks;
And a bucket of water, which one would think
He had brought up into the loft to drink
When he chanced to be dry,
Stood always nigh, for Darius was sly!
And, whenever at work he happened to spy,

At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
He let a dipper of water fly:
"Take that! an', ef ever ye git a peep,
Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep!"
And he sings as he locks his big strong box;
"The weasel's head is small an' trim,
An' he is leetle an' long an' slim,
An' quick of motion an' nimble of limb,
An', ef yeou'll be advised by me,
Keep wide awake when ye're ketching him!"

So day after day
He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,
Till at last 'twas done,—
The greatest invention under the sun.
"An' now," says Darius, "hooray fer some fun!"

'Twas the Fourth of July, and the weather was dry,
And not a cloud was on all the sky,
Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,
Half mist, half air,
Like foam on the ocean went floating by,—
Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.

Thought cunning Darius, "Now I shan't go
Along 'ith the fellers to see the show:
I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!
An' then, when the folks have all gone off,
I'll hev full swing fer to try the thing,
An' practyse a little on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"
Says brother Nate. "No; botheration!
I've got sich a cold—a toothache—I—
My gracious! feel's though I should fly!"
Said Jotham, "Sho! guess ye better go."
But Darius said, "No!
Shouldn't wonder 'f yeou might see me, though,
'Long 'bout noon, ef I git red
O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain in my head."
For all the while to himself he said,—
"I tell ye what!
I'll fly a few times around the lot,
To see how 't seems; then soon's I've got
The hang o' the thing, ez likely's not,
I'll astonish the nation, an' all creation,
By flying over the celebration!
Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;
I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;
I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stan' on the steeple;
I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people!
I'll light on the libbe'ty-pole, an' crow;
An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,
'What world's this here that I've come near?'
Fer I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the moon;
An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' balloon!"

He crept from his bed;
And, seeing the others were gone, he said,
"I'm a-gittin' over the cold 'n my head."
And away he sped,
To open the wonderful box in the shed.

His brothers had walked but a little way,
When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,
"What on airth is he up to, hey?"
"Don'o',—the's suthin' er other to pay,
Er he wouldn't 'a' stayed to hum to-day."
Says Burke, "His toothache's all 'n his eye!
He never'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,
Ef he hadn't got some machine to try."

Then Sol, the little one, spoke: "By darn!
Le's hurry back, an' hide'n the barn,
An' pay him fer tellin' us that yarn!"

"Agreed!" Through the orchard they creep back,
Along by the fences, behind the stack,
And one by one, through a hole in the wall,
In under the dusty barn they crawl,
Dressed in their Sunday garments all;
And a very astonishing sight was that,
When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat
Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.
And there they hid; and Reuben slid
The fastenings back, and the door undid.
"Keep dark," said he,
"While I squint an' see what the' is to see."

As knights of old put on their mail,—
From head to foot in an iron suit,
Iron jacket and iron boot,
Iron breeches, and on the head
No hat, but an iron pot instead,
And under the chin the bail,—
(I believe they call the thing a helm,—)
And, thus accoutred, they took the field,
Sallying forth to overwhelm
The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm;
So this modern knight prepared for flight,
Put on his wings and strapped them tight,—
Jointed and jaunty, strong and light,—
Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip,—
Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!
And a helm he had, but that he wore,
Not on his head, like those of yore,
But more like the helm of a ship.

"Hush!" Reuben said, "he's up in the shed!
He's opened the winder,—I see his head!
He stretches it out, an' pokes it about
Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,
An' nobody near;—
Guess he don'o' who's hid in here!
He's riggin' a spring-board over the sill!
Stop laffin', Solomon! Burke, keep still!
He's climbin' out now—Of all the things!
What's he got on? I vum, it's wings!
An' that t'other thing? I vum, it's a tail!
And there he sets like a hawk on a rail!
Steppin' careful, he travels the length
Of his spring-board, and teeters to try its strength,
Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat;
Peeks over his shoulder, this way an' that,
Fer to see 'f the's anyone passin' by;
But the's o'ny a ca'f an' a goslin' nigh.
They turn up at him a wonderin' eye,
To see—The dragon! he's goin' to fly!
Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!
Flop—flop—an' plump to the ground with a thump!
Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin', all'n a lump!"

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
Heels over head, to his proper sphere,—
Heels over head, and head over heels,
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels,—
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
In the midst of the barnyard, he came down,
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
Broken braces and broken springs,
Broken tail and broken wings,
Shooting stars, and various things,—
Barnyard litter of straw and chaff,
And much that wasn't so sweet by half.
Away with a bellow flew the calf,
And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?
'Tis a merry roar from the old barn-door,

And he hears the voice of Jotham crying:
"Say, D'rius! how de yeou like flyin'?"

Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
Darius just turned and looked that way,
As he stanched his sorrowful nose with his cuff,
"Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"
He said, "but the' ain't sich a thunderin' sight
O' fun in't when ye come to light."

I just have room for the MORAL here:
And this is the moral,— Stick to your sphere;
Or, if you insist, as you have the right,
On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
The moral is,— Take care how you light.

376

The poem of "Beth Gêlert" (Grave of Gêlert) is really a verse version of an old folk story that has localized itself in many places over the world. In Wales they can show you where Gêlert is buried, which illustrates how such a favorite story takes hold of the popular mind. The poem by William Robert Spencer (1769–1834) has so much of the spirit of the old ballads which it imitates that it was believed at first to be a genuine example of one.

BETH GÊLERT

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
  And cheerly smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
  Obeyed Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
  And gave a lustier cheer,
"Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
  Llewellyn's horn to hear.

"Oh, where does faithful Gêlert roam,
  The flow'r of all his race,
So true, so brave,—a lamb at home,
  A lion in the chase?"

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
  The faithful Gêlert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
  And sentineled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
  The gift of royal John;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
  And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
  The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
  The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewellyn little loved
  The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
  For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased Llewellyn homeward hied,
  When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
  Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle door,
  Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore;
  His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewellyn gazed with fierce surprise;
  Unused such looks to meet,
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
  And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewellyn passed,
  And on went Gêlert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
  Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view,

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stained covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child,—no voice replied—
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured,"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kissed..

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir:

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There, never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Lleweylln's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of "Gêlert's Grave."

377

This old ballad is one of the best of the humorous type. Many old stories turn upon some such riddling series of questions, generally three in number, to which unexpected answers come from an unexpected quarter. Of course the questions are intended to be unanswerable. As a matter of fact they are, but a clever person may discover a riddling answer to a riddling question. King John bows, not to a master in knowledge, but to a master in cleverness.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
And he ruled England with maine and with might,
For he did great wrong and maintein'd little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merrye,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterburye;

How for his house-keeping and high renowne,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

"How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee,
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My liege," quo' the abbot, "I would it were knowne,
I never spend nothing but what is my owne;
And I trust your grace will do me no deere
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere."

"Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

"And first," quo' the king, "when I'm in this stead,
With my crown of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

"Secondlye tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole worlde about.
And at the third question thou must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke."

"O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet;
But if you will give me but three weekes space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your grace."

"Now three weekes space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy living are forfeit to mee."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he mett his shephard a-going to fold:
"How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
What newes do you bring us from good King John?"

"Sad newes, sad newes, shephard, I must give;
That I have but three days more to live:
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

"The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so faire on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birthe,
To within one penny of what he is worthe.

"The seconde, to tell him without any doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole worlde about:
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke."

"Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet
That a fool he may learn a wise man witt?
Lend me horse, and serving-men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answere your quarrel.

"Nay, frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee;
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave;
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope."

"Now welcome, sire abbot," the king he did say,
" 'Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day:
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

"And first, when thou see'st me here in this stead,
With my crown of golde so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worthe."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jewes, as I have bin told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke, thou art one penny worser than Hee."

The king he laugh'd, and swore by St. Bittel,
"I did not think I had been worth so littel!
— Now secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth againe;
And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laugh'd, and swore by St. Jone,
"I did not think it could be done so soone!
— Now from the third question you must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke."

"Yes, that shall I do and make your grace merry:
You thinke I'm the Abbot of Canterburye;
But I'm his poor shephard, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee."

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,
"I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!"
"Now nay, my liege, be not in such speede,
For alacke I can neither write, ne reade."

"Four nobles a weeke, then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto me;
And tell the old abbot, when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

SECTION VIII

REALISTIC STORIES

BIBLIOGRAPHY

ARRANGED CHRONOLOGICALLY AS A BASIS FOR TRACING THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE REALISTIC STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Most of the authors in the following list wrote other books of a realistic nature, in some cases greater books than the one mentioned. The book named is usually the first important one in this field by its author and has, therefore, unusual historical value.

1765. Goldsmith, Oliver, *The History of Little Goody Two-Shoes.*
1783–1789. Day, Thomas, *The History of Sandford and Merton.*
1792–1796. Aikin, Dr. John, and Barbauld, Mrs. L. E., *Evenings at Home.*
[?] –1795. More, Hannah, *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain.*
1796–1800. Edgeworth, Maria, *The Parent's Assistant, or Stories for Children.*
1808. Lamb, Mary and Charles, *Mrs. Leicester's School.*
1818. Sherwood, Mrs. M. M., *The History of the Fairchild Family.*
1840. Dana, Richard Henry, *Two Years Before the Mast.*
1841. Martineau, Harriet, *The Crofton Boys.*
1856. Yonge, Charlotte M., *The Daisy Chain.*
1857. Hughes, Thomas, *Tom Brown's School Days.*
1863. Whitney, Mrs. A. D. T., *Faith Gartney's Girlhood.*
1864. Trowbridge, J. T., *Cudjo's Cave.*
1865. Dodge, Mary Mapes, *Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates.*
1867. Kaler, James Otis, *Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks with a Circus.*
1868. Alcott, Louisa May, *Little Women.*
1868. Hale, Edward Everett, *The Man without a Country.*
1871. Eggleston, Edward, *The Hoosier Schoolmaster.*
1876. Twain, Mark, *Adventures of Tom Sawyer.*
1878. Jackson, Helen Hunt, *Nelly's Silver Mine.*
1879. Ewing, Juliana Horatia, *Jackanapes.*
1882. Hale, Lucretia P., *Peterkin Papers.*
1883. Stevenson, Robert Louis, *Treasure Island.*
1887. Wiggin, Kate Douglas, *The Birds' Christmas Carol.*
1890. Jewett, Sarah Orne, *Betty Leicester.*
1895. Bennett, John, *Master Skylark.*
1897. Kipling, Rudyard, *Captains Courageous.*
1899. Garland, Hamlin, *Boy Life on the Prairie.*
1906. Stein, Evaleen, *Gabriel and the Hour-Book.*
1908. Montgomery, L. M., *Anne of Green Gables.*
1912. Masefield, John, *Jim Davis.*
1917. Crownfield, Gertrude, *The Little Taylor of the Winding Way.*
1920. Latham, Harold S., *Jimmy Quigg, Office Boy.*

SECTION VIII. REALISTIC STORIES

INTRODUCTORY

Origin. The history of realistic stories for children may well begin with the interest in juvenile education awakened by the great French teacher and author Rousseau (1712–1778). He taught that formal methods should be discarded in juvenile education and that children should be taught to know the things about them. The new method of education is illustrated, probably unintentionally, in *The Renowned History of Little Goody Two-Shoes*, the first selection in this section. Rousseau directly influenced the thought of such writers as Thomas Day, Maria Edgeworth, Dr. Aiken, and Mrs. Barbauld. The stories produced by these authors in the last quarter of the eighteenth century are among the first written primarily for the purpose of entertaining children. To these writers we are indebted for the creation of types of children's literature that modern authors have developed into the fascinating stories of child life, the thrilling stories of adventure, and the interesting accounts of nature that now abound in libraries and book stores.

The didactic period. When we read these first stories written for the entertainment of children, we can hardly fail to observe that each one presents a lesson, either moral or practical. The didactic purpose is so prominent that the term "Didactic Period" may be applied to the period from 1765 (the publication of *Goody Two-Shoes*) to 1825, or even later. The small amount of writing for children before this period was practically all for the purpose of moral or religious instruction; hence it was but natural for these first writers of juvenile entertainment stories to feel it their duty to present moral and practical lessons. It would be a mistake, however, to assume that these quaint old stories would not be interesting to children today, for they deal with fundamental truths, which are new and interesting to children of all ages.

In addition to the writers already mentioned, and represented by selections in the following pages, there were several others whose books are yet accessible and now and then read for their historical interest if not for any intrinsic literary value they may possess. One of these was Mrs. Sarah K. Trimmer (1741–1810), who, associated with the early days of the Sunday-school movement, wrote many books full of the overwrought piety which was supposed to be necessary for children of that earlier time. One of her books, *The History of the Robins*, stands out from the mass for its strong appeal of simple incident, and is still widely popular with very young readers. Hannah More (1745–1833) occupied a prominent place in the thought of her day as a teacher of religious and social ideas among the poorer classes. Her *Repository Tracts*, many of them in the form of stories, were devoted to making the poor contented with their lot through the consolations of a pious life. "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" was the most famous of these story-tracts, and there are still many people living whose childhood was fed upon this and like stories.

Mrs. Sherwood's *History of the Fairchild Family* has never been out of print since the date of its first publication (1818), and in recent years has had two or three sumptuous revivals at the hands of editors and publishers. The almost innumerable books of Jacob Abbott and S. G. Goodrich ("Peter Parley") in America belong to this didactic movement. They were, however, more devoted to the process of instilling a knowledge of all the wonders of this great world round about us, and were considerably less pietistic than their English neighbors. *The Rollo Books* (24 vols.) are typical of this school.

The modern period. Charles Lamb apparently was one of the first to get the modern thought that literature for children should be just as artistic, just as dignified in its presentation of truth, and just as worthy of literary recognition, as literature for adults. In the hundred years since Lamb advanced his theory, students have gradually come to recognize the fact that good literature for children is also good literature for adults because art is art, whatever its form. In this connection, Lamb's feeling about the necessity for making children's books more vital found expression in a famous and much-quoted passage in a letter to Coleridge:

> "*Goody Two-Shoes* is almost out of print. Mrs. Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery; and the shopman at Newbery's hardly deigned to reach them off an old exploded corner of a shelf, when Mary asked for them. Mrs. B.'s and Mrs. Trimmer's nonsense lay in piles about. Knowledge insignificant and vapid as Mrs. Barbauld's books convey, it seems must come to a child in the *shape of knowledge*, and his empty noodle must be turned with conceit of his own powers when he has learnt that a horse is an animal, and Billy is better than a horse, and such like; instead of that beautiful interest in wild tales, which made the child a man, while all the while he suspected himself to be no bigger than a child. Science has succeeded to poetry no less in the little walks of children than with men. Is there no possibility of averting this sore evil? Think what you would have been now, if, instead of being fed with tales and old wives' fables in childhood, you had been crammed with geography and natural history!"

The danger Lamb saw was averted. The bibliography on a preceding page indicates that about the middle of the nineteenth century many writers of first-rate literary ability began to write for young people. Among the number were Harriet Martineau, Captain Marryat, Charlotte M. Yonge, Thomas Hughes, and others. As we pass toward the end of that century and the beginning of the twentieth, the great names associated with juvenile classics are very noticeable, and with Miss Alcott, Mrs. Ewing, "Mark Twain," Stevenson, Kipling, Masefield, and a kindred host, childhood has come into its own.

SUGGESTIONS FOR READING

For tracing the stages in the development of writing for children consult the books named in the General Bibliography (p. 17, II, "Historical Development.")

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Among those authors of the past whom the present still regards affectionately, Oliver Goldsmith (1728–1774) holds a high place. At least five of his works—a novel, a poem, a play, a book of essays, a nursery story—rank as classics. He had many faults; he was vain, improvident almost beyond belief, certainly dissipated throughout a part of his life. But with all these faults he had the saving grace of humor, a kind heart that led him to share even his last penny with one in need, a genius for friendships that united him with such men as Burke and Johnson and Reynolds. Always "hard up," he wrote much as a publisher's "hack" in order merely to live. It was in this capacity that he probably wrote the famous story that follows—a story that stands at the beginning of the long and constantly broadening current of modern literature for children. While it has generally been attributed to Goldsmith, no positive evidence of his authorship has been discovered. It was published at a time when he was in the employ of John Newbery, the London publisher, who issued many books for children. We know that Goldsmith helped with the *Mother Goose's Melody* and other projects of Newbery, and there are many reasons for supposing that the general attribution of *Goody Two-Shoes* to him may be correct. Charles Welsh, who edited the best recent edition for schools, says it "will always deserve a place among the classics of childhood for its literary merit, the purity and loftiness of its tone, and its sound sense, while the whimsical, confidential, affectionate style which the author employs, makes it attractive even to children who have long since passed the spelling-book stage." The version that follows has been shortened by the omission of passages that have less importance for the modern child than they may have had for that of the eighteenth century. The story is thus rendered more compact, and contains nothing to draw attention away from the fine qualities mentioned above. The quaint phrasing of the title, in itself one of the proofs of Goldsmith's authorship, furnishes a good comment on the meaning of the story: "The history of little Goody Two-Shoes/ otherwise called Mrs. Margery Two-Shoes/ the means by which she acquired her learning and wisdom, and in consequence thereof her estate; set forth at large for the benefit of those/

Who from a state of Rags and Care,
And having Shoes but half a Pair;
Their Fortune and their fame would fix,
And gallop in a Coach and Six."

[For the benefit of those who may overlook the point, it may be explained that "Mrs." was formerly used as a term of dignified courtesy applied to both married and unmarried women.]

THE RENOWNED HISTORY OF LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES

ASCRIBED TO OLIVER GOLDSMITH

All the world must allow that Two-Shoes was not her real name. No; her father's name was Meanwell, and he was for many years a considerable farmer in the parish where Margery was born; but by the misfortunes which he met with in business, and the wicked persecutions of Sir Timothy Gripe, and an overgrown farmer called Graspall, he was effectually ruined. These men turned the farmer, his wife, Little Margery, and her brother out of doors, without any of the necessaries of life to support them.

Care and discontent shortened the days of Little Margery's father. He was seized with a violent fever, and died miserably. Margery's poor mother survived the loss of her husband but a few days, and died of a broken heart, leaving Margery and her little brother to the wide world. It would have excited your pity and done your heart good to have seen how fond these two little ones were of each other, and how, hand in hand, they trotted about.

They were both very ragged, and Tommy had no shoes, and Margery had but one. They had nothing, poor things, to support them but what they picked from the hedges or got from the poor people, and they lay every night in a barn. Their relatives took no notice of them; no, they were rich, and ashamed to own such a poor little ragged girl as Margery and such a dirty little curl-pated boy as Tommy. But such wicked folks, who love nothing but money and are proud and despise the poor, never come to any good in the end, as we shall see by and by.

Mr. Smith was a very worthy clergyman who lived in the parish where Little Margery and Tommy were born; and having a relative come to see him, he sent for these children. The gentleman ordered Little Margery a new pair of shoes, gave Mr. Smith some money to buy her clothes, and said he would take Tommy and make him a little sailor.

The parting between these two little children was very affecting. Tommy cried, and Margery cried, and they kissed each other an hundred times. At last Tommy wiped off her tears with the end of his jacket, and bid her cry no more, for he would come to her again when he returned from sea.

As soon as Little Margery got up the next morning, which was very early, she ran all round the village, crying for her brother; and after some time returned greatly distressed. However, at this instant, the shoemaker came in with the new shoes, for which she had been measured by the gentleman's order.

Nothing could have supported Little Margery under the affliction she was in for the loss of her brother but the pleasure she took in her two shoes. She ran out to Mrs. Smith as soon as they were put on, and, stroking down her ragged apron, cried out, "Two shoes, mamma, see, two shoes!"

And she so behaved to all the people she met, and by that means obtained the name of Goody Two-Shoes, though her playmates called her Old Goody Two-Shoes.

Little Margery was very happy in being with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who were very charitable and good to her, and had agreed to breed her up with their family. But at last they were obliged to send her away, for the people who had ruined her father commanded them to do this, and could at any time have ruined them.

Little Margery saw how good and how wise Mr. Smith was, and concluded that this was owing to his great learning; therefore she wanted, of all things, to learn to read. For this purpose she used to meet the little boys and girls as they came from school, borrow their books, and sit down and read till they returned. By this means she soon got more learning than any of her playmates, and laid the following scheme for instructing those who were more ignorant than herself. She found that only the following letters were required to spell all the words in the world; but as some of these letters are large and some small, she with her knife cut out of several pieces of wood ten sets of each of these:

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u
v w x y z

And six sets of these:

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P
Q R S T U V W X Y Z

And having got an old spelling-book, she made her companions set up all the words they wanted to spell, and after that she taught them to compose sentences. You know what a sentence is, my dear. *I will be good*, is a sentence; and is made up, as you see, of several words.

Every morning she used to go round to teach the children, with these rattle-traps in a basket. I once went her rounds with her. It was about seven o'clock in the morning when we set out on this important business, and the first house we came to was Farmer Wilson's. Here Margery stopped, and ran up to the door, tap, tap, tap.

"Who's there?"

"Only little Goody Two-Shoes," answered Margery, "come to teach Billy."

"Oh! little Goody," said Mrs. Wilson, with pleasure in her face, "I am glad to see you. Billy wants you sadly, for he has learned all his lesson."

Then out came the little boy. "How do, Doody Two-Shoes," said he, not able to speak plain. Yet this little boy had learned all his letters; for she threw down this alphabet mixed together thus:

b d f h k m o q s u w y z a c e g i l n
p r t v x j

and he picked them up, called them by their right names, and put them all in order thus:

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u
v w x y z.

The next place we came to was Farmer Simpson's. "Bow, bow, bow," said the dog at the door.

"Sirrah," said his mistress, "why do you bark at Little Two-Shoes? Come in, Madge; here, Sally wants you sadly; she has learned all her lesson."

Then out came the little one.

"So, Madge!" says she.

"So, Sally!" answered the other. "Have you learned your lesson?"

"Yes, that's what I have," replied the little one in the country manner; and immediately taking the letters she set up these syllables:

ba be bi bo bu, ca ce ci co cu;
da de di do du, fa fe fi fo fu,

and gave them their exact sounds as she composed them.

After this, Little Two-Shoes taught her to spell words of one syllable, and she soon set up pear, plum, top, ball, pin, puss, dog, hog, fawn, buck, doe, lamb, sheep, ram, cow, bull, cock, hen, and many more.

The next place we came to was Gaffer Cook's cottage. Here a number of poor children were met to learn. They all came round Little Margery at once; and, having pulled out her letters, she asked the little boy next her what he had for dinner. He answered, "Bread." (The poor children in many places live very hard.) "Well, then," said she, "set the first letter."

He put up the letter *B*, to which the next added *r*, and the next *e*, the next *a*, the next *d* and it stood thus, "*Bread.*"

"And what had you, Polly Comb, for your dinner?" "Apple-pie," answered the little girl: upon which the next in turn set up a great *A*, the two next a *p* each, and so on until the two words *Apple* and *pie* were united and stood thus, "*Apple-pie.*"

The next had Potatoes, the next Beef and Turnips, which were spelt, with many others, until the game of spelling was finished. She then set them another task, and we went on.

The next place we came to was Farmer Thompson's, where there were a great many little ones waiting for her.

"So, little Mrs. Goody Two-Shoes," said one of them. "Where have you been so long?"

"I have been teaching," says she, "longer than I intended, and am afraid I am come too soon for you now."

"No, but indeed you are not," replied the other, "for I have got my lesson, and so has Sally Dawson, and so has Harry Wilson, and so have we all"; and they capered about as if they were overjoyed to see her.

"Why, then," says she, "you are all very good, and God Almighty will love you; so let us begin our lesson."

They all huddled round her, and though at the other place they were employed about words and syllables, here we had people of much greater understanding, who dealt only in sentences. *The Lord have mercy upon me, and grant I may always be good, and say my prayers, and love the Lord my God with all my heart, and with all my soul, and with all my strength; and honor government and all good men in authority.*

Little Margery then set them to compose the following:

LESSON FOR THE CONDUCT OF LIFE

He that will thrive
Must rise by five.

He that hath thriv'n
May lie till seven.

Truth may be blamed,
But cannot be shamed.

Tell me with whom you go,
And I'll tell what you do.

A friend in your need
Is a friend indeed.

They ne'er can be wise
Who good counsel despise.

As we were returning home, we saw a gentleman, who was very ill, sitting under a shady tree at the corner of his rookery. Though ill, be began to joke with Little Margery, and said laughing, "So, Goody Two-Shoes! They tell me you are a cunning little baggage; pray, can you tell me what I shall do to get well?"

"Yes," said she, "go to bed when your rooks do and get up with them in the morning; earn, as they do, every day what you eat, and eat and drink no more than you earn, and you will get health and keep it."

The gentleman, laughing, gave Margery sixpence, and told her she was a sensible hussy.

Mrs. Williams, who kept a college for instructing little gentlemen and ladies in the science of A, B, C, was at this time very old and infirm, and wanted to decline that important trust. This being told to Sir William Dove, who lived in the parish, he sent for Mrs. Williams, and desired she would examine Little Two-Shoes and see whether she was qualified for the office.

This was done, and Mrs. Williams made the following report in her favor; namely, that Little Margery was the best scholar, and had the best head and the best heart of any one she had examined. All the country had a great opinion of Mrs. Williams, and her words gave them also a great opinion of Mrs. Margery, for so we must now call her.

No sooner was Mrs. Margery settled in this office than she laid every possible scheme to promote the welfare and happiness of all her neighbors, and especially of the little ones, in whom she took great delight; and all those whose parents could not afford to pay for their education, she taught for nothing but the pleasure she had in their company; for you are to observe that they were very good, or were soon made so by her good management.

The school where she taught was that which was before kept by Mrs. Williams. The room was large, and as she knew that nature intended children should be always in action, she placed her different letters, or alphabets, all round the school, so that every one was obliged to get up to fetch a letter or spell a word when it came to his turn; which not only kept them in health but fixed the letters and points firmly in their minds.

She had the following assistants to help her, and I will tell you how she came by them. One day as she was going through the next village she met with some wicked boys who had got a young raven, which they were going to throw at; she wanted to get the poor creature out of their cruel hands, and therefore gave them a penny for him, and brought him home. She called his name Ralph, and a fine bird he was.

Some days after she had met with the raven, as she was walking in the fields she saw some naughty boys who had taken a pigeon and tied a string to its leg, in order to let it fly and draw it back again when they pleased; and by this means they tortured the poor animal with the hopes of liberty and repeated disappointment. This pigeon she also bought. He was a very pretty fellow, and she called him Tom.

Some time after this a poor lamb had lost its dam, and the farmer being about to kill it, she bought it of him and brought it home with her to play with the children and teach them when to go to bed: for it was a rule with the wise men of that age (and a very good one, let me tell you) to

Rise with the lark and lie down with the lamb.

This lamb she called Will, and a pretty fellow he was.

Soon after this a present was made to Mrs. Margery of a little dog, Jumper, and a pretty dog he was. Jumper, Jumper, Jumper! He was always in good humor and playing and jumping about, and therefore he was called Jumper. The place assigned for Jumper was that of keeping the door, so that he may be called the porter of the college, for he would let nobody go out or any one come in without the leave of his mistress.

But one day a dreadful accident happened in the school. It was on a Thursday morning, I very well remember, when the children having learned their lessons soon, she had given them leave to play, and they were all running about the school and diverting themselves with the birds and the lamb. At this time the dog, all of a sudden, laid hold of his mistress's apron and endeavored to pull her out of the school. She was at first surprised; however, she followed him to see what he intended.

No sooner had he led her into the garden than he ran back and pulled out one of the children in the same manner; upon which she ordered them all to leave the school immediately; and they had not been out five minutes before the top of the house fell in. What a miraculous deliverance was here! How gracious! How good was God Almighty, to save all these children from destruction, and to make use of such an instrument as a little sagacious animal to accomplish His divine will! I should have observed that as soon as they were all in the garden, the dog came leaping round them to express his joy, and when the house had fallen, laid himself down quietly by his mistress.

Some of the neighbors, who saw the school fall and who were in great pain for Margery and the little ones, soon spread the news through the village, and all the parents, terrified for their children, came crowding in abundance; they had, however, the satisfaction to find them all safe, and upon their knees, with their mistress, giving God thanks for their happy deliverance.

You are not to wonder, my dear reader, that this little dog should have more sense than you, or your father, or your grandfather.

Though God Almighty has made man the lord of creation, and endowed him with reason, yet in many respects He has been altogether as bountiful to other creatures of His forming. Some of the senses of other animals are more acute than ours, as we find by daily experience.

The downfall of the school was a great misfortune to Mrs. Margery; for she not only lost all her books, but was destitute of a place to teach in. Sir William Dove, being informed of this, ordered the house to be built at his own expense, and till that could be done, Farmer Grove was so kind as to let her have his large hall to teach in.

While at Mr. Grove's, which was in the heart of the village, she not only taught the children in the daytime, but the farmer's servants, and all the neighbors, to read and write in the evening. This gave not only Mr. Grove but all the neighbors a high opinion of her good sense and prudent behavior; and she was so much esteemed that most of the differences in the parish were left to her decision.

One gentleman in particular, I mean Sir Charles Jones, had conceived such a high opinion of her that he offered her a considerable sum to take care of his family and the education of his daughter, which, however, she refused. But this gentleman, sending for her afterwards when he had a dangerous fit of illness, she went and behaved so prudently in the family and so tenderly to him and his daughter that he would not permit her to leave his house, but soon after made her proposals of marriage. She was truly sensible of the honor he intended her, but, though poor, she would not consent to be made a lady until he had effectually provided for his daughter.

All things being settled and the day fixed, the neighbors came in crowds to see the wedding; for they were all glad that one who had been such a good little girl, and was become such a virtuous and good woman, was going to be made a lady. But just as the clergyman had opened his book, a gentleman richly dressed, ran into the church, and cried, "Stop! stop!"

This greatly alarmed the congregation, particularly the intended bride and bridegroom, whom he first accosted and desired to speak with them apart. After they had been talking some little time, the people were greatly surprised to see Sir Charles stand motionless and his bride cry and faint away in the stranger's arms. This seeming grief, however, was only a prelude to a flood of joy which immediately succeeded; for you must know, gentle reader, that this gentleman, so richly dressed and bedizened with lace, was that identical little boy whom you before saw in the sailor's habit; in short, it was little Tom Two-Shoes, Mrs. Margery's brother, who had just come from beyond sea, where he had made a large fortune. Hearing, as soon as he landed, of his sister's intended wedding, he had ridden in haste to see that a proper settlement was made on her; which he thought she was now entitled to, as he himself was both able and willing to give her an ample fortune. They soon returned to their places and were married in tears, but they were tears of joy.

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Evenings at Home, one of the important books in the history of the development of literature for children, was published in six small volumes, from 1792 to 1796. It was a result of a newly awakened interest in the real world round about us and represented the profound reaction against the "fantastic visions" and "sweetmeats" of popular literature. The main purpose was to give instruction by showing things as they really are. The plan of the book is very simple. The Fairbornes, with a large "progeny of children, boys and girls," kept a sort of open house for friends and relatives. Many of these visitors, accustomed to writing, would frequently produce a fable, a story, or a dialogue, adapted to the age and understanding of the young people. These papers were dropped into a box until the children should all be assembled at holidays. Then one of the youngest was sent to "rummage the budget," which meant to reach into the box and take the paper that he happened to touch. It was brought in and read and considered; then the process was repeated. "Eyes, and No Eyes" was drawn out on the twentieth evening. *Evenings at Home* was written by Dr. John Aikin (1747–1822) and his sister Mrs. Anna Letitia Barbauld (1743–1825). Dr. Aikin seems to have written the larger number of the hundred papers composing the book. Mrs. Barbauld's share is placed at fifteen papers by authority of the *Dictionary of National Biography.* Some of the children in these stories may perceive more closely than normal children do, but this defect may add a charm if the reader keeps in mind that this is one of the earliest nature books for children. Stories of this kind require the presence of some omniscient or "encyclopedic" character to whom all the things requiring an answer may be referred. Mr. Andrews in "Eyes, and No Eyes," Mr. Barlow in Day's *Sandford and Merton*, and Mr. Gresham in Miss Edgeworth's "Waste Not, Want Not" are good illustrations of this type.

EYES, AND NO EYES
OR
THE ART OF SEEING

DR. AIKIN AND MRS. BARBAULD

"Well, Robert, whither have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.

R. I have been, sir, to Broom-heath, and so round by the windmill upon Camp-mount, and home through the meadows by the river side.

Mr. A. Well, that's a pleasant round.

R. I thought it very dull, sir; I scarcely met with a single person. I had rather by half have gone along the turnpike-road.

Mr. A. Why, if seeing men and horses were your object, you would, indeed, have been better entertained on the high-road. But did you see William?

R. We set out together, but he lagged behind in the lane, so I walked on and left him.

Mr. A. That was a pity. He would have been company for you.

R. Oh, he is so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that! I had rather walk alone. I dare say he has not got home yet.

Mr. A. Here he comes. Well, William, where have you been?

W. Oh, sir, the pleasantest walk! I went all over Broom-heath, and so up to the mill at the top of the hill, and then down among the green meadows, by the side of the river.

Mr. A. Why, that is just the round Robert has been taking, and he complains of its dullness, and prefers the high-road.

W. I wonder at that. I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me, and I have brought home my handkerchief full of curiosities.

Mr. A. Suppose, then, you give us some account of what amused you so much. I fancy it will be as new to Robert as to me.

W. I will, sir. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy; so I did not mind it much, but made the best of my way. However, I spied a curious thing enough in the hedge. It was an old crab-tree, out of which grew a great bunch of something green, quite different from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it.

Mr. A. Ah! this is mistletoe, a plant of great fame for the use made of it by the Druids of old in their religious rites and incantations. It bears a very slimy white berry, of which birdlime may be made, whence its Latin name of Viscus. It is one of those plants which do not grow in the ground by a root of their own, but fix themselves upon other plants; whence they have been humorously styled *parasitical*, as being hangers-on, or dependents. It was the mistletoe of the oak that the Druids particularly honored.

W. A little further on, I saw a green woodpecker fly to a tree, and run up the trunk like a cat.

Mr. A. That was to seek for insects in the bark, on which they live. They bore holes with their strong bills for that purpose, and do much damage to the trees by it.

W. What beautiful birds they are!

Mr. A. Yes; the woodpecker has been called, from its color and size, the English parrot.

W. When I got upon the open heath, how charming it was! The air seemed so fresh, and the prospect on every side so free and unbounded! Then it was all covered with gay flowers, many of which I had never observed before. There were, at least, three kinds of heath (I have got them in my handkerchief here), and gorse, and broom, and bell-flower, and many others of all colors that I will beg you presently to tell me the names of.

Mr. A. That I will, readily.

W. I saw, too, several birds that were new to me. There was a pretty greyish one, of the size of a lark, that was hopping about some great stones; and when he flew, he showed a great deal of white about his tail.

Mr. A. That was a wheat-ear. They are reckoned very delicious birds to eat, and frequent the open downs in Sussex, and some other counties, in great numbers.

W. There was a flock of lapwings upon a marshy part of the heath, that amused me much. As I came near them, some of them kept flying round and round, just over my head, and crying *pewet*, so distinctly, one might almost fancy they spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as though one of his wings was broken, and often tumbled close to the ground; but as I came near, he always made a shift to get away.

Mr. A. Ha, ha! you were finely taken in then! This was all an artifice of the bird's, to entice you away from its nest; for they build upon the bare ground, and their nests would easily be observed, did they not draw off the attention of intruders by their loud cries and counterfeit lameness.

W. I wish I had known that, for he led me a long chase, often over-shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy who were cutting and piling up turf for fuel, and I had a good deal of talk with them about the manner of preparing the turf, and the price it sells at. They gave me, too, a creature I never saw before—a young viper, which they had just killed, together with its dam. I have seen several common snakes, but this is thicker in proportion, and of a darker color than they are.

Mr. A. True. Vipers frequent those turfy, boggy grounds pretty much; and I have known several turf-cutters bitten by them.

W. They are very venomous, are they not?

Mr. A. Enough so to make their wounds painful and dangerous, though they seldom prove fatal.

W. Well—I then took my course up to the windmill, on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill, in order to get a better view of the country around. What an extensive prospect! I counted fifteen church-steeples; and I saw several gentlemen's houses peeping out from the midst of green woods and plantations; and I could trace the windings of the river all along the low grounds, till it was lost behind a ridge of hills. But I'll tell you what I mean to do, sir, if you will give me leave.

Mr. A. What is that?

W. I will go again, and take with me the county map, by which I shall probably be able to make out most of the places.

Mr. A. You shall have it, and I will go with you, and take my pocket spying-glass.

W. I shall be very glad of that. Well—a thought struck me, that as the hill is called Camp-mount, there might probably be some remains of ditches and mounds, with which I have read that camps were surrounded. And I really believe I discovered something of that sort running round one side of the mound.

Mr. A. Very likely you might. I know antiquaries have described such remains as existing there, which some suppose to be Roman, others Danish. We will examine them further, when we go.

W. From the hill, I went straight down to the meadows below, and walked on the side of a brook that runs into the river. It was all bordered with reeds and flags, and tall flowering plants, quite different from those I had seen on the heath. As I was getting down the bank, to reach one of them, I heard something plunge into the water near me. It was a large water-rat, and I saw it swim over to the other side, and go into its hole. There were a great many large dragon-flies all about the stream. I caught one of the finest, and have got him here in a leaf. But how I longed to catch a bird that I saw hovering over the water, and that every now and then darted down into it! It was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue, with some orange-color. It was somewhat less than a thrush, and had a large head and bill, and a short tail.

Mr. A. I can tell you what that bird was — a kingfisher, the celebrated halcyon of the ancients, about which so many tales are told. It lives on fish, which it catches in the manner you saw. It builds in holes in the banks, and is a shy, retired bird, never to be seen far from the stream which it inhabits.

W. I must try to get another sight of him, for I never saw a bird that pleased me so much. Well — I followed this little brook till it entered the river, and then took the path that runs along the bank. On the opposite side, I observed several little birds running along the shore, and making a piping noise. They were brown and white, and about as big as a snipe.

Mr. A. I suppose they were sandpipers, one of the numerous family of birds that get their living by wading among the shallows, and picking up worms and insects.

W. There were a great many swallows, too, sporting upon the surface of the water, that entertained me with their motions. Sometimes they dashed into the stream; sometimes they pursued one another so quickly that the eye could scarcely follow them. In one place, where a high, steep sand-bank rose directly above the river, I observed many of them go in and out of holes, with which the bank was bored full.

Mr. A. Those were sand-martins, the smallest of our species of swallows. They are of a mouse-color above, and white beneath. They make their nests and bring up their young in these holes, which run a great depth, and by their situation are secure from all plunderers.

W. A little further, I saw a man in a boat, who was catching eels in an odd way. He had a long pole with broad iron prongs at the end, just like Neptune's trident, only there were five, instead of three. This he pushed straight down among the mud, in the deepest parts of the river, and fetched up the eels sticking between the prongs.

Mr. A. I have seen this method. It is called spearing of eels.

W. While I was looking at him, a heron came flying over my head, with his large, flagging wings. He alighted at the next turn of the river, and I crept softly behind the bank to watch his motions. He had waded into the water as far as his long legs would carry him, and was standing with his neck drawn in, looking intently on the stream. Presently, he darted his long bill, as quick as lightning, into the water, and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I saw him catch another in the same manner. He then took alarm at some noise I made, and flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he settled.

Mr. A. Probably his nest was there, for herons build upon the loftiest trees they can find, and sometimes in society together, like rooks. Formerly, when these birds were valued for the amusement of hawking, many gentlemen had their *heronries*, and a few are still remaining.

W. I think they are the largest wild birds we have.

Mr. A. They are of great length and spread of wing, but their bodies are comparatively small.

W. I then turned homeward, across the meadows, where I stopped awhile to look at a large flock of starlings, which kept flying about at no great distance.

I could not tell at first what to make of them; for they arose all together from the ground as thick as a swarm of bees, and formed themselves into a sort of black cloud, hovering over the field. After taking a short round, they settled again, and presently arose again in the same manner. I dare say there were hundreds of them.

Mr. A. Perhaps so; for in the fenny countries their flocks are so numerous as to break down whole acres of reeds by settling on them. This disposition of starlings to fly in close swarms was remarked even by Homer, who compares the foe flying from one of his heroes, to a *cloud* of *stares* retiring dismayed at the approach of the hawk.

W. After I had left the meadows, I crossed the corn-fields in the way to our house, and passed close by a deep marl-pit. Looking into it, I saw in one of the sides a cluster of what I took to be shells; and, upon going down, I picked up a clod of marl, which was quite full of them; but how sea-shells could get there, I cannot imagine.

Mr. A. I do not wonder at your surprise, since many philosophers have been much perplexed to account for the same appearance. It is not uncommon to find great quantities of shells and relics of marine animals even in the bowels of high mountains, very remote from the sea. They are certainly proofs that the earth was once in a very different state from what it is at present; but in what manner, and how long ago these changes took place, can only be guessed at.

W. I got to the high field next our house just as the sun was setting, and I stood looking at it till it was quite lost. What a glorious sight! The clouds were tinged purple and crimson and yellow of all shades and hues, and the clear sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horizon. But how large the sun appears just as it sets! I think it seems twice as big as when it is overhead.

Mr. A. It does so; and you may probably have observed the same apparent enlargement of the moon at its rising?

W. I have; but, pray, what is the reason of this?

Mr. A. It is an optical deception, depending upon principles which I cannot well explain to you till you know more of that branch of science. But what a number of new ideas this afternoon's walk has afforded you! I do not wonder that you found it amusing; it has been very instructive, too. Did *you* see nothing of all these sights, Robert?

R. I saw some of them, but I did not take particular notice of them.

Mr. A. Why not?

R. I don't know. I did not care about them, and I made the best of my way home.

Mr. A. That would have been right if you had been sent with a message; but as you walked only for amusement, it would have been wiser to have sought out as many sources of it as possible. But so it is—one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other. I have known sailors who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses they frequented in different ports, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the Channel without making some observations useful to mankind. While many a vacant, thoughtless youth is whirled throughout Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing a street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble in town or country. Do *you*, then, William, continue to make use of your eyes; and *you*, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use.

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Thomas Day's *History of Sandford and Merton* was published in three volumes, 1783–1789. Day died in the latter year at the early age of forty-one. He was a "benevolent eccentric." Since he was well to do he could devote himself to the attempt to carry out the schemes of social reform which he had at heart. Influenced by Rousseau and the doctrines of the French Revolution, he believed human nature could be made over by an educational scheme. *Sandford and Merton* is an elaborate setting forth of the concrete workings of this process. The inculcation of greater sympathy for the lower classes and for animals, and a return to the natural, commonplace virtues as opposed to the artificial organization of society formed the main burden of the book. Tommy Merton, six-year-old spoiled darling of an over-indulgent gentleman of great fortune, and Harry Sandford, wonderfully perfect son of a "plain, honest farmer," are placed under the tuition of a minister-philosopher, named Barlow. This philosopher is evidently Mr. Day's fictitious portrayal of himself. The story given below is one of a number by means of which the "encyclopedic" Barlow educates Tommy and Harry. Another story from this group, "Androcles and the Lion," may be found in the fables (No. 214). *Sandford and Merton* is still, according to Sir Leslie Stephen, "among the best children's books in the language, in spite of its quaint didacticism, because it succeeds in forcibly expressing his [Day's] high sense of manliness, independence, and sterling qualities of character."

THE GOOD-NATURED LITTLE BOY

THOMAS DAY

A little Boy went out, one morning, to walk to a village about five miles from the place where he lived, and carried with him, in a basket, the provision that was to serve him the whole day. As he was walking along, a poor little half-starved dog came up to him, wagging his tail, and seeming to entreat him to take compassion on him. The little Boy at first took no notice of him, but at length, remarking how lean and famished the creature seemed to be, he said, "This animal is certainly in very great necessity: if I give him part of my provision, I shall be obliged to go home hungry myself; however, as he seems to want it more than I do, he shall partake with me." Saying this, he gave the dog part of what he had in the basket, who ate as if he had not tasted victuals for a fortnight.

The little Boy then went on a little farther, his dog still following him, and fawning upon him with the greatest gratitude and affection; when he saw a poor old horse lying upon the ground, and groaning as if he was very ill, he went up to him, and saw that he was almost starved, and so weak that he was unable to rise. "I am very much afraid," said the little Boy, "if I stay to assist this horse, that it will be dark before I can return; and I have heard that there are several thieves in the neighborhood; however, I will try; it is doing a good action to attempt to relieve him; and God Almighty will take care of me." He then went and gathered some grass, which he brought to the horse's mouth, who immediately began to eat with as much relish as if his chief disease was hunger. He then fetched some water in his hat, which the animal drank up, and seemed immediately to be so much refreshed, that, after a few trials, he got up, and began grazing.

The little Boy then went on a little farther, and saw a man wading about in a pond of water, without being able to get out of it, in spite of all his endeavors. "What is the matter, good man," said the little Boy to him; "can't you find your way out of this pond?" "No, God bless you, my worthy master, or miss," said the man; "for such I take you to be by your voice: I have fallen into this pond, and know not how to get out again, as I am quite blind, and I am almost afraid to move for fear of being drowned." "Well," said the little Boy, "though I shall be wetted to the skin, if you will throw me your stick, I will try to help you out of it." The blind man then threw the stick to that side on which he heard the voice; the little Boy caught it, and went into the water, feeling very carefully before him, lest he should unguardedly go beyond his depth; at length he reached the blind man, took him very carefully by the hand, and led him out. The blind man then gave him a thousand blessings, and told him he could grope out his way home; and the little Boy ran on as hard as he could, to prevent being benighted.

But he had not proceeded far, before he saw a poor Sailor who had lost both his legs in an engagement by sea, hopping along upon crutches. "God bless you, my little master!" said the Sailor; "I have fought many a battle with the French, to defend poor old England: but now I am crippled, as you see, and have neither victuals nor money, although I am almost famished." The little Boy could not resist his inclination to relieve him; so he gave him all his remaining victuals, and said, "God help you, poor man! This is all I have, otherwise you should have more." He then ran along, and presently arrived at the town he was going to, did his business, and returned towards his own home with all the expedition he was able.

But he had not gone much more than half way, before the night shut in extremely dark, without either moon or stars to light him. The poor little Boy used his utmost endeavors to find his way, but unfortunately missed it in turning down a lane which brought him into a wood, where he wandered about a great while without being able to find any path to lead him out. Tired out at last, and hungry, he felt himself so feeble that he could go no farther, but set himself down upon the ground, crying most bitterly. In this situation he remained for some time, till at last the little dog, who had never forsaken him, came up to him, wagging his tail, and holding something in his mouth. The little Boy took it from him, and saw it was a handkerchief nicely pinned together, which somebody had dropped and the dog had picked up; and on opening it, he found several slices of bread and meat, which the little Boy ate with great satisfaction, and felt himself extremely refreshed with his meal. "So," said the little Boy, "I see that if I have given you a breakfast, you have given me a supper; and a good turn is never lost, done even to a dog."

He then once more attempted to escape from the wood; but it was to no purpose; he only scratched his legs with briars, and slipped down in the dirt, without being able to find his way out. He was just going to give up all farther attempts in despair, when he happened to see a horse feeding before him, and, going up to him, saw by the light of the moon, which just then began to shine a little, that it was the very same he had fed in the morning. "Perhaps," said the little Boy, "this creature, as I have been so good to him, will let me get upon his back, and he may bring me out of the wood, as he is accustomed to feed in this neighborhood." The little Boy then went up to the horse, speaking to him and stroking him, and the horse let him mount his back without opposition; and then proceeded slowly through the wood, grazing as he went, till he brought him to an opening which led to the high road. The little Boy was much rejoiced at this, and said, "If I had not saved this creature's life in the morning, I should have been obliged to have staid here all night; I see by this that a good turn is never lost."

But the poor little Boy had yet a greater danger to undergo; for, as he was going along a solitary lane, two men rushed out upon him, laid hold of him, and were going to strip him of his clothes; but, just as they were beginning to do it, the little dog bit the leg of one of the men with so much violence that he left the little Boy and pursued the dog, that ran howling and barking away. In this instant a voice was heard that cried out, "There the rascals are; let us knock them down!" which frightened the remaining man so much that he ran away, and his companion followed him. The little Boy then looked up, and saw that it was the Sailor, whom he had relieved in the morning, carried upon the shoulders of the blind man whom he had helped out of the pond. "There, my little dear," said the Sailor, "God be thanked! We have come in time to do you a service, in return for what you did us in the morning. As I lay under a hedge I heard these villains talk of robbing a little Boy, who, from the description, I concluded must be you: but I was so lame that I should not have been able to come time enough to help you, if I had not met this honest blind man, who took me upon his back while I showed him the way."

The little Boy thanked him very sincerely for thus defending him; and they went all together to his father's house, which was not far off; where they were all kindly entertained with a supper and a bed. The little Boy took care of his faithful dog as long as he lived, and never forgot the importance and necessity of doing good to others, if we wish them to do the same to us.

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It has been no unusual thing for critics and others following in their wake to sneer at Maria Edgeworth (1767–1849) and her school as hopelessly utilitarian. But to find fault with her on that score is to blame her for having achieved the very end she set out to reach. Sir Walter Scott, who certainly knew what good story-telling was, had the highest opinion of her abilities, and it is difficult to see how any reader with a fair amount of catholicity in his nature can fail to be impressed with her power to build up a story in skillful dramatic fashion, to portray various types of character in most convincing manner, and to emphasize in unforgettable ways the old and basic verities of life. Of course fashions change in outward matters, and we must not quarrel with a taste that prefers the newest in literature any more than with one that prefers the newest in dress. Miss Edgeworth helped her eccentric father present in *Practical Education* an extended discussion for the layman of the whole question of the ways and means of educating people. That was one of the very first modern treatments of that much-discussed subject, and its ideas are not all obsolete yet by any means. *Castle Rackrent* belongs in the list of classic fiction. However, her chief interest for this collection rests in the most important of her books for children, *The Parent's Assistant or, Stories for Children* (1796–1800). The forbidding primary title was something the publisher was mainly responsible for, and has been relegated to second place in modern reprints. In these stories, according to the preface, "only such situations are described as children can easily imagine, and which may consequently interest their feelings. Such examples of virtue are painted as are not above their conceptions of excellence, and their powers of sympathy and emulation." Miss Edgeworth knew children thoroughly. She was surrounded by a crowd of brothers and sisters for whom she had to invent means of entertainment as well as instruction. They really collaborated in the making of the stories. As the stories were written out on a slate, the sections were read to eager listeners, and the author had the advantage of their honest expressions of approval or dissent. "Waste Not, Want Not" first appeared in the final form given to *The Parent's Assistant*, the third edition published in six volumes in 1800. It is perhaps the best to represent Miss Edgeworth's work, though "Simple Susan," "Lazy Lawrence," and others have their admirers. In judging her work the student should keep in mind (1) that she wrote at a time when, unlike the present, the best authors thought it beneath their dignity to write for children, (2) that the too repressive and dogmatic attitude towards children which one now and then feels in her stories was due to a conscious effort to offset the undisciplined enthusiasms and sentimentalisms of her day, and (3) that she has been a living influence in the lives of countless men and women for over a century. She was a real pioneer.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT
OR
TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW

MARIA EDGEWORTH

Mr. Gresham, a Bristol merchant, who had by honorable industry and economy accumulated a considerable fortune, retired from business to a new house which he had built upon the Downs, near Clifton. Mr. Gresham, however, did not imagine that a new house alone could make him happy: he did not purpose to live in idleness and extravagance, for such a life would have been equally incompatible with his habits and his principles. He was fond of children, and as he had no sons, he determined to adopt one of his relations. He had two nephews, and he invited both of them to his house, that he might have an opportunity of judging of their dispositions, and of the habits which they had acquired.

Hal and Benjamin, Mr. Gresham's nephews, were about ten years old; they had been educated very differently. Hal was the son of the elder branch of the family; his father was a gentleman, who spent rather more than he could afford; and Hal, from the example of the servants in his father's family, with whom he had passed the first years of his childhood, learned to waste more of everything than he used. He had been told that "gentlemen should be above being careful and saving"; and he had unfortunately imbibed a notion that extravagance is the sign of a generous, and economy of an avaricious disposition.

Benjamin, on the contrary, had been taught habits of care and foresight: his father had but a very small fortune, and was anxious that his son should early learn that economy insures independence, and sometimes puts it in the power of those who are not very rich, to be very generous.

The morning after these two boys arrived at their uncle's, they were eager to see all the rooms in the house. Mr. Gresham accompanied them, and attended to their remarks, and exclamations.

"Oh! what an excellent motto!" exclaimed Ben, when he read the following words which were written in large characters over the chimneypiece, in his uncle's spacious kitchen:

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

"Waste not, want not!" repeated his cousin Hal, in rather a contemptuous tone; "I think it looks stingy to servants; and no gentleman's servants, cooks especially, would like to have such a mean motto always staring them in the face."

Ben, who was not so conversant as his cousin in the ways of cooks and gentleman's servants, made no reply to these observations.

Mr. Gresham was called away while his nephews were looking at the other rooms in the house. Some time afterwards, he heard their voices in the hall.

"Boys," said he, "what are you doing there?"

"Nothing, Sir," said Hal; "you were called away from us, and we did not know which way to go."

"And have you nothing to do?" said Mr. Gresham.

"No, Sir, nothing," answered Hal, in a careless tone, like one who was well content with the state of habitual idleness.

"No, Sir, nothing!" replied Ben, in a voice of lamentation.

"Come," said Mr. Gresham, "if you have nothing to do, lads, will you unpack these two parcels for me?"

The two parcels were exactly alike, both of them well tied up with good whipcord. Ben took his parcel to a table, and, after breaking off the sealing wax, began carefully to examine the knot, and then to untie it. Hal stood still exactly in the spot where the parcel was put into his hands, and tried first at one corner, and then at another, to pull the string off by force: "I wish these people would n't tie up their parcels so tight, as if they were never to be undone," cried he, as he tugged at the cord; and he pulled the knot closer instead of loosening it.

"Ben! why how did you get yours undone, man? What's in your parcel? I wonder what is in mine! I wish I could get this string off—I must cut it."

"Oh, no," said Ben, who now had undone the last knot of his parcel, and who drew out the length of string with exultation, "don't cut it, Hal—look what a nice cord this is, and yours is the same; it's a pity to cut it; '*Waste not, want not!*' you know."

"Pooh!" said Hal, "what signifies a bit of pack-thread?"

"It is whipcord," said Ben.

"Well, whipcord! What signifies a bit of whipcord! You can get a bit of whipcord twice as long as that for twopence; and who cares for twopence! Not I, for one! So here it goes," cried Hal, drawing out his knife; and he cut the cord, precipitately, in sundry places.

"Lads! Have you undone the parcels for me?" said Mr. Gresham, opening the parlor door as he spoke.

"Yes, Sir," cried Hal; and he dragged off his half-cut, half-entangled string—"here's the parcel."

"And here's my parcel, Uncle; and here's the string," said Ben.

"You may keep the string for your pains," said Mr. Gresham.

"Thank you, Sir," said Ben: "what an excellent whipcord it is!"

"And you, Hal," continued Mr. Gresham, "you may keep your string too, if it will be of any use to you."

"It will be of no use to me, thank you, Sir," said Hal.

"No, I am afraid not, if this be it," said his uncle taking up the jagged, knotted remains of Hal's cord.

A few days after this, Mr. Gresham gave to each of his nephews a new top.

"But how's this?" said Hal; "these tops have no strings; what shall we do for strings?"

"I have a string that will do very well for mine," said Ben; and he pulled out of his pocket the fine long smooth string which had tied up the parcel. With this he soon set up his top, which spun admirably well.

"Oh, how I wish that I had but a string!" said Hal: "what shall I do for a string? I'll tell you what: I can use the string that goes round my hat."

"But then," said Ben, "what will you do for a hatband?"

"I'll manage to do without one," said Hal: and he took the string off his hat for his top. It soon was worn through; and he split his top by driving the peg too tightly into it. His cousin Ben let him set up his the next day; but Hal was not more fortunate or more careful when he meddled with other people's things than when he managed his own. He had scarcely played half an hour before he split it, by driving in the peg too violently.

Ben bore this misfortune with good humor. "Come," said he, "it can't be helped! But give me the string, because *that* may still be of use for something else."

It happened some time afterwards, that a lady who had been intimately acquainted with Hal's mother at Bath, that is to say, who had frequently met her at the card table during the winter, now arrived at Clifton. She was informed by his mother that Hal was at Mr. Gresham's: and her sons, who were *friends* of his, came to see him, and invited him to spend the next day with them.

Hal joyfully accepted the invitation. He was always glad to go out to dine, because it gave him something to do, something to think of, or, at least, something to say. Besides this, he had been educated to think it was a fine thing to visit fine people; and Lady Diana Sweepstakes (for that was the name of his mother's acquaintance) was a very fine lady; and her two sons intended to be very *great* gentlemen.

He was in a prodigious hurry when these young gentlemen knocked at his uncle's door the next day; but just as he got to the hall door, little Patty called to him from the top of the stairs, and told him that he had dropped his pocket-handkerchief.

"Pick it up, then, and bring it to me, quick, can't you, child," cried Hal, "for Lady Di.'s sons are waiting for me?"

Little Patty did not know anything about Lady Di.'s sons; but as she was very good-natured, and saw that her cousin Hal was, for some reason or other, in a desperate hurry, she ran down stairs as fast as she possibly could towards the landing-place, where the handkerchief lay:—but alas! Before she reached the handkerchief she fell, rolling down a whole flight of stairs; and, when her fall was at last stopped by the landing-place, she did not cry, but she writhed as if she was in great pain.

"Where are you hurt, my love?" said Mr. Gresham, who came instantly, on hearing the noise of some one falling down stairs.

"Where are you hurt, my dear?"

"Here, Papa," said the little girl, touching her ankle, which she had decently covered with her gown: "I believe I am hurt here, but not much," added she, trying to rise; "only it hurts me when I move."

"I'll carry you, don't move then," said her father; and he took her up in his arms.

"My shoe, I've lost one of my shoes," said she. Ben looked for it upon the stairs, and he found it sticking in a loop of whipcord, which was entangled round one of the balusters. When this cord was drawn forth, it appeared that it was the very same jagged, entangled piece which Hal had pulled off his parcel. He had diverted himself with running up and down stairs, whipping the balusters with it, as he thought he could convert it to no better use; and with his usual carelessness, he at last left it hanging just where he happened to throw it, when the dinner-bell rang. Poor little Patty's ankle was terribly sprained, and Hal reproached himself for his folly, and would have reproached himself longer, perhaps, if Lady Di. Sweepstakes' sons had not hurried him away.

In the evening, Patty could not run about as she used to do; but she sat upon the sofa, and she said that "she did not feel the pain of her ankle so *much* whilst Ben was so good as to play at *jack-straws* with her."

"That's right, Ben; never be ashamed of being good-natured to those who are younger and weaker than yourself," said his uncle, smiling at seeing him produce his whipcord, to indulge his little cousin with a game at her favorite cat's-cradle. "I shall not think you one bit less manly, because I see you playing at cat's-cradle with a child six years old."

Hal, however, was not precisely of his uncle's opinion; for when he returned in the evening and saw Ben playing with his little cousin, he could not help smiling contemptuously, and asked if he had been playing at cat's-cradle all night. In a heedless manner he made some inquiries after Patty's sprained ankle, and then he ran on to tell all the news he had heard at Lady Diana Sweepstakes'—news which he thought would make him appear a person of vast importance.

"Do you know, Uncle—Do you know, Ben," said he—"there's to be the most *famous* doings that ever were heard of, upon the Downs here, the first day of next month, which will be in a fortnight, thank my stars! I wish the fortnight were over; I shall think of nothing else I know, till that happy day comes."

Mr. Gresham inquired why the first of September was to be so much happier than any other day in the year.

"Why," replied Hal, "Lady Diana Sweepstakes, you know, is a *famous* rider, and archer, and *all that*—"

"Very likely," said Mr. Gresham, soberly—"but what then?"

"Dear Uncle!" cried Hal, "but you shall hear. There's to be a race upon the Downs the first of September, and, after the race, there's to be an archery meeting for the ladies, and Lady Diana Sweepstakes is to be one of *them*. And after the ladies have done shooting—now, Ben, comes the best part of it! we boys are to have our turn, and Lady Di. is to give a prize to the best marksman amongst us, of a very handsome bow and arrow! Do you know I've been practising already, and I'll show you to-morrow, as soon as it comes home, the *famous* bow and arrow that Lady Diana has given me: but, perhaps," added he, with a scornful laugh, "you like a cat's-cradle better than a bow and arrow."

Ben made no reply to this taunt at the moment; but the next day, when Hal's new bow and arrow came home, he convinced him that he knew how to use it very well.

"Ben," said his uncle, "you seem to be a good marksman, though you have not boasted of yourself. I'll give you a bow and arrow; and perhaps, if you practise, you may make yourself an archer before the first of September; and, in the meantime, you will not wish the fortnight to be over, for you will have something to do."

"Oh, Sir," interrupted Hal, "but if you mean that Ben should put in for the prize, he must have a uniform."

"Why *must* he?" said Mr. Gresham.

"Why, Sir, because everybody has—I mean everybody that's anybody;—and Lady Diana was talking about the uniform all dinner-time, and it's settled all about it except the buttons; the young Sweepstakes are to get theirs made first for patterns; they are to be white, faced with green; and they'll look very handsome, I'm sure; and I shall write to Mamma to-night, as Lady Diana bid me, about mine; and I shall tell her to be sure to answer my letter, without fail, by return of the post; and then, if Mamma makes no objection, which I know she won't, because she never thinks much about expense, and *all that*—then I shall bespeak my uniform, and get it made by the same tailor that makes for Lady Diana and the young Sweepstakes."

"Mercy upon us!" said Mr. Gresham, who was almost stunned by the rapid vociferation with which this long speech about a uniform was pronounced.

"I don't pretend to understand these things," added he, with an air of simplicity, "but we will inquire, Ben, into the necessity of the case, and if it is necessary—or if you think it necessary—that you should have a uniform, why—I'll give you one."

"*You*, Uncle!—Will you, *indeed?*" exclaimed Hal, with amazement painted in his countenance. "Well, that's the last thing in the world I should have expected!—You are not at all the sort of person I should have thought would care about a uniform; and I should have supposed you'd have thought it extravagant to have a coat on purpose only for one day; and I'm sure Lady Diana Sweepstakes thought as I do: for when I told her that motto over your kitchen chimney, WASTE NOT, WANT NOT, she laughed, and said that I had better not talk to you about uniforms, and that my mother was the proper person to write to about my uniform; but I'll tell Lady Diana, Uncle, how good you are, and how much she was mistaken."

"Take care how you do that," said Mr. Gresham; "for, perhaps, the lady was not mistaken."

"Nay, did not you say, just now, you would give poor Ben a uniform?"

"I said I would, if he thought it necessary to have one."

"Oh, I'll answer for it, he'll think it necessary," said Hal, laughing, "because it is necessary."

"Allow him, at least, to judge for himself," said Mr. Gresham.

"My dear Uncle, but I assure you," said Hal, earnestly, "there's no judging about the matter, because really, upon my word, Lady Diana said distinctly that her sons were to have uniforms, white faced with green, and a green and white cockade in their hats."

"May be so," said Mr. Gresham, still with the same look of calm simplicity; "put on your hats, boys, and come with me. I know a gentleman whose sons are to be at this archery meeting, and we will inquire into all the particulars from him. Then, after we have seen him (it is not eleven o'clock yet), we shall have time enough to walk on to Bristol and choose the cloth for Ben's uniform, if it be necessary."

"I cannot tell what to make of all he says," whispered Hal, as he reached down his hat; "do you think, Ben, he means to give you this uniform, or not?"

"I think," said Ben, "that he means to give me one, if it be necessary; or, as he said, if I think it is necessary."

"And that, to be sure, you will; won't you? or else you'll be a great fool, I know, after all I've told you. How can any one in the world know so much about the matter as I, who have dined with Lady Diana Sweepstakes but yesterday, and heard all about it, from beginning to end? And as for this gentleman that we are going to, I'm sure, if he knows anything about the matter, he'll say exactly the same as I do."

"We shall hear," said Ben, with a degree of composure, which Hal could by no means comprehend, when a uniform was in question.

The gentleman upon whom Mr. Gresham called had three sons, who were all to be at this archery meeting, and they unanimously assured him, in the presence of Hal and Ben, that they had never thought of buying uniforms for this grand occasion; and that amongst the number of their acquaintance, they knew of but three boys whose friends intended to be at such *an unnecessary* expense. Hal stood amazed—"Such are the varieties of opinion upon all the grand affairs of life," said Mr. Gresham, looking at his nephews—"what amongst one set of people you hear asserted to be absolutely necessary, you will hear from another set of people is quite unnecessary. All that can be done, my dear boys, in these difficult cases, is to judge for yourselves, which opinions, and which people, are the most reasonable."

Hal, who had been more accustomed to think of what was fashionable than of what was reasonable, without at all considering the good sense of what his uncle said to him, replied with childish petulance, "Indeed, sir, I don't know what other people think; I only know what Lady Diana Sweepstakes said."

The name of Lady Diana Sweepstakes, Hal thought, must impress all present with respect: he was highly astonished, when, as he looked round, he saw a smile of contempt upon every one's countenance; and he was yet further bewildered when he heard her spoken of as a very silly, extravagant, ridiculous woman, whose opinion no prudent person would ask upon any subject, and whose example was to be shunned, instead of being imitated.

"Ay, my dear Hal," said his uncle, smiling at his look of amazement, "these are some of the things that young people must learn from experience. All the world do not agree in opinion about characters: you will hear the same person admired in one company, and blamed in another; so that we must still come round to the same point, *Judge for yourself.*"

Hal's thoughts were, however, at present, too full of the uniform to allow his judgment to act with perfect impartiality. As soon as their visit was over, and all the time they walked down the hill from Prince's-buildings, towards Bristol, he continued to repeat nearly the same arguments which he had formerly used, respecting necessity, the uniform, and Lady Diana Sweepstakes.

To all this Mr. Gresham made no reply; and longer had the young gentleman expatiated upon the subject, which had so strongly seized upon his imagination, had not his senses been forcibly assailed at this instant by the delicious odors and tempting sight of certain cakes and jellies in a pastry-cook's shop.

"Oh, Uncle," said he, as his uncle was going to turn the corner to pursue the road to Bristol, "look at those jellies!" pointing to a confectioner's shop; "I must buy some of those good things; for I have got some half-pence in my pocket."

"Your having half-pence in your pocket is an excellent reason for eating," said Mr. Gresham, smiling.

"But I really am hungry," said Hal; "you know, Uncle, it is a good while since breakfast."

His uncle, who was desirous to see his nephews act without restraint, that he might judge of their characters, bid them do as they pleased.

"Come, then, Ben, if you've any half-pence in your pocket."

"I'm not hungry," said Ben.

"I suppose *that* means that you've no half-pence," said Hal, laughing, with the look of superiority which he had been taught to think *the rich* might assume towards those who were convicted either of poverty or economy.

"Waste not, want not," said Ben to himself. Contrary to his cousin's surmise, he happened to have two pennyworth of half-pence actually in his pocket.

At the very moment Hal stepped into the pastry-cook's shop, a poor industrious man, with a wooden leg, who usually sweeps the dirty corner of the walk which turns at this spot to the Wells, held his hat to Ben, who, after glancing his eye at the petitioner's well-worn broom, instantly produced his two-pence. "I wish I had more half-pence for you, my good man," said he; "but I've only two-pence."

Hal came out of Mr. Millar's, the confectioner's shop, with a hatful of cakes in his hand.

Mr. Millar's dog was sitting on the flags before the door; and he looked up, with a wistful, begging eye, at Hal, who was eating a queen-cake.

Hal, who was wasteful even in his good nature, threw a whole queen-cake to the dog, who swallowed it for a single mouthful.

"There go two-pence in the form of a queen-cake," said Mr. Gresham.

Hal next offered some of his cakes to his uncle and cousin; but they thanked him, and refused to eat any, because, they said, they were not hungry; so he ate and ate, as he walked along, till at last he stopped, and said, "This bun tastes so bad after the queen-cakes, I can't bear it!" and he was going to fling it from him into the river.

"Oh, it is a pity to waste that good bun; we may be glad of it yet," said Ben; "give it to me, rather than throw it away."

"Why, I thought you said you were not hungry," said Hal.

"True, I am not hungry now; but that is no reason why I should never be hungry again."

"Well, there is the cake for you; take it, for it has made me sick; and I don't care what becomes of it."

Ben folded the refuse bit of his cousin's bun in a piece of paper, and put it into his pocket.

"I'm beginning to be exceedingly tired, or sick, or something," said Hal, "and as there is a stand of coaches somewhere hereabouts, had we not better take a coach, instead of walking all the way to Bristol?"

"For a stout archer," said Mr. Gresham, "you are more easily tired than one might have expected. However, with all my heart; let us take a coach; for Ben asked me to show him the cathedral yesterday, and I believe I should find it rather too much for me to walk so far, though I am not sick with eating good things."

"*The cathedral!*" said Hal, after he had been seated in the coach about a quarter of an hour, and had somewhat recovered from his sickness. "The cathedral! Why, are we only going to Bristol to see the cathedral? I thought we came out to see about a uniform."

There was a dullness and melancholy kind of stupidity in Hal's countenance, as he pronounced these words, like one wakening from a dream, which made both his uncle and cousin burst out a laughing.

"Why," said Hal, who was now piqued, "I'm sure you *did* say, Uncle, you would go to Mr. ——'s, to choose the cloth for the uniform."

"Very true: and so I will," said Mr. Gresham; "but we need not make a whole morning's work, need we, of looking at a piece of cloth? Cannot we see a uniform and a cathedral both in one morning?"

They went first to the cathedral. Hal's head was too full of the uniform to take any notice of the painted window, which immediately caught Ben's unembarrassed attention. He looked at the large stained figures on the Gothic window; and he observed their colored shadows on the floor and walls.

Mr. Gresham, who perceived that he was eager on all subjects to gain information, took this opportunity of telling him several things about the lost art of painting on glass, Gothic arches, etc., which Hal thought extremely tiresome.

"Come! come! we shall be late, indeed," said Hal; "surely you've looked long enough, Ben, at this blue and red window."

"I'm only thinking about these colored shadows," said Ben.

"I can show you, when we go home, Ben," said his uncle, "an entertaining paper on such shadows."

"Hark!" cried Ben, "did you hear that noise?"

They all listened, and heard a bird singing in the cathedral.

"It's our old robin, sir," said the lad who had opened the cathedral door for them.

"Yes," said Mr. Gresham, "there he is, boys—look—perched upon the organ; he often sits there, and sings whilst the organ is playing." "And," continued the lad who showed the cathedral, "he has lived here this many winters; they say he is fifteen years old; and he is so tame, poor fellow, that if I had a bit of bread he'd come down and feed in my hand."

"I've a bit of bun here," cried Ben, joyfully, producing the remains of the bun which Hal, but an hour before, would have thrown away. "Pray let us see the poor robin eat out of your hand."

The lad crumbled the bun, and called to the robin, who fluttered and chirped, and seemed rejoiced at the sight of the bread; but yet he did not come down from his pinnacle on the organ.

"He is afraid of *us*," said Ben; "he is not used to eat before strangers, I suppose."

"Ah, no, Sir," said the young man, with a deep sigh, "that is not the thing: he is used enough to eat afore company; time was, he'd have come down for me, before ever so many fine folks, and have ate his crumbs out of my hand, at my first call; but, poor fellow, it's not his fault now; he does not know me now, Sir, since my accident, because of this great black patch."

The young man put his hand to his right eye, which was covered with a huge black patch.

Ben asked what *accident* he meant; and the lad told him that, a few weeks ago, he had lost the sight of his eye by the stroke of a stone, which reached him as he was passing under the rocks of Clifton, unluckily, when the workmen were blasting.

"I don't mind so much for myself, Sir," said the lad; "but I can't work so well now, as I used to do before my accident, for my old mother, who has had a stroke of the palsy; and I've a many little brothers and sisters, not well able yet to get their own livelihood, though they be as willing, as willing can be."

"Where does your mother live?" said Mr. Gresham.

"Hard by, Sir, just close to the church here: it was *her* that always had the showing of it to strangers, till she lost the use of her poor limbs."

"Shall we, may we, go that way?—This is the house: is it not?" said Ben, when they went out of the cathedral.

They went into the house: it was rather a hovel than a house; but, poor as it was, it was as neat as misery could make it.

The old woman was sitting up in her wretched bed, winding worsted; four meager, ill-clothed, pale children were all busy, some of them sticking pins in paper for the pin-maker, and others sorting rags for the paper-maker.

"What a horrid place it is!" said Hal, sighing; "I did not know there were such shocking places in the world. I've often seen terrible-looking, tumble-down places, as we drove through the town in Mamma's carriage; but then I did not know who lived in them; and I never saw the inside of any of them. It is very dreadful, indeed, to think that people are forced to live in this way. I wish Mamma would send me some more pocket-money, that I might do something for them. I had half-a-crown; but," continued he, feeling in his pockets, "I'm afraid I spent the last shilling of it this morning, upon those cakes that made me sick. I wish I had my shilling now, I'd give it to *these poor people*."

Ben, though he was all this time silent, was as sorry as his talkative cousin, for all these poor people. But there was some difference between the sorrow of these two boys.

Hal, after he was again seated in the hackney-coach, and had rattled through the busy streets of Bristol for a few minutes, quite forgot the spectacle of misery which he had seen; and the gay shops in Wine-street, and the idea of his green and white uniform, wholly occupied his imagination.

"Now for our uniforms!" cried he, as he jumped eagerly out of the coach, when his uncle stopped at the woolen-draper's door.

"Uncle," said Ben, stopping Mr. Gresham before he got out of the carriage, "I don't think a uniform is at all necessary for me. I'm very much obliged to you, but I would rather not have one. I have a very good coat—and I think it would be waste."

"Well, let me out of the carriage and we will see about it," said Mr. Gresham "perhaps the sight of the beautiful green and white cloth, and the epaulettes (have you ever considered the epaulettes?) may tempt you to change your mind."

"Oh, no," said Ben, laughing; "I shall not change my mind."

The green cloth, and the white cloth, and the epaulettes, were produced, to Hal's infinite satisfaction. His uncle took up a pen, and calculated for a few minutes; then, showing the back of the letter, upon which he was writing, to his nephews, "Cast up these sums, boys," said he, "and tell me whether I am right."

"Ben, do you do it," said Hal, a little embarrassed; "I am not quick at figures."

Ben *was*, and he went over his uncle's calculation very expeditiously.

"It is right, is it?" said Mr. Gresham.

"Yes, Sir, quite right."

"Then by this calculation, I find I could for less than half the money your uniforms would cost, purchase for each of you boys a warm great-coat, which you will want, I have a notion, this winter upon the Downs."

"Oh, Sir," said Hal, with an alarmed look; "but it is not winter *yet;* it is not cold weather yet. We sha'n't want great-coats *yet*."

"Don't you remember how cold we were, Hal, the day before yesterday, in that sharp wind, when we were flying our kite upon the Downs?—and winter will come, though it is not come yet; I am sure, I should like to have a good warm great-coat very much," said Ben.

Mr. Gresham took six guineas out of his purse; and he placed three of them before Hal, and three before Ben.

"Young gentlemen," said he, "I believe your uniforms would come to about three guineas apiece. Now I will lay out this money for you just as you please: Hal, what say you?"

"Why, Sir," said Hal, "a great-coat is a good thing, to be sure; and then, after the great-coat, as you said it would only cost half as much as the uniform, there would be some money to spare, would not there?"

"Yes, my dear, about five-and-twenty shillings."

"Five-and-twenty shillings! I could buy and do a great many things, to be sure, with five-and-twenty shillings; but then, *the thing is*, I must go without the uniform, if I have the great-coat."

"Certainly," said his uncle.

"Ah!" said Hal, sighing as he looked at the epaulettes, "Uncle, if you would not be displeased if I choose the uniform —"

"I shall not be displeased at your choosing whatever you like best," said Mr. Gresham.

"Well, then, thank you, Sir, I think I had better have the uniform, because if I have not the uniform now directly it will be of no use to me, as the archery meeting is the week after next, you know; and as to the great-coat, perhaps, between this time and the *very* cold weather, which, perhaps, won't be till Christmas, Papa will buy a great-coat for me; and I'll ask Mamma to give me some pocket-money to give away, and she will perhaps."

To all this conclusive conditional reasoning, which depended upon *perhaps*, three times repeated, Mr. Gresham made no reply; but he immediately bought the uniform for Hal, and desired that it should be sent to Lady Diana Sweepstakes' sons' tailor, to be made up. The measure of Hal's happiness was now complete.

"And how am I to lay out the three guineas for you, Ben?" said Mr. Gresham. "Speak, what do you wish for first?"

"A great-coat, Uncle, if you please."

Mr. Gresham bought the coat; and after it was paid for, five-and-twenty shillings of Ben's three guineas remained.

"What's next, my boy?" said his uncle.

"Arrows, Uncle, if you please: three arrows."

"My dear, I promised you a bow and arrows."

"No, Uncle, you only said a bow."

"Well, I meant a bow and arrows. I'm glad you are so exact, however. It is better to claim less than more than what is promised. The three arrows you shall have. But go on: how shall I dispose of these five-and-twenty shillings for you?"

"In clothes, if you will be so good, Uncle, for that poor boy, who has the great black patch on his eye."

"I always believed," said Mr. Gresham, shaking hands with Ben, "that economy and generosity were the best friends, instead of being enemies, as some silly, extravagant people would have us think them. Choose the poor blind boy's coat, my dear nephew, and pay for it. There's no occasion for my praising you about the matter; your best reward is in your own mind, child; and you want no other, or I'm mistaken. Now jump into the coach, boys, and let's be off. We shall be late, I'm afraid," continued he, as the coach drove on; "but I must let you stop, Ben, with your goods, at the poor boy's door."

When they came to the house, Mr. Gresham opened the coach door, and Ben jumped out with his parcel under his arm.

"Stay, stay! you must take me with you," said his pleased uncle; "I like to see people made happy as well as you do."

"And so do I too!" said Hal; "let me come with you. I almost wish my uniform was not gone to the tailor's, so I do."

And when he saw the look of delight and gratitude with which the poor boy received the clothes which Ben gave him; and when he heard the mother and children thank him, Hal sighed, and said, "Well, I hope Mamma will give me some more pocket-money soon."

Upon his return home, however, the sight of the *famous* bow and arrow which Lady Diana Sweepstakes had sent him, recalled to his imagination all the joys of his green and white uniform; and he no longer wished that it had not been sent to the tailor's.

"But I don't understand, cousin Hal," said little Patty, "why you call this bow a *famous* bow; you say *famous* very often; and I don't know exactly what it means—a *famous* uniform—*famous* doings—I remember you said there are to be *famous* doings the first of September upon the Downs—What does *famous* mean?"

"Oh, why *famous* means—Now don't you know what *famous* means? It means—it is a word that people say—It is the fashion to say it. It means—it means *famous*."

Patty laughed, and said, "*This* does not explain it to me."

"No," said Hal, "nor can it be explained: if you don't understand it, that's not my fault: everybody but little children, I suppose, understands it; but there's no explaining *those sorts* of words, if you don't *take them* at once. There's to be *famous* doings upon the Downs the first of September; that is, grand, fine. In short, what does it signify talking any longer, Patty, about the matter? Give me my bow; for I must go upon the Downs, and practise."

Ben accompanied him with the bow and the three arrows which his uncle had now given to him; and every day these two boys went out upon the Downs, and practised shooting with indefatigable perseverance. Where equal pains are taken, success is usually found to be pretty nearly equal. Our two archers, by constant practice, became expert marksmen; and before the day of trial they were so exactly matched in point of dexterity, that it was scarcely possible to decide which was superior.

The long-expected first of September at length arrived.

"What sort of a day is it?" was the first question that was asked by Hal and Ben, the moment that they awakened.

The sun shone bright; but there was a sharp and high wind.

"Ha!" said Ben, "I shall be glad of my good great-coat to-day; for I've a notion it will be rather cold upon the Downs, especially when we are standing still, as we must, while all the people are shooting."

"Oh, never mind! I don't think I shall feel it cold at all," said Hal, as he dressed himself in his new white and green uniform: and he viewed himself with much complacency.

"Good morning to you, Uncle; how do you do?" said he, in a voice of exultation, when he entered the breakfast-room.

How do you do? seemed rather to mean, How do you like me in my uniform?

And his uncle's cool, "Very well, I thank you, Hal," disappointed him, as it seemed only to say, "Your uniform makes no difference in my opinion of you."

Even little Patty went on eating her breakfast much as usual, and talked of the pleasure of walking with her father to the Downs, and of all the little things which interested her; so that Hal's epaulettes were not the principal object in any one's imagination but his own.

"Papa," said Patty, "as we go up the hill where there is so much red mud, I must take care to pick my way nicely; and I must hold up my frock, as you desired me; and perhaps you will be so good, if I am not troublesome, to lift me over the very bad place where there are no stepping-stones. My ankle is entirely well, and I'm glad of that, or else I should not be able to walk so far as the Downs. How good you were to me, Ben, when I was in pain, the day I sprained my ankle! You played at jack-straws, and at cat's-cradle with me. Oh, that puts me in mind—Here are your gloves, which I asked you that night to let me mend. I've been a great while about them, but are not they very neatly mended, Papa? Look at the sewing."

"I am not a very good judge of sewing, my dear little girl," said Mr. Gresham, examining the work with a close and scrupulous eye; "but in my opinion, here is one stitch that is rather too long; the white teeth are not quite even."

"O Papa, I'll take out that long tooth in a minute," said Patty laughing; "I did not think that you would have observed it so soon."

"I would not have you trust to my blindness," said her father, stroking her head fondly: "I observe everything. I observe, for instance, that you are a grateful little girl, and that you are glad to be of use to those who have been kind to you; and for this I forgive you the long stitch."

"But it's out, it's out, Papa," said Patty; "and the next time your gloves want mending, Ben, I'll mend them better."

"They are very nice, I think," said Ben, drawing them on; "and I am much obliged to you. I was just wishing I had a pair of gloves to keep my fingers warm to-day, for I never can shoot well when my hands are numbed. Look, Hal—you know how ragged these gloves were; you said they were good for nothing but to throw away; now look, there's not a hole in them," said he, spreading his fingers.

"Now, is it not very extraordinary," said Hal to himself, "that they should go on so long talking about an old pair of gloves, without scarcely saying a word about my new uniform? Well, the young Sweepstakes and Lady Diana will talk enough about it; that's one comfort."

"Is not it time to think of setting out, Sir?" said Hal to his uncle; "the company, you know, are to meet at the Ostrich at twelve, and the race to begin at one, and Lady Diana's horses, I know, were ordered to be at the door at ten."

Mr. Stephen, the butler, here interrupted the hurrying young gentleman in his calculations. "There's a poor lad, Sir, below, with a great black patch on his right eye, who is come from Bristol, and wants to speak a word with the young gentlemen, if you please. I told him they were just going out with you, but he says he won't detain them above half a minute."

"Show him up, show him up," said Mr. Gresham.

"But I suppose," said Hal, with a sigh, "that Stephen mistook, when he said the young *gentlemen;* he only wants to see Ben, I dare say; I'm sure he has no reason to want to see me."

"Here he comes—O Ben, he is dressed in the new coat you gave him," whispered

Hal, who was really a good-natured boy, though extravagant. "How much better he looks than he did in the ragged coat! Ah! he looked at you first, Ben; and well he may!"

The boy bowed without any cringing servility, but with an open, decent freedom in his manner, which expressed that he had been obliged, but that he knew his young benefactor was not thinking of the obligation. He made as little distinction as possible between his bows to the two cousins.

"As I was sent with a message, by the clerk of our parish, to Redland Chapel, out on the Downs, to-day, Sir," said he to Mr. Gresham, "knowing your house lay in my way, my mother, Sir, bid me call, and make bold to offer the young gentlemen two little worsted balls that she had worked for them," continued the lad, pulling out of his pocket two worsted balls worked in green and orange colored stripes: "they are but poor things, Sir, she bid me say, to look at; but considering she had but one hand to work with, and *that* her left hand, you'll not despise 'em, we hopes."

He held the balls to Ben and Hal. "They are both alike, gentlemen," said he; "if you'll be pleased to take 'em, they are better than they look, for they bound higher than your head; I cut the cork round for the inside myself, which was all I could do."

"They are nice balls, indeed; we are much obliged to you," said the boys, as they received them, and they proved them immediately. The balls struck the floor with a delightful sound, and rebounded higher than Mr. Gresham's head. Little Patty clapped her hands joyfully; but now a thundering double rap at the door was heard.

"The Master Sweepstakes, Sir," said Stephen, "are come for Master Hal; they say that all the young gentlemen who have archery uniforms are to walk together in a body, I think they say, Sir; and they are to parade along the Well-Walk, they desired me to say, Sir, with a drum and fife, and so up the hill, by Prince's Place, and all to go upon the Downs together, to the place of meeting. I am not sure I'm right, Sir, for both the young gentlemen spoke at once, and the wind is very high at the street door, so that I could not well make out all they said; but I believe this is the sense of it."

"Yes, yes," said Hal, eagerly, "it's all right; I know that is just what was settled the day I dined at Lady Diana's; and Lady Diana and a great party of gentlemen are to ride—"

"Well, that is nothing to the purpose," interrupted Mr. Gresham. "Don't keep the Master Sweepstakes waiting; decide—do you choose to go with them, or with us?"

"Sir—Uncle—Sir, you know, since all the *uniforms* agreed to go together—"

"Off with you then, Mr. Uniform, if you mean to go," said Mr. Gresham.

Hal ran downstairs in such a hurry that he forgot his bow and arrows. Ben discovered this when he went to fetch his own; and the lad from Bristol, who had been ordered by Mr. Gresham to eat his breakfast before he proceeded to Redland Chapel, heard Ben talking about his cousin's bow and arrows.

"I know," said Ben, "he will be sorry not to have his bow with him, because here are the green knots tied to it, to match his cockade; and he said that the boys were all to carry their bows as part of the show."

"If you'll give me leave, sir," said the poor Bristol lad, "I shall have plenty of time; and I'll run down to the Well-Walk after the young gentleman, and take him his bow and arrows."

"Will you? I shall be much obliged to you," said Ben; and away went the boy with the bow that was ornamented with green ribands.

The public walk leading to the Wells was full of company. The windows of all the houses in St. Vincent's parade were crowded with well-dressed ladies, who were looking out in expectation of the archery procession. Parties of gentlemen and ladies, and a motley crowd of spectators, were seen moving backwards and forwards under the rocks, on the opposite side of the water. A barge, with colored streamers flying, was waiting to take up a party, who were going upon the water. The bargemen rested upon their oars, and gazed with broad faces of curiosity on the busy scene that appeared upon the public walk.

The archers and archeresses were now drawn up on the flags under the semicircular piazza just before Mrs. Yearsley's library. A little band of children, who had been mustered by Lady Diana Sweepstakes' *spirited exertions*, closed the procession. They were now all in readiness. The drummer only waited for her ladyship's signal; and the archers' corps only waited for her ladyship's word of command to march.

"Where are your bow and arrows, my little man?" said her ladyship to Hal, as she reviewed her Lilliputian regiment. "You can't march, man, without your arms!"

Hal had dispatched a messenger for his forgotten bow, but the messenger returned not; he looked from side to side in great distress. "Oh, there's my bow coming, I declare!" cried he; "look, I see the bow and the ribands; look now, between the trees, Charles Sweepstakes, on the Hot-well Walk; it is coming."

"But you've kept us all waiting a confounded time," said his impatient friend.

"It is that good-natured poor fellow from Bristol, I protest, that has brought it to me; I'm sure I don't deserve it from him," said Hal to himself, when he saw the lad with the black patch on his eye running quite out of breath towards him with his bow and arrows.

"Fall back, my good friend, fall back," said the military lady, as soon as he had delivered the bow to Hal: "I mean stand out of the way, for your great patch cuts no figure amongst us. Don't follow so close, now, as if you belonged to us, pray."

The poor boy had no ambition to partake the triumph; he *fell back* as soon as he understood the meaning of the lady's words. The drum beat, the fife played, the archers marched, the spectators admired. Hal stepped proudly, and felt as if the eyes of the whole universe were upon his epaulettes, or upon the facings of his uniform; whilst all the time he was considered only as part of a show. The walk appeared much shorter than usual; and he was extremely sorry that Lady Diana, when they were half way up the hill leading to Prince's Place, mounted her horse, because the road was dirty, and all the gentlemen and ladies who accompanied her, followed her example. "We can leave the children to walk, you know," said she to the gentleman who helped her to mount her horse. "I must call to some of them, though, and leave orders where they are to *join*."

She beckoned: and Hal, who was foremost, and proud to show his alacrity, ran on to receive her ladyship's orders. Now, as we have before observed, it was a sharp and windy day; and though Lady Diana Sweepstakes was actually speaking to him, and looking at him, he could not prevent his nose from wanting to be blown; he pulled out his handkerchief, and out rolled the new ball, which had been given to him just before he left home, and which, according to his usual careless habits, he had stuffed into his pocket in a hurry. "Oh, my new ball!" cried he, as he ran after it. As he stooped to pick it up, he let go his hat, which he had hitherto held on with anxious care; for the hat, though it had a fine green and white cockade, had no band or string round it. The string, as we may recollect, our wasteful hero had used in spinning his top. The hat was too large for his head without this band; a sudden gust of wind blew it off—Lady Diana's horse started and reared. She was a *famous* horse-woman, and sat him to the admiration of all beholders; but there was a puddle of red clay and water in this spot, and her ladyship's uniform-habit was a sufferer by the accident.

"Careless brat!" said she. "Why can't he keep his hat upon his head?"

In the meantime, the wind blew the hat down the hill, and Hal ran after it, amidst the laughter of his kind friends, the young Sweepstakes, and the rest of the little regiment. The hat was lodged at length, upon a bank. Hal pursued it: he thought this bank was hard. But, alas! the moment he set his foot upon it, the foot sank. He tried to draw it back, his other foot slipped, and he fell prostrate, in his green and white uniform, into the treacherous bed of red mud. His companions, who had halted upon the top of the hill, stood laughing spectators of his misfortune.

It happened that the poor boy with the black patch upon his eye, who had been ordered by Lady Diana to "*fall back*" and to "*keep at a distance*," was now coming up the hill; and the moment he saw our fallen hero, he hastened to his assistance. He dragged poor Hal, who was a deplorable spectacle, out of the red mud; the obliging mistress of a lodging-house, as soon as she understood that the young gentleman was nephew to Mr. Gresham, to whom she had formerly let her house, received Hal, covered as he was with dirt.

The poor Bristol lad hastened to Mr. Gresham's for clean stockings and shoes for Hal. He was unwilling to give up his uniform; it was rubbed and rubbed, and a spot here and there was washed out; and he kept continually repeating, "When it's dry it will all brush off; when it's dry it will all brush off, won't it?" But soon the fear of being too late at the archery meeting began to balance the dread of appearing in his stained habiliments; and he now as anxiously repeated, while the woman held the wet coat to the fire, "Oh, I shall be too late; indeed I shall be too late; make haste; it will never dry: hold it nearer—nearer to the fire. I shall lose my turn to shoot. Oh, give me the coat; I don't mind how it is, if I can but get it on."

Holding it nearer and nearer to the fire dried it quickly, to be sure, but it shrank it also, so that it was no easy matter to get the coat on again.

However, Hal, who did not see the red splashes, which, in spite of all the operations, were too visible upon his shoulders and upon the skirts of his white coat behind, was pretty well satisfied to observe that there was not one spot upon the facings. "Nobody," said he, "will take notice of my coat behind, I dare say. I think it looks as smart almost as ever!" and under this persuasion our young archer resumed his bow—his bow with green ribands now no more! And he pursued his way to the Downs.

All his companions were far out of sight. "I suppose," said he to his friend with the black patch, "I suppose my uncle and Ben had left home before you went for the shoes and stockings for me?"

"Oh, yes, Sir; the butler said they had been gone to the Downs a matter of a good half hour or more."

Hal trudged on as fast as he possibly could. When he got on the Downs, he saw numbers of carriages, and crowds of people, all going towards the place of meeting, at the Ostrich. He pressed forwards; he was at first so much afraid of being late, that he did not take notice of the mirth his motley appearance excited in all beholders. At length he reached the appointed spot. There was a great crowd of people. In the midst, he heard Lady Diana's loud voice betting upon some one who was just going to shoot at the mark.

"So then, the shooting is begun, is it?" said Hal. "Oh, let me in; pray let me into the circle! I'm one of the archers—I am, indeed; don't you see my green and white uniform?"

"Your red and white uniform, you mean," said the man to whom he addressed himself: and the people, as they opened a passage for him, could not refrain from laughing at the mixture of dirt and finery which it exhibited. In vain, when he got into the midst of the formidable circle, he looked to his friends, the young Sweepstakes, for their countenance and support: they were amongst the most unmerciful of the laughers. Lady Diana also seemed more to enjoy than to pity his confusion.

"Why could you not keep your hat upon your head, man?" said she, in her masculine tone. "You have been almost the ruin of my poor uniform-habit; but I've escaped rather better than you have. Don't stand there in the middle of the circle, or you'll have an arrow in your eye presently, I've a notion."

Hal looked round in search of better friends. "Oh, where's my uncle?—where's Ben," said he. He was in such confusion, that, amongst the number of faces, he could scarcely distinguish one from another; but he felt somebody at this moment pull his elbow, and, to his great relief, he heard the friendly voice, and saw the good-natured face, of his cousin Ben.

"Come back; come behind these people," said Ben, "and put on my great-coat; here it is for you."

Right glad was Hal to cover his disgraced uniform with the rough great-coat, which he had formerly despised. He pulled the stained, drooping cockade out of his unfortunate hat; and he was now sufficiently recovered from his vexation to give an intelligible account of his accident to his uncle and Patty, who anxiously inquired what had detained him so long, and what had been the matter. In the midst of the history of his disaster, he was just proving to Patty that his taking the hat-band to spin his top had nothing to do with his misfortune; and he was at the same time endeavoring to refute his uncle's opinion, that the waste of the whipcord that tied the parcel, was the original cause of all his evils, when he was summoned to try his skill with his *famous* bow.

"My hands are numbed; I can scarcely feel," said he, rubbing them, and blowing upon the ends of his fingers.

"Come, come," cried young Sweepstakes, "I'm within one inch of the mark; who'll go nearer, I should like to see. Shoot away, Hal; but first, understand our laws: we settled them before you came on the green. You are to have three shots, with your own bow and your own arrows; and nobody's to borrow or lend under pretence of other bows being better or worse, or under any pretence. Do you hear, Hal?"

This young gentleman had good reasons for being so strict in these laws, as he had observed that none of his companions had such an excellent bow as he had provided for himself. Some of the boys had forgotten to bring more than one arrow with them, and by his cunning regulation, that each person should shoot with his own arrows, many had lost one or two of their shots.

"You are a lucky fellow; you have your three arrows," said young Sweepstakes. "Come, we can't wait whilst you rub your fingers, man—shoot away."

Hal was rather surprised at the asperity with which his friend spoke. He little knew how easily acquaintances, who call themselves friends, can change, when their interest comes, in the slightest degree, in competition with their friendship. Hurried by his impatient rival, and with his hand so much benumbed that he could scarcely feel how to fix the arrow in the string, he drew the bow. The arrow was within a quarter of an inch of Master Sweepstakes' mark, which was the nearest that had yet been hit. Hal seized his second arrow. "If I have any luck," said he—but just as he pronounced the word *luck*, and as he bent his bow, the string broke in two, and the bow fell from his hands.

"There, it's all over with you," cried Master Sweepstakes, with a triumphant laugh.

"Here's my bow for him and welcome," said Ben.

"No, no, Sir; that is not fair; that's against the regulation. You may shoot with your own bow, if you choose it, or you may not, just as you think proper; but you must not lend it, Sir."

It was now Ben's turn to make his trial. His first arrow was not successful. His second was exactly as near as Hal's first.

"You have but one more," said Master Sweepstakes: "now for it!"

Ben, before he ventured his last arrow, prudently examined the string of his bow; and as he pulled it to try its strength, it cracked.

Master Sweepstakes clapped his hands with loud exultations, and insulting laughter. But his laughter ceased when our provident hero calmly drew from his pocket an excellent piece of whipcord.

"The everlasting whipcord, I declare!" exclaimed Hal, when he saw that it was the very same that had tied up the parcel.

"Yes," said Ben, as he fastened it to his bow, "I put it into my pocket to-day, on purpose, because I thought I might happen to want it."

He drew his bow the third and last time.

"O Papa," cried little Patty, as his arrow hit the mark, "it's the nearest; is not it the nearest?"

Master Sweepstakes, with anxiety, examined the hit. There could be no doubt. Ben was victorious! The bow, the prize bow, was now delivered to him; and Hal, as he looked at the whipcord, exclaimed, "How *lucky* this whipcord has been to you, Ben!"

"It is *lucky*, perhaps you mean, that he took care of it," said Mr. Gresham.

"Ay," said Hal, "very true; he might well say, 'Waste not, want not'; it is a good thing to have two strings to one's bow."

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Only a few of those who have written immediately for children have produced work distinguished by the same high artistic qualities found in the work of writers for readers of mature minds. Of these few one is Mrs. Juliana Horatia Ewing (1841–1885). Edmund Gosse has said that of the numerous English authors who have written successfully on or for children only two "have shown a clear recollection of the mind of healthy childhood itself. . . . . Mrs. Ewing in prose and Mr. Stevenson in verse have sat down with them without disturbing their fancies, and have looked into the world of 'make-believe' with the children's own eyes." They might lead, he thinks, "a long romp in the attic when nurse was out shopping, and not a child in the house should know that a grown-up person had been there." This is very high praise indeed and it suggests the reason for the immense popularity of "Jackanapes," "The Story of a Short Life," "Daddy Darwin's Dovecot," "Lob-Lie-by-the-Fire," "Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances," and many another of the stories that delighted young readers when they first appeared in the pages of *Aunt Judy's Magazine*. The preëminence of "Jackanapes" among these many splendid stories may at least partly be accounted for by the fact that it grew out of the heat of a great conviction about life. Early in 1879 the news reached England of the death of the Prince Imperial of France, who fell while serving with the English forces in South Africa during the war with the Zulus. Perhaps the present-day reader needs to be reminded that the Prince Imperial was the only son of the ex-Empress Eugenie, who, with her husband Napoleon III, had taken refuge in England after the loss of the French throne at the close of the Franco-Prussian War in 1871. Napoleon's death shortly after made the young prince a central figure in all considerations of the possible recouping of the fortunes of the Napoleonic dynasty. Full of the spirit of adventure and courage, he had joined the English forces to learn something of the soldier's profession. Unexpectedly ambushed, the prince was killed while the young officer who had been assigned to look after him escaped unhurt. There immediately ensued a wide discussion of the action of this young officer in saving himself and, apparently, leaving the Prince to his fate. Now, Mrs. Ewing was a soldier's wife and believed in the standard of honor which would naturally be reflected in military circles on such an incident. But hearing the rule of "each man for himself" so often emphasized in other circles, she was moved to write the protest against such a view which forms the central motive in "Jackanapes." There is no argument, however, no undue moralizing. With the finest art she embodies that central doctrine in a great faith that the saving of a man's life lies in his readiness to lose it. It was Satan who said, "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." The pathos in the story is naturally inherent in the situation and is never emphasized for its own sake. Mrs. Ewing was always a thoroughly conscientious artist. She believed that the laws of artistic composition laid down by Ruskin in his *Elements of Drawing* applied with equal force to literature. "For example," says her brother in an article on her methods, "in the story of 'Jackanapes' the law of Principality is very clearly demonstrated. Jackanapes is the one important figure. The doting aunt, the weak-kneed but faithful Tony Johnson, the irascible general, the punctilious postman, the loyal boy-trumpeter, the silent major, and the ever-dear, faithful, loving Lollo,—all and each of them conspire with one consent to reflect forth the glory and beauty of the noble, generous, recklessly brave, and gently tender spirit of the hero 'Jackanapes.'" As to the laws of repetition and contrast: "Again and again is the village green introduced to the imagination. It is a picture of eternal peace and quietness, amid the tragedies of our ever-changing life which are enacted around it."

JACKANAPES

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

CHAPTER I

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshaling in arms — the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent.

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine:
Yet one would I select from that proud throng.

. . . .

To thee, to thousands, of whom each
And one and all a ghastly gap did make
In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;
The Archangel's trump, not glory's, must awake
Those whom they thirst for.

— BYRON

Two Donkeys and the Geese lived on the Green, and all other residents of any social standing lived in houses round it. The houses had no names. Everybody's address was "The Green," but the Postman and the people of the place knew where each family lived. As to the rest of the world, what has one to do with the rest of the world when he is safe at home on his own Goose Green? Moreover, if a stranger did come on any lawful business, he might ask his way at the shop. Most of the inhabitants were long-lived, early deaths (like that of the little Miss Jessamine) being exceptional; and most of the old people were proud of their age, especially the sexton, who would be ninety-nine come Martinmas, and whose father remembered a man who had carried arrows, as a boy, for the battle of Flodden Field. The Gray Goose and the big Miss Jessamine were the only elderly persons who kept their ages secret. Indeed, Miss Jessamine never mentioned any one's age, or recalled the exact year in which anything had happened. She said that she had been taught that it was bad manners to do so "in a mixed assembly." The Gray Goose also avoided dates; but this was partly because her brain, though intelligent, was not mathematical, and computation was beyond her. She never got farther than "last Michaelmas," "the Michaelmas before that," and "the Michaelmas before the Michaelmas before that." After this her head, which was small, became confused, and she said, "Ga, ga!" and changed the subject.

But she remembered the little Miss Jessamine, the Miss Jessamine with the "conspicuous hair." Her aunt, the big Miss Jessamine, said it was her only fault. The hair was clean, was abundant, was glossy; but do what you would with it, it never looked quite like other people's. And at church, after Saturday night's wash, it shone like the best brass fender after a spring cleaning. In short, it was conspicuous, which does not become a young woman, especially in church.

Those were worrying times altogether, and the Green was used for strange purposes. A political meeting was held on it with the village Cobbler in the chair, and a speaker who came by stage-coach from the town, where they had wrecked the bakers' shops, and discussed the price of bread. He came a second time by stage; but the people had heard something about him in the meanwhile, and they did not keep him on the Green. They took him to the pond and tried to make him swim, which he could not do, and the whole affair was very disturbing to all quiet and peaceable fowls. After which another man came, and preached sermons on the Green, and a great many people went to hear him; for those were "trying times," and folk ran hither and thither for comfort. And then what did they do but drill the ploughboys on the Green, to get them ready to fight the French, and teach them the goose-step! However, that came to an end at last; for Bony was sent to St. Helena, and the ploughboys were sent back to the plough.

Everybody lived in fear of Bony in those days, especially the naughty children, who were kept in order during the day by threats of "Bony shall have you," and who had nightmares about him in the dark. They thought he was an Ogre in a cocked hat. The Gray Goose thought he was a Fox, and that all the men of England were going out in red coats to hunt him. It was no use to argue the point; for she had a very small head, and when one idea got into it there was no room for another.

Besides, the Gray Goose never saw Bony, nor did the children, which rather spoilt the terror of him, so that the Black Captain became more effective as a Bogy with hardened offenders. The Gray Goose remembered *his* coming to the place perfectly. What he came for she did not pretend to know. It was all part and parcel of the war and bad times. He was called the Black Captain, partly because of himself and partly because of his wonderful black mare. Strange stories were afloat of how far and how fast that mare could go when her master's hand was on her mane and he whispered in her ear. Indeed, some people thought we might reckon ourselves very lucky if we were not out of the frying-pan into the fire, and had not got a certain well-known Gentleman of the Road to protect us against the French. But that, of course, made him none the less useful to the Johnsons' Nurse when the little Miss Johnsons were naughty.

"You leave off crying this minnit, Miss Jane, or I'll give you right away to that horrid wicked officer. Jemima! just look out o' the windy, if you please, and see if the Black Cap'n's a-coming with his horse to carry away Miss Jane."

And there, sure enough, the Black Captain strode by, with his sword clattering as if it did not know whose head to cut off first. But he did not call for Miss Jane that time. He went on to the Green, where he came so suddenly upon the eldest Master Johnson, sitting in a puddle on purpose, in his new nankeen skeleton suit, that the young gentleman thought judgment had overtaken him at last, and abandoned himself to the howlings of despair. His howls were redoubled when he was clutched from behind and swung over the Black Captain's shoulder; but in five minutes his tears were stanched, and he was playing with the officer's accoutrements. All of which the Gray Goose saw with her own eyes, and heard afterwards that that bad boy had been whining to go back to the Black Captain ever since, which showed how hardened he was, and that nobody but Bonaparte himself could be expected to do him any good.

But those were "trying times." It was bad enough when the pickle of a large and respectable family cried for the Black Captain; when it came to the little Miss Jessamine crying for him, one felt that the sooner the French landed and had done with it, the better.

The big Miss Jessamine's objection to him was that he was a soldier; and this prejudice was shared by all the Green. "A soldier," as the speaker from the town had observed, "is a bloodthirsty, unsettled sort of a rascal, that the peaceable, home-loving, bread-winning citizen can never conscientiously look on as a brother till he has beaten his sword into a ploughshare and his spear into a pruning-hook."

On the other hand, there was some truth in what the Postman (an old soldier) said in reply,—that the sword has to cut a way for us out of many a scrape into which our bread-winners get us when they drive their ploughshares into fallows that don't belong to them. Indeed, whilst our most peaceful citizens were prosperous chiefly by means of cotton, of sugar, and of the rise and fall of the money-market (not to speak of such salable matters as opium, firearms, and "black ivory"), disturbances were apt to arise in India, Africa, and other outlandish parts, where the fathers of our domestic race were making fortunes for their families. And for that matter, even on the Green, we did not wish the military to leave us in the lurch, so long as there was any fear that the French were coming.[1]

To let the Black Captain have little Miss Jessamine, however, was another matter. Her aunt would not hear of it; and then, to crown all, it appeared that the Captain's father did not think the young lady good enough for his son. Never was any affair more clearly brought to a conclusion.

But those were "trying times"; and one moonlight night, when the Gray Goose was sound asleep upon one leg, the Green was rudely shaken under her by the thud of a horse's feet. "Ga, ga!" said she, putting down the other leg and running away.

By the time she returned to her place not a thing was to be seen or heard. The horse had passed like a shot. But next day there was hurrying and skurrying and cackling at a very early hour, all about the white house with the black beams, where Miss Jessamine lived. And when the sun was so low and the shadows so long on the grass that the Gray Goose felt ready to run away at the sight of her own neck, little Miss Jane Johnson and her "particular friend" Clarinda sat under the big oak tree on the Green, and Jane pinched Clarinda's little finger till she found that she could keep a secret, and then she told her in confidence that she had heard from Nurse and Jemima that Miss Jessamine's niece had been a very naughty girl, and that

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[1] "The political men declare war, and generally for commercial interests; but when the nation is thus embroiled with its neighbors, the soldier . . . . draws the sword at the command of his country. . . . . One word as to thy comparison of military and commercial persons. What manner of men be they who have supplied the Caffres with the firearms and ammunition to maintain their savage and deplorable wars? Assuredly they are not military. . . . . Cease then, if thou wouldst be counted among the just, to vilify soldiers" (W. Napier, *Lieutenant-General*, November, 1851). [Author's Note.]

that horrid wicked officer had come for her on his black horse and carried her right away.

"Will she never come back?" asked Clarinda.

"Oh, no!" said Jane, decidedly. "Bony never brings people back."

"Not never no more?" sobbed Clarinda, for she was weak-minded, and could not bear to think that Bony never, never let naughty people go home again.

Next day Jane had heard more.

"He has taken her to a Green."

"A Goose Green?" asked Clarinda.

"No. A Gretna Green. Don't ask so many questions, child," said Jane, who, having no more to tell, gave herself airs.

Jane was wrong on one point. Miss Jessamine's niece did come back, and she and her husband were forgiven. The Gray Goose remembered it well; it was Michaelmas-tide, the Michaelmas before the Michaelmas before the Michaelmas—but, ga, ga! What does the date matter? It was autumn, harvest-time, and everybody was so busy prophesying and praying about the crops, that the young couple wandered through the lanes, and got blackberries for Miss Jessamine's celebrated crab and blackberry jam, and made guys of themselves with bryony wreaths, and not a soul troubled his head about them, except the children and the Postman. The children dogged the Black Captain's footsteps (his bubble reputation as an Ogre having burst) clamoring for a ride on the black mare. And the Postman would go somewhat out of his postal way to catch the Captain's dark eye, and show that he had not forgotten how to salute an officer.

But they were "trying times." One afternoon the black mare was stepping gently up and down the grass, with her head at her master's shoulder, and as many children crowded on to her silky back as if she had been an elephant in a menagerie; and the next afternoon she carried him away, sword and *sabre-tache* clattering war music at her side, and the old Postman waiting for them, rigid with salutation, at the four cross-roads.

War and bad times! It was a hard winter; and the big Miss Jessamine and the little Miss Jessamine (but she was Mrs. Black-Captain now) lived very economically, that they might help their poorer neighbors. They neither entertained nor went into company; but the young lady always went up the village as far as the *George and Dragon*, for air and exercise when the London Mail[1] came in.

One day (it was a day in the following June) it came in earlier than usual, and the young lady was not there to meet it.

But a crowd soon gathered round the *George and Dragon*, gaping to see the Mail Coach dressed with flowers and oak-leaves, and the guard wearing a laurel wreath over and above his royal livery. The ribbons that decked the horses were stained and flecked with the warmth and foam of the pace at which they had come, for they had pressed on with the news of Victory.

Miss Jessamine was sitting with her niece under the oak tree on the Green, when the Postman put a newspaper silently into her hand. Her niece turned quickly,—

"Is there news?"

---

[1] The Mail Coach it was that distributed over the face of the land, like the opening of apocalyptic vials, the heart-shaking news of Trafalgar, of Salamanca, of Vittoria, of Waterloo. . . . . The grandest chapter of our experience, within the whole Mail-Coach service, was on those occasions when we went down from London with the news of Victory. Five years of life it was worth paying down for the privilege of an outside place.—(De Quincey.) Author's Note.)

“Don't agitate yourself, my dear,” said her aunt. “I will read it aloud, and then we can enjoy it together; a far more comfortable method, my love, than when you go up the village, and come home out of breath, having snatched half the news as you run.”

“I am all attention, dear aunt,” said the little lady, clasping her hands tightly on her lap.

Then Miss Jessamine read aloud, — she was proud of her reading, — and the old soldier stood at attention behind her, with such a blending of pride and pity on his face as it was strange to see: —

“Downing Street
June 22, 1815, 1 A. M.”

“That's one in the morning,” gasped the Postman; “beg your pardon, mum.”

But though he apologized, he could not refrain from echoing here and there a weighty word: “Glorious victory,” — “Two hundred pieces of artillery,” — “Immense quantity of ammunition,” — and so forth.

“The loss of the British Army upon this occasion has unfortunately been most severe. It had not been possible to make out a return of the killed and wounded when Major Percy left headquarters. The names of the officers killed and wounded, as far as they can be collected, are annexed.

I have the honor —”

“The list, aunt! Read the list!”

“My love — my darling — let us go in and —”

“No. Now! now!”

To one thing the supremely afflicted are entitled in their sorrow, — to be obeyed; and yet it is the last kindness that people commonly will do them. But Miss Jessamine did. Steadying her voice, as best she might, she read on; and the old soldier stood bareheaded to hear that first Roll of the Dead at Waterloo, which began with the Duke of Brunswick and ended with Ensign Brown.[1] Five-and-thirty British Captains fell asleep that day on the Bed of Honor, and the Black Captain slept among them.

. . . .

There are killed and wounded by war of whom no returns reach Downing Street.

Three days later, the Captain's wife had joined him, and Miss Jessamine was kneeling by the cradle of their orphan son, a purple-red morsel of humanity, with conspicuously golden hair.

“Will he live, Doctor?”

“Live? God bless my soul, ma'am! Look at him! The young Jackanapes!”

CHAPTER II

> And he wandered away and away
> With Nature, the dear old Nurse.
>
> —LONGFELLOW

The Gray Goose remembered quite well the year that Jackanapes began to walk, for it was the year that the speckled hen for the first time in all her motherly life got out of patience when she was sitting. She had been rather proud of the eggs, — they were unusually large, — but she never felt quite comfortable on them, and whether it was because she used to get cramp and go off the nest, or because the season was bad, or what, she never could tell; but every egg was addled but one, and the one that did hatch gave her more trouble than any chick she had ever reared.

It was a fine, downy, bright yellow little thing, but it had a monstrous big nose and feet, and such an ungainly walk as she knew no other instance of in her well-bred and high-stepping family. And as to behavior, it was not that it was either quarrelsome or moping, but simply unlike the rest. When the other chicks hopped and cheeped on the Green about their mother's feet, this solitary yellow brat went waddling off on its own responsibility, and do or cluck what the speckled hen would, it went to play in the pond.

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[1] “Brunswick's fated chieftain” fell at Quatre Bras the day before Waterloo; but this first (very imperfect) list, as it appeared in the newspapers of the day, did begin with his name and end with that of an Ensign Brown. [Author's Note.]

It was off one day as usual, and the hen was fussing and fuming after it, when the Postman, going to deliver a letter at Miss Jessamine's door, was nearly knocked over by the good lady herself, who, bursting out of the house with her cap just off and her bonnet just not on, fell into his arms, crying,—

"Baby! Baby! Jackanapes! Jackanapes!"

If the Postman loved anything on earth, he loved the Captain's yellow-haired child; so, propping Miss Jessamine against her own door-post, he followed the direction of her trembling fingers and made for the Green.

Jackanapes had had the start of the Postman by nearly ten minutes. The world—the round green world with an oak tree on it—was just becoming very interesting to him. He had tried, vigorously but ineffectually, to mount a passing pig the last time he was taken out walking; but then he was encumbered with a nurse. Now he was his own master, and might, by courage and energy, become the master of that delightful downy, dumpy, yellow thing that was bobbing along over the green grass in front of him. Forward! Charge! He aimed well, and grabbed it, but only to feel the delicious downiness and dumpiness slipping through his fingers as he fell upon his face. "Quawk!" said the yellow thing, and wabbled off sideways. It was this oblique movement that enabled Jackanapes to come up with it, for it was bound for the Pond, and therefore obliged to come back into line. He failed again from top-heaviness, and his prey escaped sideways as before, and, as before, lost ground in getting back to the direct road to the Pond.

And at the Pond the Postman found them both,—one yellow thing rocking safely on the ripples that lie beyond duckweed, and the other washing his draggled frock with tears because he too had tried to sit upon the Pond and it would n't hold him.

CHAPTER III

> If studious, copie fair what time hath blurred,
> Redeem truth from his jawes: if souldier,
> Chase brave employments with a naked sword
> Throughout the world. Fool not; for all may
> have,
> If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.
>
> . . . .
>
> In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
> Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
> Defer not the least vertue: life's poore span
> Make not an ell, by trifling in thy woe.
> If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains.
> If well: the pain doth fade, the joy remains.
>
> —GEORGE HERBERT

Young Mrs. Johnson, who was a mother of many, hardly knew which to pity more,—Miss Jessamine for having her little ways and her antimacassars rumpled by a young Jackanapes, or the boy himself for being brought up by an old maid.

Oddly enough, she would probably have pitied neither, had Jackanapes been a girl. (One is so apt to think that what works smoothest, works to the highest ends, having no patience for the results of friction.) That father in God who bade the young men to be pure and the maidens brave, greatly disturbed a member of his congregation, who thought that the great preacher had made a slip of the tongue.

"That the girls should have purity, and the boys courage, is what you would say, good father?"

"Nature has done that," was the reply; "I meant what I said."

In good sooth, a young maid is all the better for learning some robuster virtues than maidenliness and not to move the antimacassars; and the robuster virtues require some fresh air and freedom. As, on the other hand, Jackanapes (who had a boy's full share of the little beast and the young monkey in his natural composition) was none the worse, at his tender years, for learning some maidenliness,—so far as maidenliness means decency, pity, unselfishness, and pretty behavior.

And it is due to him to say that he was an obedient boy, and a boy whose word could be depended on, long before his grandfather the General came to live at the Green.

He was obedient; that is, he did what his great-aunt told him. But—oh, dear! oh, dear!—the pranks he played, which it had never entered into her head to forbid!

It was when he had just been put into skeletons (frocks never suited him) that he became very friendly with Master Tony Johnson, a younger brother of the young gentleman who sat in the puddle on purpose. Tony was not enterprising, and Jackanapes led him by the nose. One summer's evening they were out late, and Miss Jessamine was becoming anxious, when Jackanapes presented himself with a ghastly face all besmirched with tears. He was unusually subdued.

"I'm afraid," he sobbed,—"if you please, I'm very much afraid that Tony Johnson's dying in the churchyard."

Miss Jessamine was just beginning to be distracted, when she smelt Jackanapes.

"You naughty, naughty boys! Do you mean to tell me that you've been smoking?"

"Not pipes," urged Jackanapes; "upon my honor, aunty, not pipes. Only cigars like Mr. Johnson's! and only made of brown paper with a very, very little tobacco from the shop inside them."

Whereupon Miss Jessamine sent a servant to the churchyard, who found Tony Johnson lying on a tombstone, very sick, and having ceased to entertain any hopes of his own recovery.

If it could be possible that any "unpleasantness" could arise between two such amiable neighbors as Miss Jessamine and Mrs. Johnson, and if the still more incredible paradox can be that ladies may differ over a point on which they are agreed, that point was the admitted fact that Tony Johnson was "delicate"; and the difference lay chiefly in this: Mrs. Johnson said that Tony was delicate,— meaning that he was more finely strung, more sensitive, a properer subject for pampering and petting, than Jackanapes, and that, consequently, Jackanapes was to blame for leading Tony into scrapes which resulted in his being chilled, frightened, or (most frequently) sick. But when Miss Jessamine said that Tony Johnson was delicate, she meant that he was more puling, less manly, and less healthily brought up than Jackanapes, who, when they got into mischief together, was certainly not to blame because his friend could not get wet, sit a kicking donkey, ride in the giddy-go-round, bear the noise of a cracker, or smoke brown paper with impunity, as he could.

Not that there was ever the slightest quarrel between the ladies. It never even came near it, except the day after Tony had been so very sick with riding Bucephalus in the giddy-go-round. Mrs. Johnson had explained to Miss Jessamine that the reason Tony was so easily upset was the unusual sensitiveness (as a doctor had explained it to her) of the nervous centers in her family—"Fiddlestick!" So Mrs. Johnson understood Miss Jessamine to say; but it appeared that she only said "Treaclestick!" which is quite another thing, and of which Tony was undoubtedly fond.

It was at the Fair that Tony was made ill by riding on Bucephalus. Once a year the Goose Green became the scene of a carnival. First of all, carts and caravans were rumbling up all along, day and night. Jackanapes could hear them as he lay in bed, and could hardly sleep for speculating what booths and whirligigs he should find fairly established when he and his dog Spitfire went out after breakfast. As a matter of fact, he seldom had to wait so long for news of the Fair. The Postman knew the window out of which Jackanapes's yellow head would come, and was ready with his report.

"Royal Theayter, Master Jackanapes, in the old place, but be careful o' them seats, sir; they're rickettier than ever. Two sweets and a ginger beer under the oak tree, and the Flying Boats is just a-coming along the road."

No doubt it was partly because he had already suffered severely in the Flying Boats that Tony collapsed so quickly in the giddy-go-round. He only mounted Bucephalus (who was spotted, and had no tail) because Jackanapes urged him, and held out the ingenious hope that the round-and-round feeling would very likely cure the up-and-down sensation. It did not, however, and Tony tumbled off during the first revolution.

Jackanapes was not absolutely free from qualms; but having once mounted the Black Prince, he stuck to him as a horseman should. During the first round he waved his hat, and observed with some concern that the Black Prince had lost an ear since last Fair; at the second, he looked a little pale, but sat upright, though somewhat unnecessarily rigid; at the third round he shut his eyes. During the fourth his hat fell off, and he clasped his horse's neck. By the fifth he had laid his yellow head against the Black Prince's mane, and so clung anyhow till the hobby-horses stopped, when the proprietor assisted him to alight, and he sat down rather suddenly and said he had enjoyed it very much.

The Gray Goose always ran away at the first approach of the caravans, and never came back to the Green till there was nothing left of the Fair but footmarks and oyster-shells. Running away was her pet principle; the only system, she maintained, by which you can live long and easily and lose nothing. If you run away when you see danger, you can come back when all is safe. Run quickly, return slowly, hold your head high, and gabble as loud as you can, and you'll preserve the respect of the Goose Green to a peaceful old age. Why should you struggle and get hurt, if you can lower your head and swerve, and not lose a feather? Why in the world should any one spoil the pleasure of life, or risk his skin, if he can help it?

"'What's the use?'
Said the Goose."

Before answering which one might have to consider what world, which life, and whether his skin were a goose-skin; but the Gray Goose's head would never have held all that.

Grass soon grows over footprints, and the village children took the oyster-shells to trim their gardens with; but the year after Tony rode Bucephalus there lingered another relic of Fair-time in which Jackanapes was deeply interested. "The Green" proper was originally only part of a straggling common, which in its turn merged into some wilder waste land where gypsies sometimes squatted if the authorities would allow them, especially after the annual Fair. And it was after the Fair that Jackanapes, out rambling by himself, was knocked over by the Gypsy's son riding the Gypsy's red-haired pony at breakneck pace across the common.

Jackanapes got up and shook himself, none the worse except for being heels over head in love with the red-haired pony. What a rate he went at! How he spurned the ground with his nimble feet! How his red coat shone in the sunshine! And what bright eyes peeped out of his dark forelock as it was blown by the wind!

The Gypsy boy had had a fright, and he was willing enough to reward Jackanapes for not having been hurt, by consenting to let him have a ride.

"Do you mean to kill the little fine gentleman, and swing us all on the gibbet, you rascal?" screamed the Gypsy mother, who came up just as Jackanapes and the pony set off.

"He would get on," replied her son. "It'll not kill him. He'll fall on his yellow head, and it's as tough as a cocoanut."

But Jackanapes did not fall. He stuck to the red-haired pony as he had stuck to the hobby-horse; but, oh, how different the delight of this wild gallop with flesh and blood! Just as his legs were beginning to feel as if he did not feel them, the Gypsy boy cried, "Lollo!" Round went the pony so unceremoniously that with as little ceremony Jackanapes clung to his neck; and he did not properly recover himself before Lollo stopped with a jerk at the place where they had started.

"Is his name Lollo?" asked Jackanapes, his hand lingering in the wiry mane.

"Yes."

"What does Lollo mean?"

"Red."

"Is Lollo your pony?"

"No. My father's." And the Gypsy boy led Lollo away.

At the first opportunity Jackanapes stole away again to the common. This time he saw the Gypsy father, smoking a dirty pipe.

"Lollo is your pony, isn't he?" said Jackanapes.

"Yes."

"He's a very nice one."

"He's a racer."

"You don't want to sell him, do you?"

"Fifteen pounds," said the Gypsy father; and Jackanapes sighed and went home again. That very afternoon he and Tony rode the two donkeys; and Tony managed to get thrown, and even Jackanapes's donkey kicked. But it was jolting, clumsy work after the elastic swiftness and the dainty mischief of the red-haired pony.

A few days later, Miss Jessamine spoke very seriously to Jackanapes. She was a good deal agitated as she told him that his grandfather the General was coming to the Green, and that he must be on his very best behavior during the visit. If it had been feasible to leave off calling him Jackanapes and to get used to his baptismal name of Theodore before the day after to-morrow (when the General was due), it would have been satisfactory. But Miss Jessamine feared it would be impossible in practice, and she had scruples about it on principle. It would not seem quite truthful, although she had always most fully intended that he should be called Theodore when he had outgrown the ridiculous appropriateness of his nickname. The fact was that he had not outgrown it, but he must take care to remember who was meant when his grandfather said Theodore.

Indeed, for that matter, he must take care all along.

"You are apt to be giddy, Jackanapes," said Miss Jessamine.

"Yes, aunt," said Jackanapes, thinking of the hobby-horses.

"You are a good boy, Jackanapes. Thank God, I can tell your grandfather that. An obedient boy, an honorable boy, and a kind-hearted boy. But you are—in short, you *are* a Boy, Jackanapes. And I hope," added Miss Jessamine, desperate with the results of experience, "that the General knows that Boys will be Boys."

What mischief could be foreseen, Jackanapes promised to guard against. He was to keep his clothes and his hands clean, to look over his catechism, not to put sticky things in his pockets, to keep that hair of his smooth ("It's the wind that blows it, aunty," said Jackanapes — "I'll send by the coach for some bear's-grease," said Miss Jessamine, tying a knot in her pocket-handkerchief), not to burst in at the parlor door, not to talk at the top of his voice, not to crumple his Sunday frill, and to sit quite quiet during the sermon, to be sure to say "sir" to the General, to be careful about rubbing his shoes on the door-mat, and to bring his lesson-books to his aunt at once that she might iron down the dogs'-ears. The General arrived; and for the first day all went well, except that Jackanapes's hair was as wild as usual, for the hair-dressser had no bear's-grease left. He began to feel more at ease with his grandfather, and disposed to talk confidentially with him, as he did with the Postman. All that the General felt, it would take too long to tell; but the result was the same. He was disposed to talk confidentially with Jackanapes.

"Mons'ous pretty place this," he said, looking out of the lattice on to the Green, where the grass was vivid with sunset and the shadows were long and peaceful.

"You should see it in Fair-week, sir," said Jackanapes, shaking his yellow mop, and leaning back in his one of the two Chippendale arm-chairs in which they sat.

"A fine time that, eh?" said the General, with a twinkle in his left eye (the other was glass).

Jackanapes shook his hair once more. "I enjoyed this last one the best of all," he said. "I'd so much money."

"By George, it's not a common complaint in these bad times. How much had ye?"

"I'd two shillings. A new shilling aunty gave me, and elevenpence I had saved up, and a penny from the Postman,—*sir!*" added Jackanapes with a jerk, having forgotten it.

"And how did ye spend it,—*sir?*" inquired the General.

Jackanapes spread his ten fingers on the arms of his chair, and shut his eyes that he might count the more conscientiously.

"Watch-stand for aunty, threepence. Trumpet for myself, twopence; that's fivepence. Gingernuts for Tony, twopence, and a mug with a Grenadier on for the Postman, fourpence; that's elevenpence. Shooting-gallery a penny; that's a shilling. Giddy-go-round, a penny; that's one and a penny. Treating Tony, one and twopence. Flying Boats (Tony paid for himself), a penny, one and threepence. Shooting-gallery again, one and fourpence; Fat Woman a penny, one and fivepence. Giddy-go-round again, one and sixpence. Shooting-gallery, one and sevenpence. Treating Tony, and then he wouldn't shoot, so I did, one and eightpence. Living Skeleton, a penny — no, Tony treated me, the Living Skeleton doesn't count. Skittles, a penny, one and ninepence. Mermaid (but when we got inside she was dead), a penny, one and tenpence. Theater, a penny (Priscilla Partington, or the Green Lane Murder. A beautiful young lady, sir, with pink cheeks and a real pistol); that's one and elevenpence. Ginger beer, a penny (I *was* so thirsty!), two shillings. And then the Shooting-gallery man gave me a turn for nothing, because, he said, I was a real gentleman, and spent my money like a man."

"So you do, sir, so you do!" cried the General. "Egad, sir, you spent it like a prince. And now I suppose you've not got a penny in your pocket?"

"Yes, I have," said Jackanapes. "Two pennies. They are saving up." And Jackanapes jingled them with his hand.

"You don't want money except at Fair-times, I suppose?" said the General.

Jackanapes shook his mop.

"If I could have as much as I want, I should know what to buy," said he.

"And how much do you want, if you could get it?"

"Wait a minute, sir, till I think what twopence from fifteen pounds leaves. Two from nothing you can't, but borrow twelve. Two from twelve, ten, and carry one. Please remember ten, sir, when I ask you. One from nothing you can't, borrow twenty. One from twenty, nineteen, and carry one. One from fifteen, fourteen. Fourteen pounds nineteen and — what did I tell you to remember?"

"Ten," said the General.

"Fourteen pounds nineteen shillings and tenpence, then, is what I want," said Jackanapes.

"God bless my soul! what for?"

"To buy Lollo with. Lollo means red, sir. The Gypsy's red-haired pony, sir. Oh, he *is* beautiful! You should see his coat in the sunshine! You should see his mane! You should see his tail! Such little feet, sir, and they go like lightning! Such a dear face, too, and eyes like a mouse! But he's a racer, and the Gypsy wants fifteen pounds for him."

"If he's a racer you couldn't ride him. Could you?"

"No — o, sir, but I can stick to him. I did the other day."

"The dooce you did! Well, I'm fond of riding myself; and if the beast is as good as you say, he might suit me."

"You're too tall for Lollo, I think," said Jackanapes, measuring his grandfather with his eye.

"I can double up my legs, I suppose. We'll have a look at him to-morrow."

"Don't you weigh a good deal?" asked Jackanapes.

"Chiefly waistcoats," said the General, slapping the breast of his military frock-coat. "We'll have the little racer on the Green the first thing in the morning. Glad you mentioned it, grandson; glad you mentioned it."

The General was as good as his word. Next morning the Gypsy and Lollo, Miss

Jessamine, Jackanapes and his grandfather and his dog Spitfire, were all gathered at one end of the Green in a group, which so aroused the innocent curiosity of Mrs. Johnson, as she saw it from one of her upper windows, that she and the children took their early promenade rather earlier than usual. The General talked to the Gypsy, and Jackanapes fondled Lollo's mane, and did not know whether he should be more glad or miserable if his grandfather bought him.

"Jackanapes!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I've bought Lollo, but I believe you were right. He hardly stands high enough for me. If you can ride him to the other end of the Green, I'll give him to you."

How Jackanapes tumbled on to Lollo's back he never knew. He had just gathered up the reins when the Gypsy father took him by the arm.

"If you want to make Lollo go fast, my little gentleman—"

"*I* can make him go!" said Jackanapes; and drawing from his pocket the trumpet he had bought in the Fair, he blew a blast both loud and shrill.

Away went Lollo, and away went Jackanapes's hat. His golden hair flew out, an aureole from which his cheeks shone red and distended with trumpeting. Away went Spitfire, mad with the rapture of the race and the wind in his silky ears. Away went the geese, the cocks, the hens, and the whole family of Johnson. Lucy clung to her mamma, Jane saved Emily by the gathers of her gown, and Tony saved himself by a somersault.

The Gray Goose was just returning when Jackanapes and Lollo rode back, Spitfire panting behind.

"Good, my little gentleman, good!" said the Gypsy. "You were born to the saddle. You've the flat thigh, the strong knee, the wiry back, and the light caressing hand; all you want is to learn the whisper. Come here!"

"What was that dirty fellow talking about, grandson?" asked the General.

"I can't tell you, sir. It's a secret."

They were sitting in the window again, in the two Chippendale arm-chairs, the General devouring every line of his grandson's face, with strange spasms crossing his own.

"You must love your aunt very much, Jackanapes?"

"I do, sir," said Jackanapes, warmly.

"And whom do you love next best to your aunt?"

The ties of blood were pressing very strongly on the General himself, and perhaps he thought of Lollo. But love is not bought in a day, even with fourteen pounds nineteen shillings and tenpence. Jackanapes answered quite readily, "The Postman."

"Why the Postman?"

"He knew my father," said Jackanapes, "and he tells me about him and about his black mare. My father was a soldier, a brave soldier. He died at Waterloo. When I grow up I want to be a soldier too."

"So you shall, my boy; so you shall."

"Thank you, grandfather. Aunty doesn't want me to be a soldier, for fear of being killed."

"Bless my life! Would she have you get into a feather-bed and stay there? Why, you might be killed by a thunderbolt if you were a butter-merchant!"

"So I might. I shall tell her so. What a funny fellow you are, sir! I say, do you think my father knew the Gypsy's secret? The Postman says he used to whisper to his black mare."

"Your father was taught to ride, as a child, by one of those horsemen of the East who swoop and dart and wheel about a plain like swallows in autumn. Grandson! love me a little too. I can tell you more about your father than the Postman can."

"I do love you," said Jackanapes. "Before you came I was frightened. I'd no notion you were so nice."

"Love me always, boy, whatever I do or leave undone. And—God help me!—whatever you do or leave undone, I'll love you. There shall never be a cloud between us for a day; no, sir, not for an hour. We're imperfect enough, all of us—we needn't be so bitter; and life is uncertain enough at its safest—we needn't waste its opportunities. God bless my soul! Here sit I, after a dozen battles and some of the worst climates in the world, and by yonder lych gate lies your mother, who didn't move five miles, I suppose, from your aunt's apron-strings,— dead in her teens; my golden-haired daughter, whom I never saw!"

Jackanapes was terribly troubled.

"Don't cry, grandfather," he pleaded, his own blue eyes round with tears. "I will love you very much, and I will try to be very good. But I should like to be a soldier."

"You shall, my boy; you shall. You've more claims for a commission than you know of. Cavalry, I suppose; eh, ye young Jackanapes? Well, well; if you live to be an honor to your country, this old heart shall grow young again with pride for you; and if you die in the service of your country—egad, sir, it can but break for ye!"

And beating the region which he said was all waistcoats, as if they stifled him, the old man got up and strode out on to the Green.

CHAPTER IV

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—John 15:13.

Twenty and odd years later the Gray Goose was still alive, and in full possession of her faculties, such as they were. She lived slowly and carefully, and she lived long. So did Miss Jessamine; but the General was dead.

He had lived on the Green for many years, during which he and the Postman saluted each other with a punctiliousness that it almost drilled one to witness. He would have completely spoiled Jackanapes if Miss Jessamine's conscience would have let him; otherwise he somewhat dragooned his neighbors, and was as positive about parish matters as a rate-payer about the army. A stormy-tempered, tender-hearted soldier, irritable with the suffering of wounds of which he never spoke, whom all the village followed to his grave with tears.

The General's death was a great shock to Miss Jessamine, and her nephew stayed with her for some little time after the funeral. Then he was obliged to join his regiment, which was ordered abroad.

One effect of the conquest which the General had gained over the affections of the village was a considerable abatement of the popular prejudice against "the military." Indeed, the village was now somewhat importantly represented in the army. There was the General himself, and the Postman, and the Black Captain's tablet in the church, and Jackanapes, and Tony Johnson, and a Trumpeter.

Tony Johnson had no more natural taste for fighting than for riding, but he was as devoted as ever to Jackanapes. And that was how it came about that

Mr. Johnson bought him a commission in the same cavalry regiment that the General's grandson (whose commission had been given him by the Iron Duke) was in; and that he was quite content to be the butt of the mess where Jackanapes was the hero; and that when Jackanapes wrote home to Miss Jessamine, Tony wrote with the same purpose to his mother,— namely, to demand her congratulations that they were on active service at last, and were ordered to the front. And he added a postscript, to the effect that she could have no idea how popular Jackanapes was, nor how splendidly he rode the wonderful red charger which he had named after his old friend Lollo.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Sound Retire!"

A Boy Trumpeter, grave with the weight of responsibilities and accoutrements beyond his years, and stained so that his own mother would not have known him, with the sweat and dust of battle, did as he was bid; and then, pushing his trumpet pettishly aside, adjusted his weary legs for the hundredth time to the horse which was a world too big for him, and muttering, "Tain't a pretty tune," tried to see something of this his first engagement before it came to an end.

Being literally in the thick of it, he could hardly have seen less or known less of what happened in that particular skirmish if he had been at home in England. For many good reasons,— including dust and smoke, and that what attention he dared distract from his commanding officer was pretty well absorbed by keeping his hard-mouthed troop-horse in hand, under pain of execration by his neighbors in the mêlée. By and by, when the newspapers came out, if he could get a look at one before it was thumbed to bits, he would learn that the enemy had appeared from ambush in overwhelming numbers, and that orders had been given to fall back, which was done slowly and in good order, the men fighting as they retired.

Born and bred on the Goose Green, the youngest of Mr. Johnson's gardener's numerous offspring, the boy had given his family no "peace" till they let him "go for a soldier" with Master Tony and Master Jackanapes. They consented at last, with more tears than they shed when an elder son was sent to jail for poaching; and the boy was perfectly happy in his life, and full of *esprit de corps*. It was this which had been wounded by having to sound retreat for "the young gentlemen's regiment," the first time he served with it before the enemy; and he was also harassed by having completely lost sight of Master Tony. There had been some hard fighting before the backward movement began, and he had caught sight of him once, but not since. On the other hand, all the pulses of his village pride had been stirred by one or two visions of Master Jackanapes whirling about on his wonderful horse. He had been easy to distinguish, since an eccentric blow had bared his head without hurting it; for his close golden mop of hair gleamed in the hot sunshine as brightly as the steel of the sword flashing round it.

Of the missiles that fell pretty thickly, the Boy Trumpeter did not take much notice. First, one can't attend to everything, and his hands were full; secondly, one gets used to anything; thirdly, experience soon teaches one, in spite of proverbs, how very few bullets find their billet. Far more unnerving is the mere suspicion of fear or even of anxiety in the human mass around you. The Boy was beginning to wonder if there were any dark reason for the increasing pressure, and whether they would be allowed to move back more quickly, when the smoke in front lifted for a moment, and he could see the plain, and the enemy's line some two hundred yards away. And across the the plain between them, he saw Master Jackanapes galloping alone at the top of Lollo's speed, their faces to the enemy, his golden head at Lollo's ear.

But at this moment noise and smoke seemed to burst out on every side; the officer shouted to him to sound Retire! and between trumpeting and bumping about on his horse, he saw and heard no more of the incidents of his first battle.

Tony Johnson was always unlucky with horses, from the days of the giddy-go-round onwards. On this day — of all days in the year — his own horse was on the sick list, and he had to ride an inferior, ill-conditioned beast, and fell off that, at the very moment when it was matter of life or death to be able to ride away. The horse fell on him, but struggled up again, and Tony managed to keep hold of it. It was in trying to remount that he discovered, by helplessness and anguish, that one of his legs was crushed and broken, and that no feat of which he was master would get him into the saddle. Not able even to stand alone, awkwardly, agonizingly, unable to mount his restive horse, his life was yet so strong within him! And on one side of him rolled the dust and smoke-cloud of his advancing foes, and on the other, that which covered his retreating friends.

He turned one piteous gaze after them, with a bitter twinge, not of reproach, but of loneliness; and then, dragging himself up by the side of his horse, he turned the other way and drew out his pistol, and waited for the end. Whether he waited seconds or minutes he never knew, before some one gripped him by the arm.

"*Jackanapes! God bless you!* It's my left leg. If you *could* get me on — "

It was like Tony's luck that his pistol went off at his horse's tail, and made it plunge; but Jackanapes threw him across the saddle.

"Hold on anyhow, and stick your spur in. I'll lead him. Keep your head down; they're firing high."

And Jackanapes laid his head down — to Lollo's ear.

It was when they were fairly off, that a sudden upspringing of the enemy in all directions had made it necessary to change the gradual retirement of our force into as rapid a retreat as possible. And when Jackanapes became aware of this, and felt the lagging and swerving of Tony's horse, he began to wish he had thrown his friend across his own saddle and left their lives to Lollo.

When Tony became aware of it, several things came into his head: 1. That the dangers of their ride for life were now more than doubled; 2. That if Jackanapes and Lollo were not burdened with him they would undoubtedly escape; 3. That Jackanapes's life was infinitely valuable, and his — Tony's — was not; 4. That this, if he could seize it, was the supremest of all the moments in which he had tried to assume the virtues which Jackanapes had by nature; and that if he could be courageous and unselfish now —

He caught at his own reins and spoke very loud,—

"Jackanapes! It won't do. You and Lollo must go on. Tell the fellows I gave you back to them with all my heart. Jackanapes, if you love me, leave me!"

There was a daffodil light over the evening sky in front of them, and it shone strangely on Jackanapes's hair and face. He turned with an odd look in his eyes that a vainer man than Tony Johnson might have taken for brotherly pride. Then he shook his mop, and laughed at him,

"*Leave you?* To save my skin? No, Tony, not to save my soul!"

CHAPTER V

MR. VALIANT *summoned. His Will. His last Words.*

> Then said he, "I am going to my Father's. . . . . My Sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my Pilgrimage, and my Courage and Skill to him that can get it." . . . . And as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy Victory?"
>
> So he passed over, and all the Trumpets sounded for him on the other side.
>
> BUNYAN, *Pilgrim's Progress*

Coming out of a hospital tent, at headquarters, the surgeon cannoned against, and rebounded from, another officer,— a sallow man, not young, with a face worn more by ungentle experiences than by age, with weary eyes that kept their own counsel, iron-gray hair, and a moustache that was as if a raven had laid its wing across his lips and sealed them.

"Well?"

"Beg pardon, Major. Didn't see you. Oh, compound fracture and bruises. But it's all right; he'll pull through."

"Thank God."

It was probably an involuntary expression; for prayer and praise were not much in the Major's line, as a jerk of the surgeon's head would have betrayed to an observer. He was a bright little man, with his feelings showing all over him, but with gallantry and contempt of death enough for both sides of his profession; who took a cool head, a white handkerchief, and a case of instruments, where other men went hot blooded with weapons, and who was the biggest gossip, male or female, of the regiment. Not even the major's taciturnity daunted him.

"Didn't think he'd as much pluck about him as he has. He'll do all right if he does n't fret himself into a fever about poor Jackanapes."

"Whom are you talking about?" asked the Major, hoarsely.

"Young Johnson. He—"

"What about Jackanapes?"

"Don't you know? Sad business. Rode back for Johnson, and brought him in; but, monstrous ill-luck, hit as they rode. Left lung—"

"Will he recover?"

"No. Sad business. What a frame—what limbs—what health—and what good looks! Finest young fellow—"

"Where is he?"

"In his own tent," said the surgeon, sadly.

The Major wheeled and left him.

. . . .

"Can I do anything else for you?"

"Nothing, thank you. Except—Major! I wish I could get you to appreciate Johnson."

"This is not an easy moment, Jackanapes."

"Let me tell you, sir—*he* never will—that if he could have driven me from him, he would be lying yonder at this moment, and I should be safe and sound."

The Major laid his hand over his mouth, as if to keep back a wish he would have been ashamed to utter.

"I've known old Tony from a child. He's a fool on impulse, a good man and a gentleman in principle. And he acts on principle, which it's not every—Some water, please! Thank you, sir. It's very hot, and yet one's feet get uncommonly cold. Oh, thank you, thank you. He's no fire-eater, but he has a trained conscience and a tender heart, and he'll do his duty when a braver and more selfish man might fail you. But he wants encouragement; and when I'm gone—"

"He shall have encouragement. You have my word for it. Can I do nothing else?"

"Yes, Major. A favor."

"Thank you, Jackanapes."

"Be Lollo's master, and love him as well as you can. He's used to it."

"Wouldn't you rather Johnson had him?"

The blue eyes twinkled in spite of mortal pain.

"Tony *rides* on principle, Major. His legs are bolsters, and will be to the end of the chapter. I could n't insult dear Lollo; but if you don't care—"

"While I live—which will be longer than I desire or deserve—Lollo shall want nothing but—you. I have too little tenderness for—My dear boy, you're faint. Can you spare me for a moment?"

"No, stay—Major!"

"What? What?"

"My head drifts so—if you would n't mind."

"Yes! Yes!"

"Say a prayer by me. Out loud, please; I am getting deaf."

"My dearest Jackanapes—my dear boy—"

"One of the Church Prayers—Parade Service, you know."

"I see. But the fact is—God forgive me, Jackanapes!—I'm a very different sort of fellow to some of you youngsters. Look here, let me fetch—"

But Jackanapes's hand was in his, and it would not let go.

There was a brief and bitter silence.

" 'Pon my soul I can only remember the little one at the end."

"Please," whispered Jackanapes.

Pressed by the conviction that what little he could do it was his duty to do, the Major, kneeling, bared his head, and spoke loudly, clearly, and very reverently,—

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ—"

Jackanapes moved his left hand to his right one, which still held the Major's.

"The love of God—"

And with that—Jackanapes died.

CHAPTER VI

Und so ist der blaue Himmel grösser als jedes Gewölk darin, und dauerhafter dazu.

—Jean Paul Richter

Jackanapes's death was sad news for the Goose Green, a sorrow just qualified by honorable pride in his gallantry and devotion. Only the Cobbler dissented; but that was his way. He said he saw nothing in it but foolhardiness and vainglory. They might both have been killed, as easy as not; and then where would ye have been? A man's life was a man's life, and one life was as good as another. No one would catch him throwing his away. And, for that matter, Mrs. Johnson could spare a child a great deal better than Miss Jessamine.

But the parson preached Jackanapes's funeral sermon on the text, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it"; and all the village went and wept to hear him.

Nor did Miss Jessamine see her loss from the Cobbler's point of view. On the contrary, Mrs. Johnson said she never to her dying day should forget how, when she went to condole with her, the old lady came forward, with gentlewomanly self-control, and kissed her, and thanked God that her dear nephew's effort had been blessed with success, and that this sad war had made no gap in her friend's large and happy home-circle.

"But she's a noble, unselfish woman," sobbed Mrs. Johnson, "and she taught Jackanapes to be the same; and that's how it is that my Tony has been spared to me. And it must be sheer goodness in Miss Jessamine, for what can she know of a mother's feelings? And I'm sure most people seem to think that if you've a large family you don't know one from another any more than they do, and that a lot of children are like a lot of store apples, — if one's taken it won't be missed."

Lollo — the first Lollo, the Gypsy's Lollo — very aged, draws Miss Jessamine's bath-chair slowly up and down the Goose Green in the sunshine.

The Ex-postman walks beside him, which Lollo tolerates to the level of his shoulder. If the Postman advances any nearer to his head, Lollo quickens his pace; and were the Postman to persist in the injudicious attempt, there is, as Miss Jessamine says, no knowing what might happen.

In the opinion of the Goose Green, Miss Jessamine has borne her troubles "wonderfully." Indeed, to-day, some of the less delicate and less intimate of those who see everything from the upper windows say (well, behind her back) that "the old lady seems quite lively with her military beaux again."

The meaning of this is, that Captain Johnson is leaning over one side of her chair, while by the other bends a brother officer who is staying with him, and who has manifested an extraordinary interest in Lollo. He bends lower and lower, and Miss Jessamine calls to the Postman to request Lollo to be kind enough to stop, while she is fumbling for something which always hangs by her side, and has got entangled with her spectacles.

It is a twopenny trumpet, bought years ago in the village fair; and over it she and Captain Johnson tell, as best they can, between them, the story of Jackanapes's ride across the Goose Green; and how he won Lollo — the Gypsy's Lollo — the racer Lollo — dear Lollo — faithful Lollo — Lollo the never vanquished — Lollo the tender servant of his old mistress. And Lollo's ears twitch at every mention of his name.

Their hearer does not speak, but he never moves his eyes from the trumpet; and when the tale is told, he lifts Miss Jessamine's hand and presses his heavy black moustache in silence to her trembling fingers.

The sun, setting gently to his rest, embroiders the somber foliage of the oak tree with threads of gold. The Gray Goose is sensible of an atmosphere of repose, and puts up one leg for the night. The grass glows with a more vivid green, and, in answer to a ringing call from Tony, his sisters fluttering over the daisies in pale-hued muslins, come out of their ever-open door, like pretty pigeons from a dovecote.

And if the good gossips' eyes do not deceive them, all the Miss Johnsons and both the officers go wandering off into the lanes, where bryony wreaths still twine about the brambles.

. . . .

A sorrowful story, and ending badly?
Nay, Jackanapes, for the End is not yet.

A life wasted that might have been useful?

Men who have died for men, in all ages, forgive the thought!

There is a heritage of heroic example and noble obligation, not reckoned in the Wealth of Nations, but essential to a nation's life; the contempt of which, in any people, may, not slowly, mean even its commercial fall.

Very sweet are the uses of prosperity, the harvests of peace and progress, the fostering sunshine of health and happiness, and length of days in the land.

But there be things—oh, sons of what has deserved the name of Great Britain, forget it not!—"the good of" which and "the use of" which are beyond all calculation of worldly goods and earthly uses: things such as Love, and Honor, and the Soul of Man, which cannot be bought with a price, and which do not die with death. And they who would fain live happily ever after should not leave these things out of the lessons of their lives.

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The story that follows was first published in *Harper's Round Table*, June 25, 1895, as the winner of first place in a short story contest conducted by that periodical. The author at that time was seventeen years of age. It seems quite fitting that a writer beginning his career in such fashion should finally write the most scholarly historical and critical account of the development of the short story, *The Short Story in English* (1909). Mr. Canby was for several years assistant professor of English in the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University, and is now the editor of *The Literary Review*, the literary section of the New York *Evening Post*. ("Betty's Ride" is used here by special arrangement with the author.)

BETTY'S RIDE: A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION

HENRY S. CANBY

The sun was just rising and showering his first rays on the gambrel-roof and solid stone walls of a house surrounded by a magnificent grove of walnuts, and overlooking one of the beautiful valleys so common in southeastern Pennsylvania. Close by the house, and shaded by the same great trees, stood a low building of the most severe type, whose time-stained bricks and timbers green with moss told its age without the aid of the half-obliterated inscription over the door, which read, "Built A. D. 1720." One familiar with the country would have pronounced it without hesitation a Quaker meeting-house, dating back almost to the time of William Penn.

When Ezra Dale had become the leader of the little band of Quakers which gathered here every First Day, he had built the house under the walnut-trees, and had taken his wife Ann and his little daughter Betty to live there. That was in 1770, seven years earlier, and before war had wrought sorrow and desolation throughout the country.

The sun rose higher, and just as his beams touched the broad stone step in front of the house the door opened, and Ann Dale, a sweet-faced woman in the plain Quaker garb, came out, followed by Betty, a little blue-eyed Quakeress of twelve years, with a gleam of spirit in her face which ill became her plain dress.

"Betty," said her mother, as they walked out towards the great horse-block by the road-side, "thee must keep house to-day. Friend Robert has just sent thy father word that the redcoats have not crossed the Brandywine since Third Day last, and thy father and I will ride to Chester to-day, that there may be other than corn-cakes and bacon for the friends who come to us after monthly meeting. Mind thee keeps near the house and finishes thy sampler."

"Yes, mother," said Betty; "but will thee not come home early? I shall miss thee sadly."

Just then Ezra appeared, wearing his collarless Quaker coat, and leading a horse saddled with a great pillion, into which Ann laboriously climbed after her husband, and with a final warning and "farewell" to Betty, clasped him tightly around the waist lest she should be jolted off as they jogged down the rough and winding lane into the broad Chester highway.

Friend Ann had many reasons for fearing to leave Betty alone for a whole day, and she looked back anxiously at her waving "farewell" with her little bonnet.

It was a troublous time.

The Revolution was at its height, and the British, who had a short time before disembarked their army near Elkton, Maryland, were now encamped near White Clay Creek, while Washington occupied the country bordering on the Brandywine. His force, however, was small compared to the extent of the country to be guarded, and bands of the British sometimes crossed the Brandywine and foraged in the fertile counties of Delaware and Chester. As Betty's father, although a Quaker and a non-combatant, was known to be a patriot, he had to suffer the fortunes of war with his neighbors.

Thus it was with many forebodings that Betty's mother watched the slight figure under the spreading branches of a great chestnut, which seemed to rustle its innumerable leaves as if to promise protection to the little maid. However, the sun shone brightly, the swallows chirped as they circled overhead, and nothing seemed farther off than battle and bloodshed.

Betty skipped merrily into the house, and snatching up some broken corn-cake left from the morning meal, ran lightly out to the paddock where Daisy was kept, her own horse, which she had helped to raise from a colt.

"Come thee here, Daisy," she said, as she seated herself on the top rail of the mossy snake fence. "Come thee here, and thee shall have some of thy mistress's corn-cake. Ah! I thought thee would like it. Now go and eat all thee can of this good grass, for if the wicked redcoats come again, thee will not have another chance, I can tell thee."

Daisy whinnied and trotted off, while Betty, feeding the few chickens (sadly reduced in numbers by numerous raids), returned to the house, and getting her sampler, sat down under a walnut-tree to sew on the stint which her mother had given her.

All was quiet save the chattering of the squirrels overhead and the drowsy hum of the bees, when from around the curve in the road she heard a shot; then another nearer, and then a voice shouting commands, and the thud of hoof-beats farther down the valley. She jumped up with a startled cry: "The redcoats! The redcoats! Oh, what shall I do!"

Just then the foremost of a scattered band of soldiers, their buff and blue uniforms and ill-assorted arms showing them to be Americans, appeared in full flight around the curve in the road, and springing over the fence, dashed across the pasture straight for the meeting-house. Through the broad gateway they poured, and forcing open the door of the meeting-house, rushed within and began to barricade the windows.

Their leader paused while his men passed in, and seeing Betty, came quickly towards her.

"What do you here, child?" he said, hurridly. "Go quickly, before the British reach us, and tell your father that, Quaker or no Quaker, he shall ride to Washington, on the Brandywine, and tell him that we, but one hundred men, are besieged by three hundred British cavalry in Chichester Meeting-house, with but little powder left. Tell him to make all haste to us."

Turning, he hastened into the meeting-house, now converted into a fort, and as the doors closed behind him Betty saw a black muzzle protruding from every window.

With trembling fingers the little maid picked up her sampler, and as the thud of horses' hoofs grew louder and louder, she ran fearfully into the house, locked and bolted the massive door, and then flying up the broad stairs, she seated herself in a little window overlooking the meeting-house yard. She had gone into the house none too soon. Up the road, with their red coats gleaming and their harness jangling, was sweeping a detachment of British cavalry, never stopping until they reached the meeting-house—and then it was too late.

A sheet of flame shot out from the wall before them, and half a dozen troopers fell lifeless to the ground, and half a dozen riderless horses galloped wildly down the road. The leader shouted a sharp command, and the whole troop retreated in confusion.

Betty drew back shuddering, and when she brought herself to look again the troopers had dismounted, had surrounded the meeting-house, and were pouring volley after volley at its doors and windows. Then for the first time Betty thought of the officer's message, and remembered that the safety of the Americans depended upon her alone, for her father was away, no neighbor within reach, and without powder she knew they could not resist long.

Could she save them? All her stern Quaker blood rose at the thought, and stealing softly to the paddock behind the barn, she saddled Daisy and led her through the bars into the wood road, which opened into the highway just around the bend. Could she but pass the pickets without discovery there would be little danger of pursuit; then there would be only the long ride of eight miles ahead of her.

Just before the narrow wood road joined the broader highway Betty mounted Daisy by means of a convenient stump, and starting off at a gallop, had just turned the corner when a voice shouted "Halt!" and a shot whistled past her head. Betty screamed with terror, and bending over, brought down her riding-whip with all her strength upon Daisy, then, turning for a moment, saw three troopers hurriedly mounting.

Her heart sank within her, but, beginning to feel the excitement of the chase, she leaned over and patting Daisy on the neck, encouraged her to do her best. Onward they sped. Betty, her curly hair streaming in the wind, the color now mounting to, now retreating from her cheeks, led by five hundred yards.

But Daisy had not been used for weeks, and already felt the unusual strain.

Now they thundered over Naaman's Creek, now over Concord, with the nearest pursuer only four hundred yards behind; and now they raced beside the clear waters of Beaver Brook, and as Betty dashed through its shallow ford, the thud of horse's hoofs seemed just over her shoulder.

Betty, at first sure of success, now knew that unless in some way she could throw her pursuers off her track she was surely lost. Just then she saw ahead of her a fork in the road, the lower branch leading to the Brandywine, the upper to the Birmingham Meeting-house. Could she but get the troopers on the upper road while she took the lower, she would be safe; and, as if in answer to her wish, there flashed across her mind the remembrance of the old cross-road which, long disused, and with its entrance hidden by drooping boughs, led from a point in the upper road just out of sight of the fork down across the lower, and through the valley of the Brandywine. Could she gain this road unseen she still might reach Washington.

Urging Daisy forward, she broke just in time through the dense growth which hid the entrance, and sat trembling, hidden behind a dense growth of tangled vines, while she heard the troopers thunder by. Then, riding through the rustling woods, she came at last into the open, and saw spread out beneath her the beautiful valley of the Brandywine, dotted with the white tents of the Continental army.

Starting off at a gallop, she dashed around a bend in the road into the midst of a group of officers riding slowly up from the valley.

"Stop, little maiden, before you run us down," said one, who seemed to be in command. "Where are you going in such hot haste?"

"Oh, sir," said Betty, reining in Daisy, "can thee tell me where I can find General Washington?"

"Yes, little Quakeress," said the officer who had first spoken to her; "I am he. What do you wish?"

Betty, too exhausted to be surprised, poured forth her story in a few broken sentences, and (hearing as if in a dream the hasty commands for the rescue of the soldiers in Chichester Meeting-house) fell forward in her saddle, and, for the first time in her life, fainted, worn out by her noble ride.

A few days later, when recovering from the shock of her long and eventful ride, Betty, awaking from a deep sleep, found her mother kneeling beside her little bed, while her father talked with General Washington himself beside the fireplace; and it was the proudest and happiest moment of her life when Washington, coming forward and taking her by the hand, said, "You are the bravest little maid in America, and an honor to your country."

Still the peaceful meeting-house and the gambrel-roofed home stand unchanged, save that their time-beaten timbers and crumbling bricks have taken on a more sombre tinge, and under the broad walnut-tree another little Betty sits and sews.

If you ask it, she will take down the great key from its nail, and swinging back the new doors of the meeting-house, will show you the old worm-eaten ones inside, which, pierced through and through with bullet-holes, once served as a rampart against the enemy. And she will tell you, in the quaint Friend's language, how her great-great-grandmother carried, over a hundred years ago, the news of the danger of her countrymen to Washington, on the Brandywine, and at the risk of her own life saved theirs.

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Some two decades ago thousands were reading about the highly romantic career of Charles Brandon in *When Knighthood Was in Flower* (1898), and other thousands were applauding Julia Marlowe's impersonation of the beautiful and fascinating Princess Mary in the dramatic version of that book. The author was Charles Major (1856–1913), an Indiana lawyer turned novelist, who wrote, also, the equally romantic story of *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall* (1902). Between these two pieces of delightful romance, he wrote a series of sketches of pioneer life in Indiana under the title of *The Bears of Blue River* (1901). It is an account of boy life in the early days, full of dramatic interest, simply written, and entirely worthy of the high place which it has already taken among stories of its type. The first adventure in that book follows by special arrangement with the publishers. (Copyright. The Macmillan Company, New York.)

THE BIG BEAR

CHARLES MAJOR

Away back in the "twenties," when Indiana was a baby state, and great forests of tall trees and tangled underbrush darkened what are now her bright plains and sunny hills, there stood upon the east bank of Big Blue River, a mile or two north of the point where that stream crosses the Michigan road, a cozy log cabin of two rooms—one front and one back.

The house faced the west, and stretching off toward the river for a distance equal to twice the width of an ordinary street, was a blue-grass lawn, upon which stood a dozen or more elm and sycamore trees, with a few honey-locusts scattered here and there. Immediately at the water's edge was a steep slope of ten or twelve feet. Back of the house, mile upon mile, stretched the deep dark forest, inhabited by deer and bears, wolves and wildcats, squirrels and birds, without number.

In the river the fish were so numerous that they seemed to entreat the boys to catch them, and to take them out of their crowded quarters. There were bass and black suckers, sunfish and catfish, to say nothing of the sweetest of all, the big-mouthed redeye.

South of the house stood a log barn, with room in it for three horses and two cows; and enclosing this barn, together with a piece of ground, five or six acres in extent, was a palisade fence, eight or ten feet high, made by driving poles into the ground close together. In this enclosure the farmer kept his stock, consisting of a few sheep and cattle, and here also the chickens, geese, and ducks were driven at nightfall to save them from "varmints," as all prowling animals were called by the settlers.

The man who had built this log hut, and who lived in it and owned the adjoining land at the time of which I write, bore the name of Balser Brent. "Balser" is probably a corruption of Baltzer, but, however that may be, Balser was his name, and Balser was the hero of the bear stories which I am about to tell you.

Mr. Brent and his young wife had moved to the Blue River settlement from North Carolina, when young Balser was a little boy five or six years of age. They had purchased the "eighty" upon which they lived, from the United States, at a sale of public land held in the town of Brookville on Whitewater, and had paid for it what was then considered a good round sum — one dollar per acre. They had received a deed for their "eighty" from no less a person than James Monroe, then President of the United States. This deed, which is called a patent, was written on sheepskin, signed by the President's own hand, and is still preserved by the descendants of Mr. Brent as one of the title-deeds to the land it conveyed. The house, as I have told you, consisted of two large rooms, or buildings, separated by a passageway six or eight feet broad which was roofed over, but open at both ends — on the north and south. The back room was the kitchen, and the front room was parlor, bedroom, sitting room and library all in one.

At the time when my story opens Little Balser, as he was called to distinguish him from his father, was thirteen or fourteen years of age, and was the happy possessor of a younger brother, Jim, aged nine, and a little sister one year old, of whom he was very proud indeed.

On the south side of the front room was a large fireplace. The chimney was built of sticks, thickly covered with clay. The fireplace was almost as large as a small room in one of our cramped modern houses, and was broad and deep enough to take in backlogs which were so large and heavy that they could not be lifted, but were drawn in at the door and rolled over the floor to the fireplace.

The prudent father usually kept two extra backlogs, one on each side of the fireplace, ready to be rolled in as the blaze died down; and on these logs the children would sit at night, with a rough slate made from a flat stone, and do their "ciphering," as the study of arithmetic was then called. The fire usually furnished all the light they had, for candles and "dips," being expensive luxuries, were used only when company was present.

The fire, however, gave sufficient light, and its blaze upon a cold night extended halfway up the chimney, sending a ruddy, cozy glow to every nook and corner of the room.

The back room was the storehouse and kitchen; and from the beams and along the walls hung rich hams and juicy sidemeat, jerked venison, dried apples, onions, and other provisions for the winter. There was a glorious fireplace in this room also, and a crane upon which to hang pots and cooking utensils.

The floor of the front room was made of logs split in halves with the flat, hewn side up; but the floor of the kitchen was of clay, packed hard and smooth.

The settlers had no stoves, but did their cooking in round pots called Dutch ovens. They roasted their meats on a spit or steel bar like the ramrod of a gun. The spit was kept turning before the fire, presenting first one side of the meat and then the other, until it was thoroughly cooked. Turning the spit was the children's work.

South of the palisade enclosing the barn was the clearing — a tract of twenty or thirty acres of land, from which Mr. Brent had cut and burned the trees. On this clearing the stumps stood thick as the hair on an angry dog's back; but the hard-working farmer ploughed between and around them, and each year raised upon the fertile soil enough wheat and corn to supply the wants of his family and his stock, and still had a little grain left to take to Brookville, sixty miles away, where he had bought his land, there to exchange for such necessities of life as could not be grown upon the farm or found in the forests.

The daily food of the family all came from the farm, the forest, or the creek. Their sugar was obtained from the sap of the sugar-trees; their meat was supplied in the greatest abundance by a few hogs, and by the inexhaustible game of which the forests were full. In the woods were found deer just for the shooting; and squirrels, rabbits, wild turkeys, pheasants, and quails, so numerous that a few hours' hunting would supply the table for days. The fish in the river, as I told you, fairly longed to be caught.

One day Mrs. Brent took down the dinner horn and blew upon it two strong blasts. This was a signal that Little Balser, who was helping his father down in the clearing, should come to the house. Balser was glad enough to drop his hoe and to run home. When he reached the house his mother said:

"Balser, go up to the drift and catch a mess of fish for dinner. Your father is tired of deer meat three times a day, and I know he would like a nice dish of fried redeyes at noon."

"All right, mother," said Balser. And he immediately took down his fishing-pole and line, and got the spade to dig bait. When he had collected a small gourdful of angle-worms, his mother called to him:

"You had better take a gun. You may meet a bear; your father loaded the gun this morning, and you must be careful in handling it."

Balser took the gun, which was a heavy rifle considerably longer than himself, and started up the river toward the drift, about a quarter of a mile away.

There had been rain during the night and the ground near the drift was soft.

Here, Little Balser noticed fresh bear tracks, and his breath began to come quickly. You may be sure he peered closely into every dark thicket, and looked behind all the large trees and logs, and had his eyes wide open lest perchance "Mr. Bear" should step out and surprise him with an affectionate hug, and thereby put an end to Little Balser forever.

So he walked on cautiously, and, if the truth must be told, somewhat tremblingly, until he reached the drift.

Balser was but a little fellow, yet the stern necessities of a settler's life had compelled his father to teach him the use of a gun; and although Balser had never killed a bear, he had shot several deer, and upon one occasion had killed a wildcat, "almost as big as a cow," he said.

I have no doubt the wildcat seemed "almost as big as a cow" to Balser when he killed it, for it must have frightened him greatly, as wildcats were sometimes dangerous animals for children to encounter. Although Balser had never met a bear face to face and alone, yet he felt, and many a time had said, that there was n't a bear in the world big enough to frighten him, if he but had his gun.

He had often imagined and minutely detailed to his parents and little brother just what he would do if he should meet a bear. He would wait calmly and quietly until his bearship should come within a few yards of him, and then he would slowly lift his gun. Bang! and Mr. Bear would be dead with a bullet in his heart.

But when he saw the fresh bear tracks, and began to realize that he would probably have an opportunity to put his theories about bear killing into practice, he began to wonder if, after all, he would become frightened and miss his aim. Then he thought of how the bear, in that case, would be calm and deliberate, and would put *his* theories into practice by walking very politely up to him, and making a very satisfactory dinner of a certain boy whom he could name. But as he walked on and no bear appeared, his courage grew stronger as the prospect of meeting the enemy grew less, and he again began saying to himself that no bear could frighten him, because he had his gun and he could and would kill it.

So Balser reached the drift; and having looked carefully about him, leaned his gun against a tree, unwound his fishing-line from the pole, and walked out to the end of a log which extended into the river some twenty or thirty feet.

Here he threw in his line, and soon was so busily engaged drawing out sunfish and redeyes, and now and then a bass, which was hungry enough to bite at a worm, that all thought of the bear went out of his mind.

After he had caught enough fish for a sumptuous dinner he bethought him of going home, and as he turned toward the shore, imagine, if you can, his consternation when he saw upon the bank, quietly watching him, a huge black bear.

If the wildcat had seemed as large as a cow to Balser, of what size do you suppose that bear appeared? A cow! An elephant, surely, was small compared with the huge black fellow standing upon the bank.

It is true Balser had never seen an elephant, but his father had, and so had his friend Tom Fox, who lived down the river; and they all agreed that an elephant was "purt nigh as big as all outdoors."

The bear had a peculiar, determined expression about him that seemed to say: "That boy can't get away; he's out on the log where the water is deep, and if he jumps into the river I can easily jump in after him and catch him before he can swim a dozen strokes. He'll *have* to come off the log in a short time, and then I'll proceed to devour him."

About the same train of thought had also been rapidly passing through Balser's mind. His gun was on the bank where he had left it, and in order to reach it he would have to pass the bear. He dared not jump into the water, for any attempt to escape on his part would bring the bear upon him instantly. He was very much frightened, but, after all, was a cool-headed little fellow for his age; so he concluded that he would not press matters, as the bear did not seem inclined to do so, but so long as the bear remained watching him on the bank would stay upon the log where he was, and allow the enemy to eye him to his heart's content.

There they stood, the boy and the bear, each eyeing the other as though they were the best of friends, and would like to eat each other, which, in fact, was literally true.

Time sped very slowly for one of them, you may be sure; and it seemed to Balser that he had been standing almost an age in the middle of Blue River on that wretched shaking log, when he heard his mother's dinner horn, reminding him that it was time to go home.

Balser quite agreed with his mother and gladly would he have gone, I need not tell you; but there stood the bear, patient, determined, and fierce; and Little Balser soon was convinced in his mind that his time had come to die.

He hoped that when his father should go home to dinner and find him still absent, he would come up the river in search of him, and frighten away the bear. Hardly had this hope sprung up in his mind, when it seemed that the same thought had also occurred to the bear, for he began to move down toward the shore end of the log upon which Balser was standing.

Slowly came the bear until he reached the end of the log, which for a moment he examined suspiciously, and then, to Balser's great alarm, cautiously stepped out upon it and began to walk toward him.

Balser thought of the folks at home, and, above all, of his baby sister; and when he felt that he should never see them again, and that they would in all probability never know of his fate, he began to grow heavy-hearted and was almost paralyzed with fear.

On came the bear, putting one great paw in front of the other, and watching Balser intently with his little black eyes. His tongue hung out, and his great red mouth was open to its widest, showing the sharp, long, glittering teeth that would soon be feasting on a first-class boy dinner.

When the bear got within a few feet of Balser—so close he could almost feel the animal's hot breath as it slowly approached—the boy grew desperate with fear, and struck at the bear with the only weapon he had—his string of fish.

Now, bears love fish and blackberries above all other food; so when Balser's string of fish struck the bear in the mouth, he grabbed at them, and in doing so lost his foothold on the slippery log and fell into the water with a great splash and plunge.

This was Balser's chance for life, so he flung the fish to the bear, and ran for the bank with a speed worthy of the cause.

When he reached the bank his self-confidence returned, and he remembered all the things he had said he would do if he should meet a bear.

The bear had caught the fish, and again had climbed upon the log, where he was deliberately devouring them.

This was Little Balser's chance for death—to the bear. Quickly snatching up the gun, he rested it in the fork of a small tree near by, took deliberate aim at the bear, which was not five yards away, and shot him through the heart. The bear dropped into the water dead, and floated downstream a little way, where he lodged at a ripple a short distance below.

Balser, after he had killed the bear, became more frightened than he had been at any time during the adventure, and ran home screaming. That afternoon his father went to the scene of battle and took the bear out of the water. It was very fat and large, and weighed, so Mr. Brent said, over six hundred pounds.

Balser was firmly of the opinion that he himself was also very fat and large, and weighed at least as much as the bear. He was certainly entitled to feel "big"; for he had got himself out of an ugly scrape in a brave, manly, and cool-headed manner, and had achieved a victory of which a man might have been proud.

The news of Balser's adventure soon spread among the neighbors and he became quite a hero; for the bear he had killed was one of the largest that had ever been seen in that neighborhood, and, besides the gallons of rich bear oil it yielded, there were three or four hundred pounds of bear meat; and no other food is more strengthening for winter diet.

There was also the soft, furry skin, which Balser's mother tanned, and with it made a coverlid for Balser's bed, under which he and his little brother lay many a cold night, cozy and "snug as a bug in a rug."

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The selection that follows may serve as an example of an effective Christmas story in the latest fashion. It was not written especially for young people, but neither were many of the books that now stand on the shelf that holds their favorites. It is not only one of the great short stories, but one of the shortest of great stories. It is quite worthy of use in company with Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, Henry van Dyke's *The Other Wise Man*, and Thomas Nelson Page's *Santa Claus's Partner*, at the Christmas season, and it has the advantages of extreme brevity, a fresh breeziness of style, surprise in the plot, and romantic interest. The magi brought various gifts to the Child in the manger—gold, frankincense, myrrh—but only one gift, that of love. O. Henry does not often moralize, but no reader ever finds fault with his concluding paragraph. The author's real name was William Sidney Porter. He was born in Greensboro, N. C., in 1862, and died in New York City, in 1910, the most widely read of short-story writers. "The Gift of the Magi" is taken from the volume called *The Four Million* by special arrangement with the publishers. (Copyright. Doubleday, Page & Co. New York.)

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

O. HENRY

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at $8.00 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid $30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to $20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week does n't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only $1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an $8.00 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation — as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim does n't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do—oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered; "Please God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I could n't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You need n't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

SECTION IX

NATURE LITERATURE

BIBLIOGRAPHY

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Burgess, Thorton W., *Old Mother West Wind Stories.*
Burroughs, John, *Squirrels and Other Fur Bearers. Wake Robin.*
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Ford, Sewell, *Horses Nine.*
Hawkes, Clarence, *Shaggycoat.*
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Miller, Joaquin, *True Bear Stories.*
Miller, Olive Thorne, *The Children's Book of Birds.*
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Muir, John, *Stickeen. Our National Parks.*
Ollivant, Alfred, *Bob, Son of Battle.*
"Ouida" (Louisa de la Ramée), *Moufflou. The Dog of Flanders.*
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Roberts, Charles G. D., *Kings in Exile. Children of the Wild.*
Saunders, Marshall, *Beautiful Joe.*
Sègur, Sophie, Comtesse de, *The Story of a Donkey.*
Seton, Ernest Thompson, *Wild Animals at Home. The Biography of a Grizzly.*
Sewell, Anna, *Black Beauty.*
Sharp, Dallas Lore, *Beyond the Pasture Bars. A Watcher in the Woods.*
Terhune, Albert Payson, *Lad: A Dog.*
Thoreau, Henry David, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers.*
Walton, Izaak, *The Compleat Angler.*
White, Gilbert, *The Natural History of Selborne.*

The three books that stand at the end of this brief list are probably not ones that any teacher would recommend indiscriminately to pupils of the grades. They are the greatest of the classic books in nature literature and, in a way, constitute the goal of nature lovers.

SECTION IX. NATURE LITERATURE

INTRODUCTORY

What it is. In recent years teachers have heard much talk about "nature study" in the grades. The demand for this study has led publishers to print many so-called "nature books" that have neither scientific fact nor literary worth to justify their existence. Confusion may be avoided and time may be saved if teachers will remember that nature literature, as here defined, is a form of *literature*, and that its purpose therefore is primarily to present truth (not necessarily facts) in an entertaining way.

The selections in this section are not intended to furnish material for a scientific study of nature. They are nature literature. Some of them present scientific facts that add to the literary worth by making the stories more entertaining, but the selections are given because they illustrate various types of nature literature and the work of famous writers of nature literature, not because they present scientific facts.

Some types of nature literature. One of the oldest forms of nature literature is the beast tale in which animals are represented as talking and acting like human beings. Stories of this type entertain while they reveal the general nature of various kinds of animals. Fables should not be called nature literature, because their chief purpose is to criticize the follies of human beings. Some of the Negro folk tales that Joel Chandler Harris collected are nature literature of this type. Beast tales, however, are not all old. Stories by such modern authors as Thornton W. Burgess and Albert Bigelow Paine, who are represented in this section, may be called beast tales. They are popular in the primary grades.

Another type of nature literature, quite different from that just discussed, has been produced during the last century by students of nature who endeavor to hold strictly to facts in their writing. This may be called realistic nature literature. Henry Thoreau, John Burroughs, Olive Thorne Miller, and Dallas Lore Sharp may be mentioned as writers of this kind of literature. As we read their books, we usually feel that they are endeavoring to relate incidents as they actually occurred. Also we recognize that they are great students of nature, for they perceive details that we might not notice and they draw or suggest conclusions that we may accept as true, although we might never think of drawing the conclusions. Nature literature of this kind may be no less entertaining than fairy tales, for it may, in a pleasing way, reveal wonders in nature. The selections by Dallas Lore Sharp and Olive Thorne Miller in this section are of this kind. Most of the writings of Henry Thoreau and John Burroughs are in a style too difficult for pupils in the grades.

A third type may be called nature romance. Its purpose is both to entertain and to awaken sympathy and love for animals. Stories of this kind, like other romances, idealize the characters and may have a strong appeal to the emotions.

Of the stories in this section, we may classify as nature romance Beatrix Potter's "Peter Rabbit," Sewell Ford's "Pasha, the Son of Selim," Ouida's "Moufflou," and Rudyard Kipling's "Moti Guj—Mutineer."

A fourth kind of nature literature, sometimes called nature fiction, has been developed within the last quarter of a century and is already recognized as excellent. The plot is created by the author, although it may be based on fact, and usually is simple and rambling. One purpose of these stories is to show truly how animals live and act, just as one purpose of a novel or typical short story is to show truly how people live and act. If the author is a skillful story-teller and a good student of nature, the story may make the reader feel that he has become acquainted with a particular kind of animal and even with an individual animal. For example, the story "Last Bull," by Charles G. D. Roberts, has an effect on the reader not entirely unlike that of one of Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales*. Prominent among the authors of this very interesting and instructive form of literature may be mentioned Charles G. D. Roberts, Ernest Thompson Seton, William J. Long, and Dallas Lore Sharp.

Its place in the grades. Nature literature seems to have a place of increasing importance in schools, especially in grades above the third. Many excellent books of what we have called the fiction type and the realistic type have a charming spirit of outdoor life and adventure that makes them pleasing substitutes for the objectionable dime novel. One should not assume that these nature stories would be of less interest and value to the country child than to the city child. Too often country children have not been taught to think of animals as "little brothers of the field and the air." These nature stories, without any spirit of preaching or moralizing, show children how to enjoy nature, whether it be in the country or the city. They teach the child to form habits of observation that encourage healthful recreation. A boy who has understood the spirit of Roberts, Seton, and Sharp is not likely to find the village poolroom attractive. Nature literature, however, need not be taught merely for moral and practical purposes, for it has come to be literature of artistic worth, and as such it has earned a place among other kinds of literature for children.

SUGGESTIONS FOR READING

A good summary article is "The Rise of the Nature Writers," by F. W. Halsey, in *Review of Reviews*, Vol. XXVI, p. 567 (November, 1902). The most valuable critical article is "The Literary Treatment of Nature" in John Burroughs, *Ways of Nature* (also in *Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. XCIV, p. 38 [July, 1904]). In the violent controversy about "nature-faking" which raged some years ago, two articles will give clearly the positions of the contending parties: first, the attack by John Burroughs in "Real and Sham Natural History," *Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. XCI, p. 298 (March, 1903), and, second, the reply to Burroughs by William J. Long in "The School of Nature Study and Its Critics," *North American Review*, Vol. CLXXVI, p. 688 (May, 1903).

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One of the most popular series for very young children is that known as the *Peter Rabbit Books* after the favorite hero of the early tales. The author is Beatrix Potter, an Englishwoman. In plan these little books resemble the "toy-books" of the eighteenth century in having a bit of text on the left-hand page face a picture on the right. The entire text of "The Tale of Peter Rabbit" is given, but of course text and pictures are so completely one that much is lost by separating them. Children should meet Peter Rabbit before their school days begin.

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

BEATRIX POTTER

Once upon a time there were four little Rabbits, and their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter.

They lived with their mother in a sand bank, underneath the root of a very big fir tree.

"Now, my dears," said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, "you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden. Your father had an accident there; he was put in a pie by Mrs. McGregor. Now run along, and don't get into mischief. I am going out."

Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella, and went through the wood to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries; but Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight to Mr. McGregor's garden, and squeezed under the gate.

First he ate some lettuces and some French beans; and then he ate some radishes; and then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley.

But round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor!

Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees planting out young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, "Stop thief!"

Peter was most dreadfully frightened; he rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate.

He lost one of his shoes amongst the cabbages, and the other shoe amongst the potatoes.

After losing them, he ran on four legs and went faster, so that I think he might have got away altogether if he had not unfortunately run into a gooseberry net, and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.

Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears; but his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows, who flew to him in great excitement, and implored him to exert himself.

Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve, which he intended to pop upon the top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him, and rushed into the tool-shed, and jumped into a can. It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not had so much water in it.

Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool-shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower-pot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.

Presently Peter sneezed—"Kerty-schoo!" Mr. McGregor was after him in no time, and tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work.

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also he was very damp with sitting in that can.

After a time he began to wander about, going lippity—lippity—not very fast, and looking all around.

He found a door in a wall; but it was locked, and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.

An old mouse was running in and out over the stone doorstep, carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood. Peter asked her the way to the gate, but she had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not answer. She only shook her head at him. Peter began to cry.

Then he tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently, he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water-cans. A white cat was staring at some goldfish; she sat very, very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive. Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her; he had heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny.

He went back towards the tool-shed, but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe,—scr-r-ritch scratch, scratch, scritch. Peter scuttered underneath the bushes. But presently, as nothing happened, he came out, and climbed upon a wheelbarrow and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing onions. His back was turned towards Peter, and beyond him was the gate!

Peter got down very quietly off the wheelbarrow, and started running as fast as he could go, along a straight walk behind some black currant-bushes.

Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden.

Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scare-crow to frighten the blackbirds.

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home to the big fir-tree.

He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit-hole, and shut his eyes. His mother was busy cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and a pair of shoes that Peter had lost in a fortnight!

I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening.

His mother put him to bed, and made some camomile tea; and she gave a doze of it to Peter!

"One table-spoonful to be taken at bed-time."

But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.

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The next selection illustrates well the kind of stories in the *Bedtime Story* series of twenty volumes by Thornton Waldo Burgess (1874—). The books of this series are entitled *Adventures of Johnny Chuck*, *Adventures of Buster Bear*, *Adventures of Ol' Mistah Buzzard*, etc. These books and the *Old Mother West Wind* series of eight volumes by the same author are enjoyed by children in the second and third grades. Mr. Burgess is an American author who has been editor of several American magazines. (The following selection is from *Old Mother West Wind*, by permission of the publishers, Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

JOHNNY CHUCK FINDS THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD

THORNTON W. BURGESS

Old Mother West Wind had stopped to talk with the Slender Fir Tree.

"I've just come across the Green Meadows," said Old Mother West Wind, "and there I saw the Best Thing in the World."

Striped Chipmunk was sitting under the Slender Fir Tree and he could n't help hearing what Old Mother West Wind said. "The Best Thing in the World—now what can that be?" thought Striped Chipmunk. "Why, it must be heaps and heaps of nuts and acorns! I'll go and find it."

So Striped Chipmunk started down the Lone Little Path through the wood as fast as he could run. Pretty soon he met Peter Rabbit.

"Where are you going in such a hurry, Striped Chipmunk?" asked Peter Rabbit.

"Down in the Green Meadows to find the Best Thing in the World," replied Striped Chipmunk, and ran faster.

"The Best Thing in the World," said Peter Rabbit, "why, that must be a great pile of carrots and cabbage! I think I'll go and find it."

So Peter Rabbit started down the Lone Little Path through the wood as fast as he could go after Striped Chipmunk.

As they passed the great hollow tree Bobby Coon put his head out. "Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Bobby Coon.

"Down in the Green Meadows to find the Best Thing in the World!" shouted Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit, and both began to run faster.

"The Best Thing in the World," said Bobby Coon to himself, "why, that must be a whole field of sweet milky corn! I think I'll go and find it."

So Bobby Coon climbed down out of the great hollow tree and started down the Lone Little Path through the wood as fast as he could go after Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit, for there is nothing that Bobby Coon likes to eat so well as sweet milky corn.

At the edge of the wood they met Jimmy Skunk.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Jimmy Skunk.

"Down in the Green Meadows to find the Best Thing in the World!" shouted Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit and Bobby Coon. Then they all tried to run faster.

"The Best Thing in the World," said Jimmy Skunk. "Why, that must be packs and packs of beetles!" And for once in his life Jimmy Skunk began to hurry down the Lone Little Path after Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit and Bobby Coon.

They were all running so fast that they did n't see Reddy Fox until he jumped out of the long grass and asked:

"Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"To find the Best Thing in the World!" shouted Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit and Bobby Coon and Jimmy Skunk, and each did his best to run faster.

"The Best Thing in the World," said Reddy Fox to himself. "Why, that must be a whole pen full of tender young chickens, and I must have them."

So away went Reddy Fox as fast as he could run down the Lone Little Path after Striped Chipmunk, Peter Rabbit, Bobby Coon and Jimmy Skunk.

By and by they all came to the house of Johnny Chuck.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Johnny Chuck.

"To find the Best Thing in the World," shouted Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit and Bobby Coon and Jimmy Skunk and Reddy Fox.

"The Best Thing in the World," said Johnny Chuck. "Why I don't know of anything better than my own little home and the warm sunshine and the beautiful blue sky."

So Johnny Chuck stayed at home and played all day among the flowers with the Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind and was as happy as could be.

But all day long Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit and Bobby Coon and Jimmy Skunk and Reddy Fox ran this way and ran that way over the Green Meadows trying to find the Best Thing in the World. The sun was very, very warm and they ran so far and they ran so fast that they were very, very hot and tired, and still they had n't found the Best Thing in the World.

When the long day was over they started up the Lone Little Path past Johnny Chuck's house to their own homes. They did n't hurry now for they were so very, very tired! And they were cross — oh so cross! Striped Chipmunk had n't found a single nut. Peter Rabbit had n't found so much as the leaf of a cabbage. Bobby Coon had n't found the tiniest bit of sweet milky corn. Jimmy Skunk had n't seen a single beetle. Reddy Fox had n't heard so much as the peep of a chicken. And all were as hungry as hungry could be.

Half way up the Lone Little Path they met Old Mother West Wind going to her home behind the hill. "Did you find the Best Thing in the World?" asked Old Mother West Wind.

"No!" shouted Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit and Bobby Coon and Jimmy Skunk and Reddy Fox all together.

"Johnny Chuck has it," said Old Mother West Wind. "It is being happy with the things you have and not wanting things which some one else has. And it is called Con-tent-ment."

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Albert Bigelow Paine (1861—), an American author at one time connected with the editorial department of *St. Nicholas Magazine*, has for more than twenty years been known as the biographer of Mark Twain. He is a popular writer of stories for children. Pupils in the fifth grade like his story *The Arkansaw Bear*. Some of his books suitable for the third and fourth grades are *Hollow-Tree Nights and Days*, *The Hollow Tree*, and *The Deep Woods*. ("Mr. Possum's Sick Spell" is from *Hollow-Tree Nights and Days*, and is used by permission of the publishers, Harper & Brothers, New York.)

MR. 'POSSUM'S SICK SPELL

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Once upon a time, said the Story Teller, something very sad nearly happened in the Hollow Tree. It was Mr. 'Possum's turn, one night, to go out and borrow a chicken from Mr. Man's roost, and coming home he fell into an old well and lost his chicken. He nearly lost himself, too, for the water was icy cold and Mr. 'Possum thought he would freeze to death before he could climb out, because the rocks were slippery and he fell back several times.

As it was, he got home almost dead, and next morning was sicker than he had ever been before in his life. He had pains in his chest and other places, and was all stuffed up in his throat and very scared. The 'Coon and the Crow who lived in the Hollow Tree with him were scared, too. They put him to bed in the big room down-stairs, and said they thought they ought to send for somebody, and Mr. Crow said that Mr. Owl was a good hand with sick folks, because he looked so wise and did n't say much, which always made the patient think he knew something.

So Mr. Crow hurried over and brought Mr. Owl, who put on his glasses and looked at Mr. 'Possum's tongue, and felt of his pulse, and listened to his breathing, and said that the cold water seemed to have struck in and that the only thing to do was for Mr. 'Possum to stay in bed and drink hot herb tea and not eat anything, which was a very sad prescription for Mr. 'Possum, because he hated herb tea and was very partial to eating. He groaned when he heard it and said he did n't suppose he'd ever live to enjoy himself again, and that he might just as well have stayed in the well with the chicken, which was a great loss and doing no good to anybody. Then Mr. Owl went away, and told the Crow outside that Mr. 'Possum was a very sick man, and that at his time of life and in his state of flesh his trouble might go hard with him.

So Mr. Crow went back into the kitchen and made up a lot of herb tea and kept it hot on the stove, and Mr. 'Coon sat by Mr. 'Possum's bed and made him drink it almost constantly, which Mr. 'Possum said might cure him if he did n't die of it before the curing commenced.

He said if he just had that chicken, made up with a good platter of dumplings, he believed it would do him more good than anything, and he begged the 'Coon to go and fish it out, or to catch another one, and try it on him, and then if he did die he would at least have fewer regrets.

But the Crow and the 'Coon said they must do as Mr. Owl ordered, unless Mr. 'Possum wanted to change doctors, which was not a good plan until the case became hopeless, and that would probably not be before some time in the night. Mr. 'Coon said, though, there was no reason why that nice chicken should be wasted, and as it would still be fresh, he would rig up a hook and line and see if he could n't save it. So he got out his fishing things and made a grab hook and left Mr. Crow to sit by Mr. 'Possum until he came back. He could follow Mr. 'Possum's track to the place, and in a little while he had the fine, fat chicken, and came home with it and showed it to the patient, who had a sinking spell when he looked at it, and turned his face to the wall and said he seemed to have lived in vain.

Mr. Crow, who always did the cooking, said he'd better put the chicken on right away, under the circumstances, and then he remembered a bottle of medicine he had once seen sitting on Mr. Man's window-sill outside, and he said while the chicken was cooking he'd just step over and get it, as it might do the patient good, and it did n't seem as if anything now could do him any harm.

So the Crow dressed the nice chicken and put it in the pot with the dumplings, and while Mr. 'Coon dosed Mr. 'Possum with the hot herb tea Mr. Crow slipped over to Mr. Man's house and watched a good chance when the folks were at dinner, and got the bottle and came back with it and found Mr. 'Possum taking a nap and the 'Coon setting the table; for the dinner was about done and there was a delicious smell of dumplings and chicken, which made Mr. 'Possum begin talking in his sleep about starving to death in the midst of plenty. Then he woke up and seemed to suffer a good deal, and the Crow gave him a dose of Mr. Man's medicine, and said that if Mr. 'Possum was still with them next morning they'd send for another doctor.

Mr. 'Possum took the medicine and choked on it, and when he could speak said he would n't be with them. He could tell by his feelings, he said, that he would never get through this day of torture, and he wanted to say some last words. Then he said that he wanted the 'Coon to have his Sunday suit, which was getting a little tight for him and would just about fit Mr. 'Coon, and that he wanted the Crow to have his pipe and toilet articles, to remember him by. He said he had tried to do well by them since they had all lived together in the Hollow Tree, and he supposed it would be hard for them to get along without him, but that they would have to do the best they could. Then he guessed he'd try to sleep a little, and closed his eyes. Mr. 'Coon looked at Mr. Crow and shook his head, and they did n't feel like sitting down to dinner right away, and pretty soon when they thought Mr. 'Possum was asleep they slipped softly up to his room to see how sad it would seem without him.

Well, they had only been gone a minute when Mr. 'Possum woke up, for the smell of that chicken and dumpling coming in from Mr. Crow's kitchen was too much for him. When he opened his eyes and found that Mr. 'Coon and Mr. Crow were not there, and that he felt a little better—perhaps because of Mr. Man's medicine—he thought he might as well step out and take one last look at chicken and dumpling, anyway.

It was quite warm, but, being all in a sweat, he put the bed-sheet around him to protect him from the draughts and went out to the stove and looked into the pot, and when he saw how good it looked he thought he might as well taste of it to see if it was done. So he did, and it tasted so good and seemed so done that he got out a little piece of dumpling on a fork, and blew on it to cool it, and ate it, and then another piece, and then the whole dumpling, which he sopped around in the gravy after each bite. Then when the dumpling was gone he fished up a chicken leg and ate that, and then a wing, and then the gizzard, and felt better all the time, and pretty soon poured out a cup of coffee and drank that, all before he remembered that he was sick abed and not expected to recover. Then he happened to think, and started back to bed, but on the way there he heard Mr. 'Coon and Mr. Crow talking softly in his room and he forgot again that he was so sick and went up to see about it.

Mr. 'Coon and Mr. Crow had been quite busy up in Mr. 'Possum's room.

They had looked at all the things, and Mr. Crow remarked that there seemed to be a good many which Mr. 'Possum had not mentioned, and which they could divide afterward. Then he picked up Mr. 'Possum's pipe and tried it to see if it would draw well, as he had noticed, he said, that Mr. 'Possum sometimes had trouble with it, and the 'Coon went over to the closet and looked at Mr. 'Possum's Sunday suit, and pretty soon got it out and tried on the coat, which would n't need a thing done to it to make it fit exactly. He said he hoped Mr. 'Possum was resting well, after the medicine, which he supposed was something to make him sleep, as he had seemed drowsy so soon after taking it. He said it would be sad, of course, though it might seem almost a blessing, if Mr. 'Possum should pass away in his sleep, without knowing it, and he hoped Mr. 'Possum would rest in peace and not come back to distress people, as one of Mr. 'Coon's own ancestors had done, a good while ago. Mr. 'Coon said his mother used to tell them about it when she wanted to keep them at home nights, though he did n't really believe in such things much, any more, and he did n't think Mr. 'Possum would be apt to do it, anyway, because he was always quite a hand to rest well. Of course, *any one* was likely to *think* of such things, he said, and get a little nervous, especially at a time like this—and just then Mr. 'Coon looked toward the door that led down to the big room, and Mr. Crow he looked toward that door, too, and Mr. 'Coon gave a great jump, and said:

"Oh, my goodness!" and fell back over Mr. 'Possum's trunk.

And Mr. Crow he gave a great jump, too, and said:

"Oh, my gracious!" and fell back over Mr. 'Possum's chair.

For there in the door stood a figure shrouded all in white, all except the head, which was Mr. 'Possum's, though very solemn, its eyes looking straight at Mr. 'Coon, who still had on Mr. 'Possum's coat, though he was doing his best to get it off, and at Mr. Crow, who still had Mr. 'Possum's pipe, though he was trying every way to hide it, and both of them were scrabbling around on the floor and saying, "Oh, Mr. 'Possum, go away—please go away, Mr. 'Possum—we always loved you, Mr. 'Possum—we can prove it."

But Mr. 'Possum looked straight at Mr. 'Coon, and said in a deep voice:

"What were you doing with my Sunday coat on?"

And Mr. 'Coon tried to say something, but only made a few weak noises.

And Mr. 'Possum looked at Mr. Crow and said:

"What were you doing with my pipe?"

And a little sweat broke out on Mr. Crow's bill, and he opened his mouth as if he were going to say something, but could n't make a sound.

Then Mr. 'Possum said, in a slow voice, so deep that it seemed to come from down in the ground:

"*Give me my things!*"

And Mr. 'Coon and Mr. Crow said, very shaky:

"Oh y-yes, Mr. 'Possum, w-we meant to, a-all the t-time."

And they tried to get up, but were so scared and weak they could n't, and all at once Mr. 'Possum gave a great big laugh and threw off his sheet and sat down on a stool, and rocked and laughed, and Mr. 'Coon and Mr. Crow realized then that it was Mr. 'Possum himself, and not just his appearance, as they had thought. Then they sat up, and pretty soon began to laugh, too, though not very gaily at first, but feeling more cheerful every minute, because Mr. 'Possum himself seemed to enjoy it so much.

Then Mr. 'Possum told them about everything, and how Mr. Man's medicine must have made him well, for all his pains and sorrows had left him, and he invited them down to help finish up the chicken which had cost him so much suffering.

So then they all went down to the big room and the Crow brought in the big platter of dumplings, and a pan of biscuits and some molasses, and a pot of coffee, and they all sat down and celebrated Mr. 'Possum's recovery. And when they were through, and everything was put away, they smoked, and Mr. 'Possum said he was glad he was there to use his property a little more, and that probably his coat would fit him again now, as his sickness had caused him to lose flesh. He said that Mr. Man's medicine was certainly wonderful, but just then Mr. Rabbit dropped in, and when they told him about it, he said of course the medicine might have had some effect, but that the dumplings and chicken caused the real cure. He said there was an old adage to prove that— one that his thirty-fifth great-grandfather had made for just such a case of this kind. This, Mr. Rabbit said, was the adage:

"If you want to live forever
Stuff a cold and starve a fever."

Mr. 'Possum's trouble had come from catching cold, he said, so the dumplings were probably just what he needed. Then Mr. Owl dropped in to see how his patient was, and when he saw him sitting up, and smoking, and well, he said it was wonderful how his treatment had worked, and the Hollow Tree people did n't tell him any different, for they did n't like to hurt Mr. Owl's feelings.

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Prominent among writers of the new realistic nature literature is Dallas Lore Sharp (1870—), professor of English in Boston University. Mr. Sharp's stories and descriptive sketches of nature reveal charming details in out-of-door life that the ordinary observer overlooks, and they encourage the reader to seek entertainment in fields and woods. Most of his nature writings are suitable for pupils in grades from the fifth to the eighth. Some of his books are *Beyond the Pasture Bars*, *A Watcher in the Woods*, *Roof and Meadow*, and *Where Rolls the Oregon.* ("Wild Life in the Farm Yard," from *Beyond the Pasture Bars*, is used by permission of The Century Co., New York City.)

WILD LIFE IN THE FARM-YARD

DALLAS LORE SHARP

I want you to visit a farm where there are turkeys and geese and guineas. If you live in New York City or in Chicago you may not be able to do so for some time. Then take a trip to the market or to the zoölogical gardens. But most of you live close enough to the country, so that you could easily find a farmer who would invite you out to see his prize gobbler and his great hissing gander.

However, I shall not wait to *send* you for I am going to *take* you—now—out to an old farm that I loved as a boy.

where there are turkey's and geese and guineas and pigs and pigeons, cows and horses and mules, cats and dogs, chickens and bees and sheep, and a hornets' nest and a nest of flying squirrels in the same old grindstone apple-tree, and a pair of barn owls in the old wagon house, and — I don't know what else; for there was everything on the old farm when I was a boy, and I suppose we shall find everything there yet.

I want you to see the turkeys. I want you to follow an old hen turkey to her stolen nest. I want you to watch the old gobbler turkey take his family to bed — to roost, I mean. For unless you are a boy, and are living in the wild portions of Georgia and the southeastern states, you may never see a wild turkey. For that reason I want you to watch this tame turkey, because he is almost as wild as a wild turkey in everything except his fear of you. He has been tamed, we know, since the year 1526, yet not one of his wild habits has been changed.

So it is with the house cat. We have tamed the house cat, but we have not changed the wild, night-prowling hunter in him. You have to smooth a cat the right way, or the *wild* cat in him will scratch and bite you. Have you never seen his tail twitch, his eyes blaze, his claws work as he has crouched watching at a rat's hole, or crawled stealthily upon a bird in the meadow grass?

So, if you will watch, you shall see real wild turkey in the tamest old a gobbler on the farm.

Watch him go to roost. Watch him get *ready* to go to roost, I should say, for a turkey seems to begin to think of roosting about noon-time, especially in the winter; and it takes him from about noon till night to make up his mind that he really must go to roost.

He comes along under the apple-tree of a December afternoon and looks up at the leafless limbs where he has been roosting since summer. He stretches his long neck, lays his little brainless head over on one side, then over on the other. He takes a good *long* look at the limb. Then bobs his head — one-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight-nine-*ten* times, or perhaps twenty-two or -three times, and takes a still *longer* look at the limb, saying to himself — *quint, quint, quint, quint!* which means: "I think I'll go to roost! I think *I'll* go to roost! I think I'll go to *roost!* I think I'll *go* to roost! I think I'll go *to* roost! I *think* I'll go to roost!" He *thinks* he will, but he has n't made up his mind quite.

Then he stretches his long neck again, lays his little witless head on the side again, bobs and bobs, looks and looks and looks, says *quint, quint, quint, quint* — "I *think* I'll go to roost," but is just as undecided as ever.

He does the performance over and over again and would never go to roost if the darkness did not come and compel him. He would stand under that tree stretching, turning, looking, bobbing, "squinting," *thinking*, until he thought his head off, saying all the while —

> One for the money; two for the show;
> Three to get ready; and four to —
> *get ready to go!*

But after a while, along toward dusk (and awfully suddenly!) — *flop! gobble! splutter! whoop!* — and there he is, up on the limb, safe! Really safe! But it was an exceedingly close call.

And this is the very way the wild turkey acts. The naturalists who had a chance to study the great flocks of wild turkeys years ago describe these same absurd actions. This lack of snap and decision is not something the tame turkey has learned in the farm-yard. The fact is he does not seem to have learned anything during his 350 years in the barn-yard, nor does he seem to have forgotten anything that he knew as a wild turkey in the woods, except his fear of man.

Late in October the wild turkeys of a given neighborhood would get together in flocks of from ten to a hundred and travel on foot through the rich bottom lands in search of food. In these journeys the males would go ahead, apart from the females, and lead the way. The hens, each conducting her family in a more or less separate group, came straggling leisurely along in the rear. As they advanced, they would meet other flocks, thus swelling their numbers.

After a time they were sure to come to a river—a dreadful thing, for, like the river of the old song, it was a river *to cross*. Up and down the banks would stalk the gobblers, stretching their necks out over the water and making believe to start, as they do when going to roost in the apple-trees.

All day long, all the next day, all the third day, if the river was wide, they would strut and cluck along the shore, making up their minds.

The ridiculous creatures have wings; they can fly; but they are afraid! After all these days, however, the whole flock has mounted the tallest trees along the bank. One of the gobblers has come forward as leader in the emergency. Suddenly, from his perch, he utters a single cluck—the signal for the start,—and every turkey sails into the air. There is a great flapping—and the terrible river is crossed.

A few weak members fall on the way over, but not to drown. Drawing their wings close in against their sides, and spreading their round fan-like tails to the breeze, they strike out as if born to swim, and come quickly to land.

The tame turkey-hen is notorious for stealing her nest. The wild hen steals hers—not to plague her owner, of course, as is the common belief about the domestic turkey, but to get away from the gobbler, who, in order to prolong the honeymoon, will break the eggs as fast as they are laid. He has just enough brains to be sentimental, jealous, and boundlessly fond of himself. His wives, too, are foolish enough to worship him, until—there is an egg in the nest. That event makes them wise. They understand this strutting coxcomb, and quietly turning their backs on him, leave him to parade alone.

There are crows, also, and buzzards from whom the wild turkey hen must hide the eggs. Nor dare she forget her own danger while sitting, for there are foxes, owls, and prowling lynxes ready enough to pounce upon her. On the farm there are still many of these enemies besides the worst of them all, the farmer himself.

For a nest the wild hen, like the tame turkey of the pasture, scratches a slight depression in the ground, usually under a thick bush, sometimes in a hollow log, and there lays from twelve to twenty eggs, which are somewhat smaller and more elongated than the tame turkey's, but of the same color: dull cream, sprinkled with reddish dots.

I have often hunted for stolen turkey nests, and hunted in vain, because the cautious mother had covered her eggs when leaving them. This is one of the wild habits that has persisted. The wild hen, as the hatching approaches, will not trust even this precaution, however, but remains without food and drink upon the nest until the chicks can be led off. She can scarcely be driven from the nest, often allowing herself to be captured first.

Mother-love burns fierce in her. Such helpless things are her chicks! She hears them peeping in the shell and breaks it to help them out. She preens and dries them and keeps them close under her for days.

Not for a week after they are hatched does she allow them out in a rain. If, after that, they get a cold wetting, the wild mother, it is said, will feed the buds of the spice-bush to her brood, as our grandmothers used to administer mint tea to us.

The tame hen does seem to have lost something of this wild-mother skill, doubtless because for many generations she has been entirely freed of the larger part of the responsibility.

I never knew a tame mother turkey to doctor her infants for vermin. But the wild hen will. The woods are full of ticks and detestable vermin as deadly as cold rains. When her brood begins to lag and pine, the wild mother knows, and leading them to some old ant-hill, she gives them a sousing dust-bath. The vermin hate the odor of the ant-scented dust, and after a series of these baths disappear.

This is wise; and if this report be true, then the wild turkey is as wise and far-seeing a mother as the woods contain. One observer even tells of three hens that stole off together and fixed up a nest between themselves. Each put in her eggs—forty-two in all—and each took turns guarding, so that the nest was never left alone.

What special enemy caused this unique partnership the naturalist does not say. The three mothers built together, brooded together, and together guarded the nest. But how did those three mothers divide the babies?

I said I wanted you to visit a farm where there are turkeys. And you will have to if you would see the turkey at home. For, though I have traveled through the South, and been in the swamps and river "bottoms" there all along the Savannah, with wild turkeys around me, I have never seen a live one.

I was in a small steamboat on the Savannah River one night. We were tied up till morning along the river bank under the trees of the deep swamp. Twilight and the swamp silence had settled about us. The moon came up. A banjo had been twanging, but the breakdown was done, the shuffling feet quiet. The little cottonboat had become a part of the moonlit silence and the river swamp.

Two or three roustabouts were lounging upon some rosin-barrels near by, under the spell of the round autumnal moon. There was frost in the air, and fragrant odors, but not a sound, not a cry or call of beast or bird, until, suddenly, breaking through the silence with a jarring eery echo, was heard the hoot of the great horned owl.

One of the roustabouts dropped quickly to the deck and held up his hand for silence. We all listened. And again came the uncanny *Whoo-hoo-hoo-whoo-you-oh-oh!*

"Dat ol' King Owl," whispered the darky. "Him's lookin' fer turkey. Ol' gobbler done gone hid, I reckon. Listen! Ol' King Owl gwine make ol' gobbler talk back."

We listened, but there was no frightened "gobble" from the tree-tops. There were wild turkeys all around me in the swamp; but, though I sat up until the big southern moon rode high overhead, I heard no answer, no challenge to the echoing hoot of the great owl. The next day a colored boy brought aboard the boat a wild turkey which he had shot in the swamp; but I am still waiting to see and hear the great bronze bird alive in its native haunts.

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Vernon L. Kellogg (1867—) is a professor in Leland Stanford Junior University whose writings have been chiefly scientific. His *Insect Stories*, from which the next selection is taken, is an interesting and instructive group of stories suitable for pupils in the third, fourth, or fifth grade. A later book is called *Nuova, the New Bee*. ("The Vendetta" is used by permission of the publishers, Henry Holt & Co., New York City.)

THE VENDETTA

VERNON L. KELLOGG

This is the story of a fight. In the first story of this book, I said that Mary and I had seen a remarkable fight one evening at sundown on the slopes of the bare brown foothills west of the campus. It was not a battle of armies—we have seen that, too, in the little world we watch,—but a combat of gladiators, a struggle between two champions born and bred for fighting, and particularly for fighting each other. One champion was Eurypelma, the great, black, hairy, eight-legged, strong-fanged tarantula of California, and the other was Pepsis, a mighty wasp in dull-blue mail, with rusty-red wings and a poisonous javelin of a sting that might well frighten either you or me. Do you have any wasp in your neighborhood of the ferocity and strength and size of Pepsis? If not, you can hardly realize what a terrible creature she is. With her strong hard-cased body an inch and a half long, borne on powerful wings that expand fully three inches, and her long and strong needle-pointed sting that darts in and out like a flash and is always full of virulent poison, Pepsis is certainly queen of all the wasp amazons. But if that is so, no less is Eurypelma greatest, most dreadful, and fiercest, and hence king, of all the spiders in this country. In South America and perhaps elsewhere in the tropics, live the fierce bird-spiders with thick legs extending three inches or more on each side of their ugly hairy bodies. Eurypelma, the California tarantula, is not quite so large as that, nor does he stalk, pounce on and kill little birds as his South American cousin is said to do, but he is nevertheless a tremendous and fear-inspiring creature among the small beasties of field and meadow.

But not all Eurypelmas are so ferocious; or at least are not ferocious all the time. There are individual differences among them. Perhaps it is a matter of age or health. Anyway, I had a pet tarantula which I kept in an open jar in my room for several weeks, and I could handle him with impunity. He would sit gently on my hand, or walk deliberately up my arm, with his eight, fixed, shining, little reddish eyes staring hard at me, and his long seven-jointed hairy legs swinging gently and rhythmically along, without a sign of hesitation or excitement. His hair was almost gray and perhaps this hoariness and general sedateness betokened a ripe old age. But his great fangs were unblunted, his supply of poison undiminished, and his skill in striking and killing his prey still perfect, as often proved at his feeding times. He is quite the largest Eurypelma I have ever seen. He measures — for I still have his body, carefully stuffed, and fastened on a block with legs all spread out — five inches from tip to tip of opposite legs.

At the same time that I had this hoary old tarantula, I had another smaller, coal-black fellow who went into a perfect ecstasy of anger and ferocity every time any one came near him. He would stand on his hind legs and paw wildly with fore legs and palpi, and lunge forward fiercely at my inquisitive pencil. I found him originally in the middle of an entry into a classroom, holding at bay an entire excited class of art students armed with mahl-sticks and paint-brushes. The students were mostly women, and I was hailed as deliverer and greatest *dompteur* of beasts when I scooped Eurypelma up in a bottle and walked off with him.

But this is not telling of the sundown fight that Mary and I saw together. We had been over to the sand-cut by the golf links, after mining-bees, and were coming home with a fine lot of their holes and some of the bees themselves, when Mary suddenly called to me to "see the nice tarantula."

Perhaps nice is n't the best word for him, but he certainly was an unusually imposing and fluffy-haired and fierce-looking brute of a tarantula. He had rather an owly way about him, as if he had come out from his hole too early and was dazed and half-blinded by the light. Tarantulas are night prowlers; they do all their hunting after dark, dig their holes and, indeed, carry on all the various businesses of their life in the night-time. The occasional one found walking about in daytime has made a mistake, someway, and he blunders around quite like an owl in the sunshine.

All of a sudden, while Mary and I were smiling at this too early bird of a tarantula, he went up on his hind legs in fighting attitude, and at the same instant down darted a great tarantula hawk, that is, a Pepsis wasp. Her armored body glinted cool and metallic in the red sunset light, and her great wings had a suggestive shining of dull fire about them. She checked her swoop just before reaching Eurypelma, and made a quick dart over him, and then a quick turn back, intending to catch the tarantula in the rear. But lethargic and owly as Eurypelma had been a moment before, he was now all alertness and agility. He had to be. He was defending his life. One full fair stab of the poisoned javelin, sheathed but ready at the tip of the flexible, blue-black body hovering over him, and it would be over with Eurypelma. And he knew it. Or perhaps he did n't. But he acted as if he did. He was going to do his best not to be stabbed; that was sure. And Pepsis was going to do her best to stab; that also was quickly certain.

At the same time Pepsis knew — or anyway acted as if she did — that to be struck by one or both of those terrible vertical, poison-filled fangs was sure death. It would be like a blow from a battle-axe, with the added horror of mortal poison poured into the wound.

So Eurypelma about-faced like a flash, and Pepsis was foiled in her strategy. She flew up and a yard away, then returned to the attack. She flew about in swift circles over his head, preparatory to darting in again. But Eurypelma was ready. As she swooped viciously down, he lunged up and forward with a half-leap, half-forward fall, and came within an ace of striking the trailing blue-black abdomen with his reaching fangs. Indeed it seemed to Mary and me as if they really grazed the metallic body. But evidently they had not pierced the smooth armor. Nor had Pepsis in that breathless moment of close quarters been able to plant her lance. She whirled, up high this time but immediately back, although a little more wary evidently, for she checked her downward plunge three or four inches from the dancing champion on the ground. And so for wild minute after minute it went on; Eurypelma always up and tip-toeing on those strong hind legs, with open, armed mouth always toward the point of attack, and Pepsis ever darting down, up, over, across, and in and out in dizzy dashes, but never quite closing.

Were Mary and I excited? Not a word could we utter; only now and then a swift intake of breath; a stifled "O" or "Ah" or "See." And then of a sudden came the end. Pepsis saw her chance. A lightning swoop carried her right on to the hairy champion. The quivering lance shot home. The poison coursed into the great soft body. But at the same moment the terrible fangs struck fair on the blue armor and crashed through it. Two awful wounds, and the wings of dull fire beat violently only to strike up a little cloud of dust and whirl the mangled body around and around. Fortunately Death was merciful, and the brave amazon made a quick end.

But what of Eurypelma, the killer? Was it well with him? The sting-made wound itself was of little moment; it closed as soon as the lancet withdrew. But not before the delicate poison sac at its base inside the wasp-body had contracted and squirted down the slender hollow of the sting a drop of liquid fire. And so it was not well with Eurypelma in his insides. Victor he seemed to be, but if he could think, he must have had grave doubts about the joys of victory.

For a curious drowsiness was coming over him. Perhaps, disquieting thought, it was the approaching stupor of the poison's working. His strong long legs became limp, they would not work regularly, they could not hold his heavy hairy body up from the ground. He would get into his hole and rest. But it was too late. And after a few uneven steps, victor Eurypelma settled heavily down beside his amazon victim, inert and forevermore beyond fighting. He was paralyzed.

And so Mary and I brought him home in our collecting box, together with the torn body of Pepsis with her wings of slow fire dulled by the dust of her last struggles. And though it is a whole month now since Eurypelma received his stab from the poisoned javelin of Pepsis, he has not recovered; nor will he ever. When you touch him, he draws up slowly one leg after another, or moves a palpus feebly. But it is living death; a hopeless paralytic is the king.

Dear reader, you are of course as bright as Mary, and so you have noticed, as she did right away, the close parallel between what happened to Eurypelma and what happened to the measuring-worms brought by Ammophila to her nest burrow as described in the first story in this book. And so, like Mary, you realize that the vendetta or life feud between the tarantula family and the family of Pepsis, the tarantula hawk, is based on reasons of domestic economy rather than on those of sentiment, which determine vendettas in Corsica and feuds in Kentucky.

To be quite plain, Pepsis fights Eurypelma to get his huge, juicy body for food for her young; and Eurypelma fights Pepsis to keep from becoming paralyzed provender. If Pepsis had escaped unhurt in the combat at which Mary and I "assisted," as the French say, as enthralled spectators, we should have seen her drag by mighty effort the limp, paralyzed, spider giant to her nest hole not far distant—a great hole twelve inches deep and with a side chamber at the bottom. There she would have thrust him down the throat of the burrow, and then crawled in and laid an egg on the helpless beast, from which in time would have hatched the carnivorous wasp grub. Pepsis has many close allies among the wasps, all black or steely blue with smoky or dull-bronze wings, and they all use spiders, stung and paralyzed, to store their nest holes with.

"Do the little black and blue wasps hunt the little spiders and the larger ones the big spiders?" asked Mary.

"Exactly," I respond, "and the giant wasp of them all, Pepsis, the queen of the wasp amazons, hunts only the biggest spider of them all, Eurypelma, the tarantula king, and we have seen her do it."

"Well," says Mary, "even if she wants him for her children to eat, it's a real vendetta, is n't it?"

"Indeed it is," I answer, "it's more real, and fiercer, and more relentless, and more persistent than any human vendetta that ever was. For every Pepsis mother in the world is always hunting for Eurypelmas to fight. And not *all* Corsicans have a vendetta on hand, nor all Kentuckians a feud."

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Sewell Ford (1868—) is noted for his fine stories about horses, especially those in *Horses Nine*, from which the following story of "Pasha" is taken. (By permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) Pasha plays a most important part in a human romance with war as a background, and the combination is very effective. Mr. Ford's *Torchy* stories are also very popular with young people.

PASHA, THE SON OF SELIM

SEWELL FORD

Long, far too long, has the story of Pasha, son of Selim, remained untold.

The great Selim, you know, was brought from far across the seas, where he had been sold for a heavy purse by a venerable sheik, who tore his beard during the bargain and swore by Allah that without Selim there would be for him no joy in life. Also he had wept quite convincingly on Selim's neck—but he finished by taking the heavy purse. That was how Selim, the great Selim, came to end his days in Fayette County, Kentucky. Of his many sons, Pasha was one.

In almost idyllic manner were spent the years of Pasha's coltdom. They were years of pasture roaming and blue grass cropping. When the time was ripe, began the hunting lessons. Pasha came to know the feel of the saddle and the voice of the hounds. He was taught the long, easy lope. He learned how to gather himself for a sail through the air over a hurdle or a water-jump. Then when he could take five bars clean, when he could clear an eight-foot ditch, when his wind was so sound that he could lead the chase from dawn until high noon, he was sent to the stables of a Virginia tobacco-planter who had need of a new hunter and who could afford Arab blood.

In the stalls at Gray Oaks stables were many good hunters, but none better than Pasha. Cream-white he was, from the tip of his splendid, yard-long tail to his pink-lipped muzzle. His coat was as silk plush, his neck as supple as a swan's, and out of his big, bright eyes there looked such intelligence that one half expected him to speak. His lines were all long, graceful curves, and when he danced daintily on his slender legs one could see the muscles flex under the delicate skin.

Miss Lou claimed Pasha for her very own at first sight. As no one at Gray Oaks denied Miss Lou anything at all, to her he belonged from that instant. Of Miss Lou, Pasha approved thoroughly. She knew that bridle-reins were for gentle guidance, not for sawing or jerking, and that a riding-crop was of no use whatever save to unlatch a gate or to cut at an unruly hound. She knew how to rise on the stirrup when Pasha lifted himself in his stride, and how to settle close to the pig-skin when his hoofs hit the ground. In other words, she had a good seat, which means as much to the horse as it does to the rider.

Besides all this, it was Miss Lou who insisted that Pasha should have the best of grooming, and she never forgot to bring the dainties which Pasha loved, an apple or a carrot or a sugarplum. It is something, too, to have your nose patted by a soft gloved hand and to have such a person as Miss Lou put her arm around your neck and whisper in your ear. From no other than Miss Lou would Pasha permit such intimacy.

No paragon, however, was Pasha. He had a temper, and his whims were as many as those of a school-girl. He was particular as to who put on his bridle. He had notions concerning the manner in which a currycomb should be used. A red ribbon or a bandanna handkerchief put him in a rage, while green, the holy color of the Mohammedan, soothed his nerves. A lively pair of heels he had, and he knew how to use his teeth. The black stable-boys found that out, and so did the stern-faced man who was known as "Mars" Clayton. This "Mars" Clayton had ridden Pasha once, had ridden him as he rode his big, ugly, hard-bitted roan hunter, and Pasha had not enjoyed the ride. Still, Miss Lou and Pasha often rode out with "Mars" Clayton and the parrot-nosed roan. That is, they did until the coming of Mr. Dave.

In Mr. Dave, Pasha found a new friend. From a far Northern State was Mr. Dave. He had come in a ship to buy tobacco, but after he had bought his cargo he still stayed at Gray Oaks, "to complete Pasha's education," so he said.

Many ways had Mr. Dave which Pasha liked. He had a gentle manner of talking to you, of smoothing your flanks and rubbing your ears, which gained your confidence and made you sure that he understood. He was firm and sure in giving command, yet so patient in teaching one tricks, that it was a pleasure to learn.

So, almost before Pasha knew it, he could stand on his hind legs, could step around in a circle in time to a tune which Mr. Dave whistled, and could do other things which few horses ever learn to do. His chief accomplishment, however, was to kneel on his forelegs in the attitude of prayer. A long time it took Pasha to learn this, but Mr. Dave told him over and over again, by word and sign, until at last the son of the great Selim could strike a pose such as would have done credit to a Mecca pilgrim.

"It's simply wonderful!" declared Miss Lou.

But it was nothing of the sort. Mr. Dave had been teaching tricks to horses ever since he was a small boy, and never had he found such an apt pupil as Pasha.

Many a glorious gallop did Pasha and Miss Lou have while Mr. Dave stayed at Gray Oaks, Dave riding the big bay gelding that Miss Lou, with all her daring, had never ventured to mount. It was not all galloping though, for Pasha and the big bay often walked for miles through the wood lanes, side by side and very close together, while Miss Lou and Mr. Dave talked, talked, talked. How they could ever find so much to say to each other Pasha wondered.

But at last Mr. Dave went away, and with his going ended good times for Pasha, at least for many months. There followed strange doings. There was much excitement among the stable-boys, much riding about, day and night, by the men of Gray Oaks, and no hunting at all. One day the stables were cleared of all horses save Pasha.

"Some time, if he is needed badly, you may have Pasha, but not now," Miss Lou had said. And then she had hidden her face in his cream-white mane and sobbed. Just what the trouble was Pasha did not understand, but he was certain "Mars" Clayton was at the bottom of it.

No longer did Miss Lou ride about the country. Occasionally she galloped up and down the highway, to the Pointdexters and back, just to let Pasha stretch his legs. Queer sights Pasha saw on these trips. Sometimes he would pass many men on horses riding close together in a pack, as the hounds run when they have the scent. They wore strange clothing, did these men, and they carried, instead of riding-crops, big shiny knives that swung at their sides. The sight of them set Pasha's nerves tingling. He would sniff curiously after them and then prick forward his ears and dance nervously.

Of course Pasha knew that something unusual was going on, but what it was he could not guess. There came a time, however, when he found out all about it. Months had passed when, late one night, a hard-breathing, foam-splotched, mud-covered horse was ridden into the yard and taken into the almost deserted stable. Pasha heard the harsh voice of "Mars" Clayton swearing at the stable-boy. Pasha heard his own name spoken, and guessed that it was he who was wanted. Next came Miss Lou to the stable.

"I'm very sorry," he heard "Mars" Clayton say, "but I've got to get out of this. The Yanks are not more than five miles behind."

"But you'll take good care of him, won't you?" he heard Miss Lou ask eagerly.

"Oh, yes; of course," replied "Mars" Clayton, carelessly.

A heavy saddle was thrown on Pasha's back, the girths pulled cruelly tight, and in a moment "Mars" Clayton was on his back. They were barely clear of Gray Oaks driveway before Pasha felt something he had never known before. It was as if someone had jabbed a lot of little knives into his ribs. Roused by pain and fright, Pasha reared in a wild attempt to unseat this hateful rider. But "Mars" Clayton's knees seemed glued to Pasha's shoulders. Next Pasha tried to shake him off by sudden leaps, sidebolts, and stiff-legged jumps. These manoeuvres brought vicious jerks on the wicked chain-bit that was cutting Pasha's tender mouth sorrily and more jabs from the little knives. In this way did Pasha fight until his sides ran with blood and his breast was plastered thick with reddened foam.

In the meantime he had covered miles of road, and at last, along in the cold gray of the morning, he was ridden into a field where were many tents and horses. Pasha was unsaddled and picketed to a stake. This latter indignity he was too much exhausted to resent. All he could do was to stand, shivering with cold, trembling from nervous excitement, and wait for what was to happen next.

It seemed ages before anything did happen. The beginning was a tripping bugle-blast. This was answered by the voice of other bugles blown here and there about the field. In a moment men began to tumble out of the white tents. They came by twos and threes and dozens, until the field was full of them. Fires were built on the ground, and soon Pasha could scent coffee boiling and bacon frying. Black boys began moving about among the horses with hay and oats and water. One of them rubbed Pasha hurriedly with a wisp of straw. It was little like the currying and rubbing with brush and comb and flannel to which he was accustomed and which he needed just then, oh, how sadly. His strained muscles had stiffened so much that every movement gave him pain. So matted was his coat with sweat and foam and mud that it seemed as if half the pores of his skin were choked.

He had cooled his parched throat with a long draught of somewhat muddy water, but he had eaten only half of the armful of hay when again the bugles sounded and "Mars" Clayton appeared. Tightening the girths, until they almost cut into Pasha's tender skin, he jumped into the saddle and rode off to where a lot of big black horses were being reined into line. In front of this line Pasha was wheeled. He heard the bugles sound once more, heard his rider shout something to the men behind, felt the wicked little knives in his sides, and then, in spite of aching legs, was forced into a sharp gallop. Although he knew it not, Pasha had joined the Black Horse Cavalry.

The months that followed were to Pasha one long, ugly dream. Not that he minded the hard riding by day and night. In time he became used to all that. He could even endure the irregular feeding, the sleeping in the open during all kinds of weather, and the lack of proper grooming. But the vicious jerks on the torture-provoking cavalry bit, the flat sabre blows on the flank which he not infrequently got from his ill-tempered master, and, above all, the cruel digs of the spur-wheels—these things he could not understand. Such treatment he was sure he did not merit. "Mars" Clayton he came to hate more and more. Some day, Pasha told himself, he would take vengeance with teeth and heels, even if he died for it.

In the meantime he had learned the cavalry drill. He came to know the meaning of each varying bugle-call, from reveille, when one began to paw and stamp for breakfast, to mournful taps, when lights went out, and the tents became dark and silent. Also, one learned to slow from a gallop into a walk; when to wheel to the right or to the left, and when to start on the jump as the first notes of a charge were sounded. It was better to learn the bugle-calls, he found, than to wait for a jerk on the bits or a prod from the spurs.

No more was he terror-stricken, as he had been on his first day in the cavalry, at hearing behind him the thunder of many hoofs. Having once become used to the noise, he was even thrilled by the swinging metre of it. A kind of wild harmony was in it, something which made one forget everything else. At such times Pasha longed to break into his long, wind-splitting lope, but he learned that he must leave the others no more than a pace or two behind, although he could have easily outdistanced them all.

Also, Pasha learned to stand under fire. No more did he dance at the crack of carbines or the zipp-zipp of bullets. He could even hold his ground when shells went screaming over him, although this was hardest of all to bear. One could not see them, but their sound, like that of great birds in flight, was something to try one's nerves. Pasha strained his ears to catch the note of each shell that came whizzing overhead, and, as it passed, looked inquiringly over his shoulder as if to ask, "Now what on earth was that?"

But all this experience could not prepare him for the happenings of that never-to-be-forgotten day in June. There had been a period full of hard riding and ending with a long halt. For several days hay and oats were brought with some regularity. Pasha was even provided with an apology for a stall. It was made by leaning two rails against a fence. Some hay was thrown between the rails. This was a sorry substitute for the roomy box-stall, filled with clean straw, which Pasha always had at Gray Oaks, but it was as good as any provided for the Black Horse Cavalry.

And how many, many horses there were! As far as Pasha could see in either direction the line extended. Never before had he seen so many horses at one time. And men! The fields and woods were full of them; some in brown butternut, some in homespun gray, and many in clothes having no uniformity of color at all. "Mars" Clayton was dressed better than most, for on his butternut coat were shiny shoulder-straps, and it was closed with shiny buttons. Pasha took little pride in this. He knew his master for a cruel and heartless rider, and for nothing more.

One day there was a great parade, when Pasha was carefully groomed for the first time in months. There were bands playing and flags flying. Pasha, forgetful of his ill-treatment and prancing proudly at the head of a squadron of coal-black horses, passed in review before a big, bearded man wearing a slouch hat fantastically decorated with long plumes and sitting a great black horse in the midst of a little knot of officers.

Early the next morning Pasha was awakened by the distant growl of heavy guns. By daylight he was on the move, thousands of other horses with him. Nearer and nearer they rode to the place where the guns were growling. Sometimes they were on roads, sometimes they crossed fields, and again they plunged into the woods where the low branches struck one's eyes and scratched one's flanks. At last they broke clear of the trees to come suddenly upon such a scene as Pasha had never before witnessed.

Far across the open field he could see troop on troop of horses coming toward him. They seemed to be pouring over the crest of a low hill, as if driven onward by some unseen force behind. Instantly Pasha heard, rising from the throats of thousands of riders, on either side and behind him, that fierce, wild yell which he had come to know meant the approach of trouble. High and shrill and menacing it rang as it was taken up and repeated by those in the rear. Next the bugles began to sound, and in quick obedience the horses formed in line just on the edge of the woods, a line which stretched on either flank until one could hardly see where it ended.

From the distant line came no answering cry, but Pasha could hear the bugles blowing and he could see the fronts massing. Then came the order to charge at a gallop. This set Pasha to tugging eagerly at the bit, but for what reason he did not know. He knew only that he was part of a great and solid line of men and horses sweeping furiously across a field toward that other line which he had seen pouring over the hill crest.

He could scarcely see at all now. The thousands of hoofs had raised a cloud of dust that not only enveloped the onrushing line, but rolled before it. Nor could Pasha hear anything save the thunderous thud of many feet. Even the shrieking of the shells was drowned. But for the restraining bit Pasha would have leaped forward and cleared the line. Never had he been so stirred. The inherited memory of countless desert raids, made by his Arab ancestors, was doing its work. For what seemed a long time this continued, and then, in the midst of the blind and frenzied race, there loomed out of the thick air, as if it had appeared by magic, the opposing line.

Pasha caught a glimpse of something which seemed like a heaving wall of tossing heads and of foam-whitened necks and shoulders. Here and there gleamed red, distended nostrils and straining eyes. Bending above was another wall, a wall of dusty blue coats, of grim faces, and of dust-powdered hats. Bristling above all was a threatening crest of waving blades.

What would happen when the lines met? Almost before the query was thought there came the answer. With an earth-jarring crash they came together. The lines wavered back from the shock of impact and then the whole struggle appeared to Pasha to centre about him. Of course this was not so. But it was a fact that the most conspicuous figure in either line had been that of the cream-white charger in the very centre of the Black Horse regiment.

For one confused moment Pasha heard about his ears the whistle and clash of sabres, the spiteful crackle of small arms, the snorting of horses, and the cries of men. For an instant he was wedged tightly in the frenzied mass, and then, by one desperate leap, such as he had learned on the hunting field, he shook himself clear.

Not until some minutes later did Pasha notice that the stirrups were dangling empty and that the bridle-rein hung loose on his neck. Then he knew that at last he was free from "Mars" Clayton. At the same time he felt himself seized by an overpowering dread. While conscious of a guiding hand on the reins Pasha had abandoned himself to the fierce joy of the charge. But now, finding himself riderless in the midst of a horrid din, he knew not what to do, nor which way to turn. His only impulse was to escape. But where? Lifting high his fine head and snorting with terror he rushed about, first this way and then that, frantically seeking a way out of this fog-filled field of dreadful pandemonium. Now he swerved in his course to avoid a charging squad, now he was turned aside by prone objects at sight of which he snorted fearfully. Although the blades still rang and the carbines still spoke, there were no more to be seen either lines or order. Here and there in the dust-clouds scurried horses, some with riders and some without, by twos, by fours, or in squads of twenty or more. The sound of shooting and slashing and shouting filled the air.

To Pasha it seemed an eternity that he had been tearing about the field when he shied at the figure of a man sitting on the ground. Pasha was about to wheel and dash away when the man called to him. Surely the tones were familiar. With wide-open, sniffing nostrils and trembling knees, Pasha stopped and looked hard at the man on the ground.

"Pasha! Pasha!" the man called weakly. The voice sounded like that of Mr. Dave.

"Come, boy! Come, boy!" said the man in a coaxing tone, which recalled to Pasha the lessons he had learned at Gray Oaks years before. Still Pasha sniffed and hesitated.

"Come here, Pasha, old fellow. For God's sake, come here!"

There was no resisting this appeal. Step by step Pasha went nearer. He continued to tremble, for this man on the ground, although his voice was that of Mr. Dave, looked much different from the one who had taught him tricks. Besides, there was about him the scent of fresh blood. Pasha could see the stain of it on his blue trousers.

"Come, boy. Come, Pasha," insisted the man on the ground, holding out an encouraging hand. Slowly Pasha obeyed until he could sniff the man's fingers. Another step and the man was smoothing his nose, still speaking gently and coaxingly in a faint voice. In the end Pasha was assured that the man was really the Mr. Dave of old, and glad enough Pasha was to know it.

"Now, Pasha," said Mr. Dave, "we'll see if you've forgotten your tricks, and may the good Lord grant you have n't. Down, sir! Kneel, Pasha, kneel!"

It had been a long time since Pasha had been asked to do this, a very long time; but here was Mr. Dave asking him, in just the same tone as of old, and in just the same way. So Pasha, forgetting his terror under the soothing spell of Mr. Dave's voice, forgetting the fearful sights and sounds about him, remembering only that here was the Mr. Dave whom he loved, asking him to do his old trick—well, Pasha knelt.

"Easy now, boy; steady!" Pasha heard him say. Mr. Dave was dragging himself along the ground to Pasha's side. "Steady now, Pasha; steady, boy!" He felt Mr. Dave's hand on the pommel. "So-o-o, boy; so-o-o-o!" Slowly, oh, so slowly, he felt Mr. Dave crawling into the saddle, and although Pasha's knees ached from the unfamiliar strain, he stirred not a muscle until he got the command, "Up, Pasha, up!"

Then, with a trusted hand on the bridle-rein, Pasha joyfully bounded away through the fog, until the battle-field was left behind. Of the long ride that ensued only Pasha knows, for Mr. Dave kept his seat in the saddle more by force of muscular habit than anything else. A man who has learned to sleep on horseback does not easily fall off, even though he has not the full command of his senses. Only for the first hour or so did Pasha's rider do much toward guiding their course. In hunting-horses, however, the sense of direction is strong. Pasha had it—especially for one point of the compass. This point was south. So, unknowing of the possible peril into which he might be taking his rider, south he went. How Pasha ever did it, as I have said, only Pasha knows; but in the end he struck the Richmond Pike.

It was a pleading whinny which aroused Miss Lou at early daybreak. Under her window she saw Pasha, and on his back a limp figure in a blue, dust-covered, dark-stained uniform. And that was how Pasha's cavalry career came to an end. That one fierce charge was his last.

. . . .

In the Washington home of a certain Maine Congressman you may see, hung in a place of honor and lavishly framed, the picture of a horse. It is very creditably done in oils, is this picture. It is of a cream-white horse, with an arched neck, clean, slim legs, and a splendid flowing tail.

Should you have any favors of state to ask of this Maine Congressman it would be the wise thing, before stating your request, to say something nice about the horse in the picture. Then the Congressman will probably say, looking fondly at the picture: "I must tell Lou—er—my wife, you know, what you have said. Yes, that was Pasha. He saved my neck at Brandy Station. He was one-half Arab, Pasha was, and the other half, sir, was human."

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Louisa de la Ramée (1839–1908), an English novelist, is generally known by her pseudonym "Ouida," which was the result of a child's attempt to pronounce her first name. Her novels had strong popular qualities: intensely dramatic, with sentiment rather high-pitched and always verging on the sensational. The intense human interest is constantly present in her work and accounts for her great vogue. Two of her stories, "The Dog of Flanders" and "Moufflou," have gained a permanent place in juvenile literature. They are popular among sixth, seventh, and eighth grade pupils.

MOUFFLOU

"OUIDA"

Moufflou's masters were some boys and girls. They were very poor, but they were very merry. They lived in an old, dark, tumble-down place, and their father had been dead five years; their mother's care was all they knew; and Tasso was the eldest of them all, a lad of nearly twenty, and he was so kind, so good, so laborious, so cheerful, so gentle, that the children all younger than he adored him. Tasso was a gardener. Tasso, however, though the eldest and mainly the bread-winner, was not so much Moufflou's master as was little Romolo, who was only ten, and a cripple. Romolo, called generally Lolo, had taught Moufflou all he knew; and that all was a very great deal, for nothing cleverer than was Moufflou had ever walked upon four legs.

Why Moufflou?

Well, when the poodle had been given to them by a soldier who was going back to his home in Piedmont, he had been a white woolly creature a year old, and the children's mother, who was a Corsican by birth, had said that he was just like a *moufflon*, as they call sheep in Corsica. White and woolly this dog remained, and he became the handsomest and biggest poodle in all the city, and the corruption of Moufflou from Moufflon remained the name by which he was known; it was silly, perhaps, but it suited him and the children, and Moufflou he was.

They lived in an old quarter of Florence, in that picturesque zigzag which goes round the grand church of Or San Michele, and which is almost more Venetian than Tuscan in its mingling of color, charm, stateliness, popular confusion, and architectural majesty. The tall old houses are weather-beaten into the most delicious hues; the pavement is enchantingly encumbered with peddlers and stalls and all kinds of trades going on in the open air, in that bright, merry, beautiful Italian custom which, alas, alas! is being driven away by new-fangled laws which deem it better for the people to be stuffed up in close, stewing rooms without air, and would fain do away with all the good-tempered politics and the sensible philosophies and the wholesome chatter which the open-street trades and street gossipry encourage, for it is good for the populace to *sfogare* and in no other way can it do so one-half so innocently. Drive it back into musty shops, and it is driven at once to mutter sedition. . . . . But you want to hear about Moufflou.

Well, Moufflou lived here in that high house with the sign of the lamb in wrought iron, which shows it was once a warehouse of the old guild of the Arte della Lana. They are all old houses here, drawn round about that grand church which I called once, and will call again, like a mighty casket of oxidized silver. A mighty casket indeed, holding the Holy Spirit within it; and with the vermilion and the blue and the orange glowing in its niches and its lunettes like enamels, and its statues of the apostles strong and noble, like the times in which they were created,—St. Peter with his keys, and St. Mark with his open book, and St. George leaning on his sword, and others also, solemn and austere as they, austere though benign, for do they not guard the White Tabernacle of Orcagna within?

The church stands firm as a rock, square as a fortress of stone, and the winds and the waters of the skies may beat about it as they will, they have no power to disturb its sublime repose. Sometimes I think of all the noble things in all our Italy Or San Michele is the noblest, standing there in its stern magnificence, amidst people's hurrying feet and noisy laughter, a memory of God.

The little masters of Moufflou lived right in its shadow, where the bridge of stone spans the space between the houses and the church high in mid-air: and little Lolo loved the church with a great love. He loved it in the morning-time, when the sunbeams turned it into dusky gold and jasper; he loved it in the evening-time, when the lights of its altars glimmered in the dark, and the scent of its incense came out into the street; he loved it in the great feasts, when the huge clusters of lilies were borne inside it; he loved it in the solemn nights of winter; the flickering gleam of the dull lamps shone on the robes of an apostle, or the sculpture of a shield, or the glow of a casement-moulding in majolica. He loved it always, and, without knowing why, he called it *la mia chiesa*.

Lolo, being lame and of delicate health, was not enabled to go to school or to work, though he wove the straw covering of wine-flasks and plaited the cane matting with busy fingers. But for the most part he did as he liked, and spent most of his time sitting on the parapet of Or San Michele, watching the venders of earthenware at their trucks, or trotting with his crutch (and he could trot a good many miles when he chose) out with Moufflou down a bit of the Stockingmakers' Street, along under the arcades of the Uffizi, and so over the Jewellers' Bridge, and out of byways that he knew into the fields on the hill-side upon the other bank of Arno. Moufflou and he would spend half the day — all the day — out there in daffodil-time; and Lolo would come home with great bundles and sheaves of golden flowers, and he and Moufflou were happy.

His mother never liked to say a harsh word to Lolo, for he was lame through her fault: she had let him fall in his babyhood, and the mischief had been done to his hip never again to be undone. So she never raised her voice to him, though she did often to the others, — to curly-pated Cecco, and pretty black-eyed Dina, and saucy Bice, and sturdy Beppo, and even to the good, manly, hard-working Tasso. Tasso was the mainstay of the whole, though he was but a gardener's lad, working in the green Cascine at small wages. But all he earned he brought home to his mother; and he alone kept in order the lazy, high-tempered Sandro, and he alone kept in check Bice's love of finery, and he alone could with shrewdness and care make both ends meet and put *minestra* always in the pot and bread always in the cupboard.

When his mother thought, as she thought indeed almost ceaselessly, that with a few months he would be of the age to draw his number, and might draw a high one and be taken from her for three years, the poor soul believed her very heart would burst and break; and many a day at twilight she would start out unperceived and creep into the great church and pour her soul forth in supplication before the White Tabernacle.

Yet, pray as she would, no miracle could happen to make Tasso free of military service: if he drew a fatal number, go he must, even though he take all the lives of them to their ruin with him.

One morning Lolo sat as usual on the parapet of the church, Moufflou beside him. It was a brilliant morning in September. The men at the hand-barrows and at the stall were selling the crockery, the silk handkerchiefs, and the straw hats which form the staple of the commerce that goes on round about Or San Michele,—very blithe, good-natured, gay commerce, for the most part, not got through, however, of course, without bawling and screaming, and shouting and gesticulating, as if the sale of a penny pipkin or a twopenny pie-pan were the occasion for the exchange of many thousands of pounds sterling and cause for the whole world's commotion. It was about eleven o'clock; the poor petitioners were going in for alms to the house of the fraternity of San Giovanni Battista; the barber at the corner was shaving a big man with a cloth tucked about his chin, and his chair set well out on the pavement; the sellers of the pipkins and pie-pans were screaming till they were hoarse, "*Un soldo l'uno, due soldi tre!*" big bronze bells were booming till they seemed to clang right up to the deep-blue sky; some brethren of the Misericordia went by bearing a black bier; a large sheaf of glowing flowers—dahlias, zinnias, asters, and daturas—was borne through the huge arched door of the church near St. Mark and his open book. Lolo looked on at it all, and so did Moufflou, and a stranger looked at them as he left the church.

"You have a handsome poodle there, my little man," he said to Lolo, in a foreigner's too distinct and careful Italian.

"Moufflou is beautiful," said Lolo, with pride. "You should see him when he is just washed; but we can only wash him on Sundays, because then Tasso is at home."

"How old is your dog?"

"Three years old."

"Does he do any tricks?"

"Does he!" said Lolo, with a very derisive laugh: "why, Moufflou can do anything! He can walk on two legs ever so long; make ready, present, and fire; die; waltz; beg, of course; shut a door; make a wheelbarrow of himself; there is nothing he will not do. Would you like to see him do something?"

"Very much," said the foreigner.

To Moufflou and to Lolo the street was the same thing as home; this cheery *piazzetta* by the church, so utterly empty sometimes, and sometimes so noisy and crowded, was but the wider threshold of their home to both the poodle and the child.

So there, under the lofty and stately walls of the old church, Lolo put Moufflou through his exercises. They were second nature to Moufflou, as to most poodles. He had inherited his address at them from clever parents, and, as he had never been frightened or coerced, all his lessons and acquirements were but play to him. He acquitted himself admirably, and the crockery-venders came and looked on, and a sacristan came out of the church and smiled, and the barber left his customer's chin all in a lather while he laughed, for the good folk of the quarter were all proud of Moufflou and never tired of him, and the pleasant, easy-going, good-humored disposition of the Tuscan populace is so far removed from the stupid buckram and whalebone in which the new-fangled democracy wants to imprison it.

The stranger also was much diverted by Moufflou's talents, and said, half aloud, "How this clever dog would amuse poor Victor! Would you bring your poodle to please a sick child I have at home!" he said, quite aloud, to Lolo, who smiled and answered that he would. Where was the sick child?

"At the Gran Bretagna; not far off," said the gentleman. "Come this afternoon, and ask for me by this name."

He dropped his card and a couple of francs into Lolo's hand, and went his way. Lolo, with Moufflou scampering after him, dashed into his own house, and stumped up the stairs, his crutch making a terrible noise on the stone.

"Mother, mother! see what I have got because Moufflou did his tricks," he shouted. "And now you can buy those shoes you want so much, and the coffee that you miss so of a morning, and the new linen for Tasso, and the shirts for Sandro."

For to the mind of Lolo two francs was as two millions,—source unfathomable of riches inexhaustible!

With the afternoon he and Moufflou trotted down the arcades of the Uffizi and down the Lung' Arno to the hotel of the stranger, and, showing the stranger's card, which Lolo could not read, they were shown at once into a great chamber, all gilding and fresco and velvet furniture.

But Lolo, being a little Florentine, was never troubled by externals, or daunted by mere sofas and chairs: he stood and looked around him with perfect composure; and Moufflou, whose attitude, when he was not romping, was always one of magisterial gravity, sat on his haunches and did the same.

Soon the foreigner he had seen in the forenoon entered and spoke to him, and led him into another chamber, where stretched on a couch was a little wan-faced boy about seven years old; a pretty boy, but so pallid, so wasted, so helpless. This poor little boy was heir to a great name and a great fortune, but all the science in the world could not make him strong enough to run about among the daisies, or able to draw a single breath without pain. A feeble smile lit up his face as he saw Moufflou and Lolo; then a shadow chased it away.

"Little boy is lame like me," he said, in a tongue Lolo did not understand.

"Yes, but he is a strong little boy, and can move about, as perhaps the suns of his country will make you do," said the gentleman, who was the poor little boy's father. "He has brought you his poodle to amuse you. What a handsome dog! is it not?"

"Oh, *buffins!*" said the poor little fellow, stretching out his wasted hands to Moufflou, who submitted his leonine crest to the caress.

Then Lolo went through the performance, and Moufflou acquitted himself ably as ever; and the little invalid laughed and shouted with his tiny thin voice, and enjoyed it all immensely, and rained cakes and biscuits on both the poodle and its master. Lolo crumped the pastries with willing white teeth, and Moufflou did no less. Then they got up to go, and the sick child on the couch burst into fretful lamentations and outcries.

"I want the dog! I will have the dog!" was all he kept repeating.

But Lolo did not know what he said, and was only sorry to see him so unhappy.

"You shall have the dog to-morrow," said the gentleman, to pacify his little son; and he hurried Lolo and Moufflou out of the room, and consigned them to a servant, having given Lolo five francs this time.

"Why, Moufflou," said Lolo, with a chuckle of delight, "if we could find a foreigner every day, we could eat meat at supper, Moufflou, and go to the theatre every evening?"

And he and his crutch clattered home with great eagerness and excitement, and Moufflou trotted on his four frilled feet, the blue bow with which Bice had tied up his curls on the top of his head, fluttering in the wind. But, alas! even his five francs could bring no comfort at home. He found his whole family wailing and mourning in utterly inconsolable distress.

Tasso had drawn his number that morning, and the number was seven, and he must go and be a conscript for three years.

The poor young man stood in the midst of his weeping brothers and sisters, with his mother leaning against his shoulder, and down his own brown cheeks the tears were falling. He must go, and lose his place in the public gardens, and leave his people to starve as they might, and be put in a tomfool's jacket, and drafted off among cursing and swearing and strange faces, friendless, homeless, miserable! And the mother,—what would become of the mother?

Tasso was the best of lads and the mildest. He was quite happy sweeping up the leaves in the long alleys of the Cascine, or mowing the green lawns under the ilex avenues, and coming home at supper-time, among the merry little people and the good woman that he loved. He was quite contented; he wanted nothing, only to be let alone; and they would not let him alone. They would haul him away to put a heavy musket in his hand and a heavy knapsack on his back, and drill him, and curse him, and make him into a human target, a live popinjay.

No one had any heed for Lolo and his five francs, and Moufflou, understanding that some great sorrow had fallen on his friends, sat down and lifted up his voice and howled.

Tasso must go away!—that was all they understood. For three long years they must go without the sight of his face, the aid of his strength, the pleasure of his smile: Tasso must go! When Lolo understood the calamity that had befallen them, he gathered Moufflou up against his breast, and sat down too on the floor beside him and cried as if he would never stop crying.

There was no help for it; it was one of those misfortunes which are, as we say in Italian, like a tile tumbled on the head. The tile drops from a height, and the poor head bows under the unseen blow. That is all.

"What is the use of that?" said the mother, passionately, when Lolo showed her his five francs. "It will not buy Tasso's discharge."

Lolo felt that his mother was cruel and unjust, and crept to bed with Moufflou. Moufflou always slept on Lolo's feet.

The next morning Lolo got up before sunrise, and he and Moufflou accompanied Tasso to his work in the Cascine.

Lolo loved his brother, and clung to every moment whilst they could still be together.

"Can nothing keep you, Tasso?" he said, despairingly, as they went down the leafy aisles, whilst the Arno water was growing golden as the sun rose.

Tasso sighed.

"Nothing, dear. Unless Gesu would send me a thousand francs to buy a substitute."

And he knew he might as well have said, "If one could coin gold ducats out of the sunbeams on Arno water."

Lolo was very sorrowful as he lay on the grass in the meadow where Tasso was at work, and the poodle lay stretched beside him.

When Lolo went home to dinner (Tasso took his wrapped in a handkerchief) he found his mother very agitated and excited. She was laughing one moment, crying the next. She was passionate and peevish, tender and jocose by turns; there was something forced and feverish about her which the children felt but did not comprehend. She was a woman of not very much intelligence, and she had a secret, and she carried it ill, and knew not what to do with it; but they could not tell that. They only felt a vague sense of disturbance and timidity at her unwonted manner.

The meal over (it was only bean-soup, and that is soon eaten), the mother said sharply to Lolo, "Your aunt Anita wants you this afternoon. She has to go out, and you are needed to stay with the children: be off with you."

Lolo was an obedient child; he took his hat and jumped up as quickly as his halting hip would let him. He called Moufflou, who was asleep.

"Leave the dog," said his mother, sharply. "'Nita will not have him messing and carrying mud about her nice clean rooms. She told me so. Leave him. I say."

"Leave Moufflou!" echoed Lolo, for never in all Moufflou's life had Lolo parted from him. Leave Moufflou! He stared open-eyed and open-mouthed at his mother. What could have come to her?"

"Leave him, I say," she repeated, more sharply than ever. "Must I speak twice to my own children? Be off with you, and leave the dog, I say."

And she clutched Moufflou by his long silky mane and dragged him backwards, whilst with the other hand she thrust out of the door Lolo and Bice.

Lolo began to hammer with his crutch at the door thus closed on him; but Bice coaxed and entreated him.

"Poor mother has been so worried about Tasso," she pleaded. "And what harm can come to Moufflou? And I do think he was tired, Lolo; the Cascine is a long way; and it is quite true that Aunt 'Nita never liked him."

So by one means and another she coaxed her brother away; and they went almost in silence to where their Aunt Anita dwelt, which was across the river, near the dark-red bell-shaped dome of Santa Spirito.

It was true that her aunt had wanted them to mind her room and her babies whilst she was away carrying home some lace to a villa outside the Roman gate, for she was a lace-washer and clear-starcher by trade. There they had to stay in the little dark room with the two babies, with nothing to amuse the time except the clang of the bells of the church of the Holy Spirit, and the voices of the lemonade-sellers shouting in the street below. Aunt Anita did not get back till it was more than dusk, and the two children trotted homeward hand in hand, Lolo's leg dragging itself painfully along, for without Moufflou's white figure dancing on before him he felt very tired indeed. It was pitch dark when they got to Or San Michele, and the lamps burned dully.

Lolo stumped up the stairs wearily, with a vague, dull fear at his small heart.

"Moufflou, Moufflou!" he called. Where was Moufflou? Always at the first sound of his crutch the poodle came flying towards him. "Moufflou, Moufflou!" he called all the way up the long, dark twisting stone stair. He pushed open the door, and he called again, "Moufflou, Moufflou!"

But no dog answered to his call.

"Mother, where is Moufflou?" he asked, staring with blinking, dazzled eyes into the oil-lit room where his mother sat knitting. Tasso was not then home from work. His mother went on with her knitting; there was an uneasy look on her face.

"Mother, what have you done with Moufflou, *my* Moufflou?" said Lolo, with a look that was almost stern on his ten-year-old face.

Then his mother, without looking up and moving her knitting-needles very rapidly, said,—

"Moufflou is sold!"

And little Dina, who was a quick, pert child, cried, with a shrill voice,—

"Mother has sold him for a thousand francs to the foreign gentleman."

"Sold him!"

Lolo grew white and grew cold as ice; he stammered, threw up his hands over his head, gasped a little for breath, then fell down in a dead swoon, his poor useless limb doubled under him.

When Tasso came home that sad night and found his little brother shivering, moaning, and half delirious, and when he heard what had been done, he was sorely grieved.

"Oh, mother, how could you do it?" he cried. "Poor, poor Moufflou! and Lolo loves him so!"

"I have got the money," said his mother, feverishly, "and you will not need to go for a soldier: we can buy your substitute. What is a poodle, that you mourn about it? We can get another poodle for Lolo."

"Another will not be Moufflou," said Tasso, and yet was seized with such a frantic happiness himself at the knowledge that he would not need go to the army, that he too felt as if he were drunk on new wine, and had not the heart to rebuke his mother.

"A thousand francs!" he muttered; "a thousand francs! *Dio mio!* Who could ever have fancied anybody would have given such a price for a common white poodle? One would think the gentleman had bought the church and the tabernacle!"

"Fools and their money are soon parted," said his mother, with cross contempt.

It was true: she had sold Moufflou.

The English gentleman had called on her while Lolo and the dog had been in the Cascine, and had said that he was desirous of buying the poodle, which had so diverted his sick child that the little invalid would not be comforted unless he possessed it. Now, at any other time the good woman would have sturdily refused any idea of selling Moufflou; but that morning the thousand francs which would buy Tasso's substitute were forever in her mind and before her eyes. When she heard the foreigner her heart gave a great leap, and her head swam giddily, and she thought, in a spasm of longing — if she could get those thousand francs! But though she was so dizzy and so upset she retained her grip on her native Florentine shrewdness. She said nothing of her need of the money; not a syllable of her sore distress. On the contrary, she was coy and wary, affected great reluctance to part with her pet, invented a great offer made for him by a director of a circus, and finally let fall a hint that less than a thousand francs she could never take for poor Moufflou.

The gentleman assented with so much willingness to the price that she instantly regretted not having asked double. He told her that if she would take the poodle that afternoon to his hotel the money should be paid to her; so she despatched her children after their noonday meal in various directions, and herself took Moufflou to his doom. She could not believe her senses when ten hundred-franc notes were put into her hand. She scrawled her signature, Rosina Calabucci, to a formal receipt, and went away, leaving Moufflou in his new owner's rooms, and hearing his howls and moans pursue her all the way down the staircase and out into the air.

She was not easy at what she had done.

"It seemed," she said to herself, "like selling a Christian."

But then to keep her eldest son at home, — what a joy that was! On the whole, she cried so and laughed so as she went down the Lung' Arno that once or twice people looked at her, thinking her out of her senses, and a guard spoke to her angrily.

Meanwhile, Lolo was sick and delirious with grief. Twenty times he got out of his bed and screamed to be allowed to go with Moufflou, and twenty times his mother and his brothers put him back again and held him down and tried in vain to quiet him.

The child was beside himself with misery. "Moufflou! Moufflou!" he sobbed at every moment; and by night he was in a raging fever, and when his mother, frightened, ran in and called in the doctor of the quarter, that worthy shook his head and said something as to a shock of the nervous system, and muttered a long word, —"meningitis."

Lolo took a hatred to the sight of Tasso, and thrust him away, and his mother too.

"It is for you Moufflou is sold," he said, with his little teeth and hands tight clinched.

After a day or two Tasso felt as if he could not bear his life, and went down to the hotel to see if the foreign gentleman would allow him to have Moufflou back for half an hour to quiet his little brother by a sight of him. But at the hotel he was told that the *Milord Inglese* who had bought the dog of Rosina Calabucci had gone that same night of the purchase to Rome, to Naples, to Palermo, *chi sa?*

"And Moufflou with him?" asked Tasso.

"The *barbone* he had bought went with him," said the porter of the hotel. "Such a beast! Howling, shrieking, raging all the day, and all the paint scratched off the *salon* door."

Poor Moufflou! Tasso's heart was heavy as he heard of that sad helpless misery of their bartered favorite and friend.

"What matter?" said his mother, fiercely, when he told her. "A dog is a dog. They will feed him better than we could. In a week he will have forgotten — *che!*"

But Tasso feared that Moufflou would not forget. Lolo certainly would not. The doctor came to the bedside twice a day, and ice and water were kept on the aching hot little head that had got the malady with the long name, and for the chief part of the time Lolo lay quiet, dull, and stupid, breathing heavily, and then at intervals cried and sobbed and shrieked hysterically for Moufflou.

"Can you not get what he calls for to quiet him with a sight of it?" said the doctor. But that was not possible, and poor Rosina covered her head with her apron and felt a guilty creature.

"Still, you will not go to the army," she said to Tasso. Clinging to that immense joy for her consolation. "Only think! we can pay Guido Squarcione to go for you. He always said he would go if anybody would pay him. Oh, my Tasso, surely to keep you is worth a dog's life!"

"And Lolo's?" said Tasso, gloomily. "Nay, mother, it works ill to meddle too much with fate. I drew my number; I was bound to go. Heaven would have made it up to you somehow."

"Heaven sent me the foreigner; the Madonna's own self sent him to ease a mother's pain," said Rosina, rapidly and angrily. "There are the thousand francs safe to hand in the *cassone*, and what, pray, is it we miss? Only a dog like a sheep, that brought gallons of mud in with him every time it rained, and ate as much as any one of you."

"But Lolo?" said Tasso, under his breath.

His mother was so irritated and so tormented by her own conscience that she upset all the cabbage broth into the burning charcoal.

"Lolo was always a little fool, thinking of nothing but the church and the dog and nasty field-flowers," she said, angrily. "I humored him ever too much because of the hurt to his hip, and so — and so —"

Then the poor soul made matters worse by dropping her tears into the saucepan, and fanning the charcoal so furiously that the flame caught her fan of cane-leaves, and would have burned her arm had not Tasso been there.

"You are my prop and safety always. Who would not have done what I did? Not Santa Felicita herself," she said, with a great sob.

But all this did not cure poor Lolo.

The days and the weeks of the golden autumn weather passed away, and he was always in danger, and the small close room where he slept with Sandro and Beppo and Tasso was not one to cure such an illness as had now beset him. Tasso went to his work with a sick heart in the Cascine, where the colchicum was all lilac among the meadow grass, and the ashes and elms were taking their first flush of the coming autumnal change. He did not think Lolo would ever get well, and the good lad felt as if he had been the murderer of his little brother.

True, he had had no hand or voice in the sale of Moufflou, but Moufflou had been sold for his sake. It made him feel half guilty, very unhappy, quite unworthy of all the sacrifice that had been made for him. "Nobody should meddle with fate," thought Tasso, who knew his grandfather had died in San Bonifazio because he had driven himself mad over the dream-book trying to get lucky numbers for the lottery and become a rich man at a stroke.

It was rapture, indeed, to know that he was free of the army for a time at least, that he might go on undisturbed at his healthful labor, and get a rise in wages as time went on, and dwell in peace with his family, and perhaps — perhaps in time earn enough to marry pretty flaxen-haired Biondina, the daughter of the barber in the piazzetta. It was rapture indeed; but then poor Moufflou! — and poor, poor Lolo! Tasso felt as if he had bought his own exemption by seeing his little brother and the good dog torn in pieces and buried alive for his service.

And where was poor Moufflou?

Gone far away somewhere south in the hurrying, screeching, vomiting, braying train it made Tasso giddy only to look at as it rushed by the green meadows beyond the Cascine on its way to the sea.

"If he could see the dog he cries so for, it might save him," said the doctor, who stood with grave face watching Lolo.

But that was beyond any one's power. No one could tell where Moufflou was. He might be carried away to England, to France, to Russia, to America, — who could say? They did not know where his purchaser had gone. Moufflou even might be dead.

The poor mother, when the doctor said that, went and looked at the ten hundred-franc notes that were once like angels' faces to her, and said to them, —

"Oh, you children of Satan, why did you tempt me? I sold the poor, innocent, trustful beast to get you, and now my child is dying!"

Her eldest son would stay at home, indeed; but if this little lame one died! Rosina Calabucci would have given up the notes and consented never to own five francs in her life if only she could have gone back over the time and kept Moufflou, and seen his little master running out with him into the sunshine.

More than a month went by, and Lolo lay in the same state, his yellow hair shorn, his eyes dilated and yet stupid, life kept in him by a spoonful of milk, a lump of ice, a drink of lemon-water; always muttering, when he spoke at all, "Moufflou, Moufflou, *dov' e* Moufflou?" and lying for days together in somnolence and unconsciousness, with the fire eating at his brain and the weight lying on it like a stone.

The neighbors were kind, and brought fruit and the like, and sat up with him, and chattered so all at once in one continuous brawl that they were enough in themselves to kill him, for such is ever the Italian fashion of sympathy in all illness.

But Lolo did not get well, did not even seem to see the light at all, or to distinguish any sounds around him; and the doctor in plain words told Rosina Calabucci that her little boy must die. Die, and the church so near! She could not believe it. Could St. Mark, and St. George, and the rest that he had loved so do nothing for him? No, said the doctor, they could do nothing; the dog might do something, since the brain had so fastened on that one idea; but then they had sold the dog.

"Yes; I sold him!" said the poor mother, breaking into floods of remorseful tears.

So at last the end drew so nigh that one twilight time the priest came out of the great arched door that is next St. Mark, with the Host uplifted, and a little acolyte ringing the bell before it, and passed across the piazzetta, and went up the dark staircase of Rosina's dwelling, and passed through the weeping, terrified children, and went to the bedside of Lolo.

Lolo was unconscious, but the holy man touched his little body and limbs with the sacred oil, and prayed over him, and then stood sorrowful with bowed head.

Lolo had had his first communion in the summer, and in his preparation for it had shown an intelligence and devoutness that had won the priest's gentle heart.

Standing there, the holy man commended the innocent soul to God. It was the last service to be rendered to him save that very last of all when the funeral office should be read above his little grave among the millions of nameless dead at the sepulchres of the poor at Trebbiano.

All was still as the priest's voice ceased; only the sobs of the mother and of the children broke the stillness as they kneeled; the hand of Biondina had stolen into Tasso's.

Suddenly, there was a loud scuffling noise; hurrying feet came patter, patter, patter up the stairs, a ball of mud and dust flew over the heads of the kneeling figures, fleet as the wind Moufflou dashed through the room and leaped upon the bed.

Lolo opened his heavy eyes, and a sudden light of consciousness gleamed in them like a sunbeam. "Moufflou!" he murmured, in his little thin faint voice. The dog pressed close to his breast and kissed his wasted face.

Moufflou was come home!

And Lolo came home too, for death let go its hold upon him. Little by little, very faintly and flickeringly and very uncertainly at the first, life returned to the poor little body, and reason to the tormented, heated little brain. Moufflou was his physician; Moufflou, who, himself a skeleton under his matted curls, would not stir from his side and looked at him all day long with two beaming brown eyes full of unutterable love.

Lolo was happy; he asked no questions,—was too weak, indeed, even to wonder. He had Moufflou; that was enough.

Alas! though they dared not say so in his hearing, it was not enough for his elders. His mother and Tasso knew that the poodle had been sold and paid for; that they could lay no claim to keep him; and that almost certainly his purchaser would seek him out and assert his indisputable right to him. And then how would Lolo ever bear that second parting?—Lolo, so weak that he weighed no more than if he had been a little bird.

Moufflou had, no doubt, traveled a long distance and suffered much. He was but skin and bone; he bore the marks of blows and kicks; his once silken hair was all discolored and matted; he had, no doubt, traveled far. But then his purchaser would be sure to ask for him, soon or late, at his old home; and then? Well, then if they did not give him up themselves, the law would make them.

Rosina Calabucci and Tasso, though they dared say nothing before any of the children, felt their hearts in their mouths at every step on the stair, and the first interrogation of Tasso every evening when he came from his work was, "Has any one come for Moufflou?" For ten days no one came, and their first terrors lulled a little.

On the eleventh morning, a feast-day, on which Tasso was not going to his labors in the Cascine, there came a person, with a foreign look, who said the words they so much dreaded to hear: "Has the poodle that you sold to an English gentleman come back to you?"

Yes: his English master claimed him!

The servant said that they had missed the dog in Rome a few days after buying him and taking him there; that he had been searched for in vain, and that his master had thought it possible the animal might have found his way back to his old home: there had been stories of such wonderful sagacity in dogs: anyhow, he had sent for him on the chance; he was himself back on the Lung' Arno. The servant pulled from his pocket a chain, and said his orders were to take the poodle away at once: the little sick gentleman had fretted very much about his loss.

Tasso heard in a very agony of despair. To take Moufflou away now would be to kill Lolo, — Lolo so feeble still, so unable to understand, so passionately alive to every sight and sound of Moufflou, lying for hours together motionless with his hand buried in the poodle's curls, saying nothing, only smiling now and then, and murmuring a word or two in Moufflou's ear.

"The dog did come home," said Tasso, at length, in a low voice; "angels must have shown him the road, poor beast! From Rome! Only to think of it, from Rome! And he a dumb thing! I tell you he is here, honestly: so will you not trust me just so far as this? Will you let me go with you and speak to the English lord before you take the dog away? I have a little brother sorely ill—"

He could not speak more, for tears that choked his voice.

At last the messenger agreed so far as this: Tasso might go first and see the master, but he would stay here and have a care they did not spirit the dog away, — "for a thousand francs were paid for him," added the man, "and a dog that can come all the way from Rome by itself must be an uncanny creature."

Tasso thanked him, went up-stairs, was thankful that his mother was at mass and could not dispute with him, took the ten hundred-franc notes from the old oak *cassone*, and with them in his breast-pocket walked out into the air. He was but a poor working lad, but he had made up his mind to do an heroic act. He went straightway to the hotel where the English *milord* was, and when he had got there remembered that still he did not know the name of Moufflou's owner; but the people of the hotel knew him as Rosina Calabucci's son, and guessed what he wanted, and said the gentleman who had lost the poodle was within, up-stairs, and they would tell him.

Tasso waited some half-hour with his heart beating sorely against the packet of hundred-franc notes. At last he was beckoned up-stairs, and there he saw a foreigner with a mild fair face, and a very lovely lady, and a delicate child who was lying on a couch. "Moufflou! Where is Moufflou?" cried the little child, impatiently, as he saw the youth enter.

Tasso took his hat off, and stood in the door-way an embrowned, healthy, not ungraceful figure, in his working-clothes of rough blue stuff.

"If you please, most illustrious," he stammered, "poor Moufflou has come home."

The child gave a cry of delight; the gentleman and lady one of wonder. Come home! All the way from Rome!

"Yes, he has, most illustrious," said Tasso, gaining courage and eloquence; "and now I want to beg something of you. We are poor, and I drew a bad number, and it was for that my mother sold Moufflou. For myself, I did not know anything of it; but she thought she would buy my substitute, and of course she could; but Moufflou is come home, and my little brother Lolo, the little boy your most illustrious first saw playing with the poodle, fell ill of the grief of losing Moufflou, and for a month has lain saying nothing sensible, but only calling for the dog, and my old grandfather died of worrying himself mad over the lottery numbers, and Lolo was so near dying that the Blessed Host had been brought, and the holy oil had been put on him, when all at once there rushes in Moufflou, skin and bone, and covered with mud, and at the sight of him Lolo comes back to his senses, and that is now ten days ago, and though Lolo is still as weak as a new-born thing, he is always sensible, and takes what we give him to eat, and lies always looking at Moufflou, and smiling, and saying, 'Moufflou! Moufflou!' and, most illustrious, I know well you have bought the dog, and the law is with you, and by the law you claim it, but I thought perhaps, as Lolo loves him so, you would let us keep the dog, and would take back the thousand francs, and myself I will go and be a soldier, and heaven will take care of them all somehow."

Then Tasso, having said all this in one breathless, monotonous recitative, took the thousand francs out of his breast-pocket and held them out timidly towards the foreign gentleman, who motioned them aside and stood silent.

"Did you understand, Victor?" he said, at last, to his little son.

The child hid his face in his cushions.

"Yes, I did understand something: let Lolo keep him; Moufflou was not happy with me."

But he burst out crying as he said it.

Moufflou had run away from him.

Moufflou had never loved him, for all his sweet cakes and fond caresses and platefuls of delicate savory meats. Moufflou had run away and found his own road over two hundred miles and more to go back to some little hungry children, who never had enough to eat themselves and so, certainly, could never give enough to eat to the dog. Poor little boy! He was so rich and so pampered and so powerful, and yet he could never make Moufflou love him!

Tasso, who understood nothing that was said, laid the ten hundred-franc notes down on a table near him.

"If you would take them, most illustrious, and give me back what my mother wrote when she sold Moufflou," he said, timidly, "I would pray for you night and day, and Lolo would too; and as for the dog, we will get a puppy and train him for your little *signorino;* they can all do tricks, more or less, it comes by nature; and as for me, I will go to the army willingly; it is not right to interfere with fate; my old grandfather died mad because he would try to be a rich man, by dreaming about it and pulling destiny by the ears, as if she were a kicking mule; only, I do pray of you, do not take away Moufflou. And to think he trotted all those miles and miles, and you carried him by train too, and he never could have seen the road, and he had no power of speech to ask—"

Tasso broke down again in his eloquence, and drew the back of his hand across his wet eyelashes.

The English gentleman was not altogether unmoved.

"Poor faithful dog!" he said, with a sigh. "I am afraid we were very cruel to him, meaning to be kind. No; we will not claim him, and I do not think you should go for a soldier; you seem so good a lad, and your mother must need you. Keep the money, my boy, and in payment you shall train up the puppy you talk of, and bring him to my little boy. I will come and see your mother and Lolo to-morrow. All the way from Rome! What wonderful sagacity! what matchless fidelity!"

You can imagine, without any telling of mine, the joy that reigned in Moufflou's home when Tasso returned thither with the money and the good tidings both. His substitute was bought without a day's delay, and Lolo rapidly recovered. As for Moufflou, he could never tell them his troubles, his wanderings, his difficulties, his perils; he could never tell them by what miraculous knowledge he had found his way across Italy, from the gates of Rome to the gates of Florence. But he soon grew plump again, and merry, and his love for Lolo was yet greater than before.

By the winter all the family went to live on an estate near Spezia that the English gentleman had purchased, and there Moufflou was happier than ever. The little English boy is gaining strength in the soft air, and he and Lolo are great friends, and play with Moufflou and the poodle puppy half the day upon the sunny terraces and under the green orange boughs. Tasso is one of the gardeners there; he will have to serve as a soldier probably in some category or another, but he is safe for the time, and is happy. Lolo, whose lameness will always exempt him from military service, when he grows to be a man means to be a florist, and a great one. He has learned to read, as the first step on the road of his ambition.

"But oh, Moufflou, how *did* you find your way home?" he asks the dog a hundred times a week.

How indeed!

No one ever knew how Moufflou had made that long journey on foot, so many weary miles; but beyond a doubt he had done it alone and unaided, for if any one had helped him they would have come home with him to claim the reward.

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Olive Thorne Miller (1831–1918) is remembered in the history of American juvenile literature as a writer on birds. Her purpose was to show truly the characteristics and habits of the "little brothers of the air." The following selection illustrates the style of much of her work. Some of her books that may appropriately be used as literature in the third, fourth, or fifth grade are *The Children's Book of Birds*, *Little Brothers of the Air*, *Little Folks in Feathers and Fur*, and *Four Handed Folk*. (The selection that follows is from the first-named book, and is used by permission of and by special arrangement with the publishers, The Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.)

BIRD HABITS

OLIVE THORNE MILLER

I. WHERE HE SLEEPS

Most birds sleep on their feet.

You know how a canary goes to sleep, all puffed out like a ball, with his head buried in the feathers of his shoulder. He may stick his bill over behind the top of the wing, but he never "puts his head under his wing," as you have heard.

Sometimes he stands straight up on one leg, with the other drawn up out of sight in his feathers, but more often he sits down on the perch, still resting on his feet. Most wild birds of the perching kind sleep in the same way.

It is only lately that we have begun to find out where birds sleep, because it is dark when they go to bed, and they get up before it is light enough for us to see them.

The only way to catch them in bed is to go out in the evening, and start them up after they have gone to sleep. And this is not very kind to the poor little birds. Some men who are trying to learn about the habits of birds have tried this way, and so have found out some of their sleeping-places.

One thing they have learned is that the nest is not often used for a bed, except for the mother while she is sitting and keeping her little ones warm.

Robins and orioles, and others, creep into the thick branches of an evergreen tree, close up to the trunk. Some crawl under the edge of a haystack, others into thick vines or thorny bushes. All these are meant for hiding-places, so that beasts that prowl about at night, and like to eat birds, will not find them.

Tree sparrows like to sleep in holes in the ground like little caves. The men who found these cosy little bedrooms think they are places dug out by field mice, and other small animals, for their own use. And when they are left, the birds are glad to take them.

When the weather is cold, some birds sleep under the snow. You may think that would not be very warm, and it is not so warm as a bed in the house with plenty of blankets. But it is much warmer than a perch in a tree, with nothing but leaves to keep off the wind.

While the snow is falling, some birds find it as good as blankets for their use. Grouse, who live on the ground, dive into a snow-bank and snuggle down quietly, while the snow falls and covers them all over and keeps the cold wind off. Air comes through the snow, so they do not smother.

Some birds creep into a pile of brush that is covered with snow, and find under the twigs little places like tents, where the snow has been kept out by the twigs, and they sleep there, away from the wind and storm outside.

Water birds find the best sleeping-places on the water, where they float all night like tiny boats. Some of them leave one foot hanging down and paddling a little, while they sleep, to keep from being washed to the shore.

Bob-white and his family sleep in a close circle on the ground, all with their heads turned outward, so that they can see or hear an enemy, whichever way he comes.

Hawks and eagles are said to sleep standing, never sitting on the feet like a canary. Some ducks and geese do even more: they sleep standing on one foot. Woodpeckers and chimney swifts hang themselves up by their claws, using their stiff tail for a brace, as if it were a third leg.

Some birds, like the crows, sleep in great flocks. They agree upon a piece of woods, and all the crows for miles around come there every night. Sometimes thousands of them sleep in this one bedroom, called a crow roost. Robins do the same, after the young are big enough to fly so far.

Audubon, who has told us so much about birds, once found a hollow tree which was the sleeping-room of chimney swifts. The noise they made going out in the morning was like the roar of a great mill-wheel.

He wanted to see the birds asleep. So in the daytime, when they were away, he had a piece cut out at the foot of the tree, big enough to let him in, and then put back, so the birds would not notice anything unusual.

At night, after the swifts were abed, he took a dark lantern and went in. He turned the light upon them little by little, so as not to startle them. Then he saw the whole inside of the tree full of birds. They were hanging by their claws, side by side, as thick as they could hang. He thought there were as many as twelve thousand in that one bedroom.

II. HIS TRAVELS

Most of our birds take two long journeys every year, one in the fall to the south, and the other in the spring back to the north. These journeys are called "migrations."

The birds do not go all at once, but in many cases those of a kind who live near each other collect in a flock and travel together. Each species or kind has its own time to go.

It might be thought that it is because of the cold that so many birds move to a warmer climate. But it is not so; they are very well dressed to endure cold. Their feather suits are so warm that some of our smallest and weakest birds are able to stay with us, like the chickadee and the golden-crowned kinglet. It is simply because they cannot get food in winter, that they have to go.

The fall travel begins soon after the first of July. The bobolink is one of the first to leave us, though he does not start at once on his long journey. By that time his little folk are full grown, and can take care of themselves, and he is getting on his winter suit, or moulting.

Then some morning all the bobolinks in the country are turned out of their homes in the meadows, by men and horses and mowing machines, for at that time the long grass is ready to cut.

Then he begins to think about the wild rice that is getting just right to eat. Besides, he likes to take his long journey to South America in an easy way, stopping here and there as he goes. So some morning we miss his cheerful call, and if we go to the meadow we shall not be able to see a single bobolink.

There, too, are the swallows, who eat only small flying insects. As the weather grows cooler, these tiny flies are no longer to be found. So the swallows begin to flock, as it is called. For a few days they will be seen on fences and telegraph wires, chattering and making a great noise, and then some morning they will all be gone.

They spend some time in marshes and lonely places before they at last set out for the south.

As the days grow shorter and cooler, the warblers go. These are the bright-colored little fellows, who live mostly in the tops of trees. Then the orioles and the thrushes and the cuckoos leave us, and most birds who live on insects.

By the time that November comes in, few of them will be left. Birds who can live on seeds and winter berries, such as cedar-berries and partridge-berries, and others, often stay with us, — bluebirds, finches, and sometimes robins.

Many birds take their journey by night. Think of it! Tiny creatures, that all summer go to bed at dark, start off some night, when it seems as if they ought to be asleep, and fly all night in the dark.

When it grows light, they stop in some place where they can feed and rest. And the next night, or two or three nights later, they go on again. So they do until they reach their winter home, hundreds or thousands of miles away.

These night flyers are the timid birds, and those who live in the woods and do not like to be seen, — thrushes, wrens, vireos, and others. Birds with strong wings, who are used to flying hours every day, and bolder birds, who do not mind being seen, take their journey by daylight.

Most of them stop now and then, a day or two at a time, to feed and rest. They fly very high, and faster than our railroad trains can go.

In the spring the birds take their second long journey, back to their last year's home.

How they know their way on these journeys, men have been for many years trying to find out. They have found that birds travel on regular roads, or routes, that follow the rivers and the shore of the ocean. They can see much better than we can, and even in the night they can see water.

One such road, or highway, is over the harbor of New York. When the statue of Liberty was set up on an island in the harbor a few years ago, it was put in the birds' path.

Usually they fly too high to mind it; but when there is a rain or fog they come much lower, and, sad to say, many of them fly against it and are killed.

We often see strange birds in our city streets and parks, while they are passing through on their migration, for they sometimes spend several days with us.

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Ernest Thompson Seton (1860—) was born in England, but has lived most of his life in America. He began his career as an artist. He made more than 1,000 drawings of birds and animals for the *Century Dictionary*. Later he began to write about animals and has achieved unusual success in that field. His *Wild Animals at Home*, *Wild Animal Ways*, *The Biography of a Grizzly*, and *Wild Animals I Have Known* are all greatly enjoyed by young people. ("The Poacher and the Silver Fox" is taken from the first-mentioned book, by permission of the publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York.)

THE POACHER AND THE SILVER FOX

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

How is it that all mankind has a sneaking sympathy with a poacher? A burglar or a pickpocket has our unmitigated contempt; he clearly is a criminal; but you will notice that the poacher in the story is generally a reckless daredevil with a large and compensatory amount of good-fellow in his make-up — yes, I almost said, of good citizenship. I suppose, because in addition to the breezy, romantic character of his calling, seasoned with physical danger as well as moral risk, there is away down in human nature a strong feeling that, in spite of man-made laws, the ancient ruling holds that "wild game belongs to no man till some one makes it his property by capture." It may be wrong, it may be right, but I have heard this doctrine voiced by red men and white, as primitive law, once or twice; and have seen it lived up to a thousand times.

Well, Josh Cree was a poacher. This does not mean that every night in every month he went forth with nefarious tricks and tools, to steal the flesh and fur that legally were not his. Far from it. Josh never poached but once. But that's enough; he had crossed the line, and this is how it came about:

As you roll up the Yellowstone from Livingston to Gardiner you may note a little ranch-house on the west of the track with its log stables, its corral, its irrigation ditch, and its alfalfa patch of morbid green. It is a small affair, for it was founded by the handiwork of one honest man, who with his wife and small boy left Pennsylvania, braved every danger of the plains, and secured this claim in the late '80's. Old man Cree — he was only forty, but every married man is "Old Man" in the West — was ready to work at any honest calling from logging or sluicing to grading and muling. He was strong and steady, his wife was steady and strong. They saved their money, and little by little they got the small ranch-house built and equipped; little by little they added to their stock on the range with the cattle of a neighbour, until there came the happy day when they went to live on their own ranch — father, mother, and fourteen-year-old Josh, with every prospect of making it pay. The spreading of that white tablecloth for the first time was a real religious ceremony, and the hard workers gave thanks to the All-father for His blessing on their every effort.

One year afterward a new event brought joy: there entered happily into their happy house a little girl, and all the prairie smiled about them. Surely their boat was well beyond the breakers.

But right in the sunshine of their joy the trouble cloud arose to block the sky. Old man Cree was missing one day. His son rode long and far on the range for two hard days before he sighted a grazing pony, and down a rocky hollow near, found his father, battered and weak, near death, with a broken leg and a gash in his head.

He could only gasp "Water" as Josh hurried up, and the boy rushed off to fill his hat at the nearest stream.

They had no talk, for the father swooned after drinking, and Josh had to face the situation; but he was Western trained. He stripped himself of all spare clothing, and his father's horse of its saddle blanket; then, straightening out the sick man, he wrapped him in the clothes and blanket, and rode like mad for the nearest ranch-house. The neighbour, a young man, came at once, with a pot to make tea, an axe, and a rope. They found the older Cree conscious but despairing. A fire was made, and hot tea revived him. Then Josh cut two long poles from the nearest timber and made a stretcher, or travois, Indian fashion, the upper ends fast to the saddle of a horse, while the other ends trailed on the ground. Thus by a long, slow journey the wounded man got back. All he had prayed for was to get home. Every invalid is sure that if only he can get home all will soon be well. Mother was not yet strong, the baby needed much care, but Josh was a good boy, and the loving best of all was done for the sick one. His leg, set by the army surgeon of Fort Yellowstone, was knit again after a month, but had no power. He had no force; the shock of those two dire days was on him. The second month went by, and still he lay in bed. Poor Josh was the man of the place now, and between duties, indoors and out, he was worn body and soul.

Then it was clear they must have help. So Jack S—— was engaged at the regular wages of $40 a month for outside work, and a year of struggle went by, only to see John Cree in his grave, his cattle nearly all gone, his widow and boy living in a house on which was still $500 of the original mortgage. Josh was a brave boy and growing strong, but unboyishly grave with the weight of care. He sold off the few cattle that were left, and set about keeping the roof over his mother and baby sister by working a truck farm for the market supplied by the summer hotels of the Park, and managed to come out even. He would in time have done well, but he could not get far enough ahead to meet that 10 per cent mortgage already overdue.

The banker was not a hard man, but he was in the business for the business. He extended the time, and waited for interest again and again, but it only made the principal larger, and it seemed that the last ditch was reached, that it would be best to let the money-man foreclose, though that must mean a wipe-out and would leave the fatherless family homeless.

Winter was coming on, work was scarce, and Josh went to Gardiner to see what he could get in the way of house or wage. He learned of a chance to 'substitute' for the Park mail-carrier, who had sprained his foot. It was an easy drive to Fort Yellowstone, and there he readily agreed, when they asked him, to take the letters and packages and go on farther to the Canyon Hotel. Thus it was that on the 20th day of November 189–, Josh Cree, sixteen years old, tall and ruddy, rode through the snow to the kitchen door of the Canyon Hotel and was welcomed as though he were old Santa Claus himself.

Two Magpies on a tree were among the onlookers. The Park Bears were denned up, but there were other fur-bearers about. High on the wood-pile sat a Yellow Red Fox in a magnificent coat. Another was in front of the house, and the keeper said that as many as a dozen came some days. And sometimes, he said, there also came a wonderful Silver Fox, a size bigger than the rest, black as coal, with eyes like yellow diamonds, and a silver frosting like little stars on his midnight fur.

"My! but he's a beauty. That skin would buy the best team of mules on the Yellowstone." That was interesting and furnished talk for a while. In the morning when they were rising for their candlelight breakfast, the hotel man glancing from the window exclaimed, "Here he is now!" and Josh peered forth to see in the light of sunrise something he had often heard of, but never before seen, a coal-black Fox, a giant among his kind. How slick and elegant his glossy fur, how slim his legs, and what a monstrous bushy tail; and the other Foxes moved aside as the patrician rushed in impatient haste to seize the food thrown out by the cook.

"Ain't he a beauty?" said the hotel man. "I'll bet that pelt would fetch five hundred."

Oh, why did he say "five hundred," the exact sum, for then it was that the tempter entered into Josh Cree's heart. Five hundred dollars! just the amount of the mortgage. "Who owns wild beasts? The man that kills them," said the tempter, and the thought was a live one in his breast as Josh rode back to Fort Yellowstone.

At Gardiner he received his pay, $6.00, for three days' work and, turning it into groceries, set out for the poor home that soon would be lost to him, and as he rode he did some hard and gloomy thinking. On his wrist there hung a wonderful Indian quirt of plaited rawhide and horsehair with beads on the shaft, and a band of Elk teeth on the butt. It was a pet of his, and "good medicine," for a flat piece of elkhorn let in the middle was perforated with a hole, through which the distant landscape was seen much clearer—a well-known law, an ancient trick, but it made the quirt prized as a thing of rare virtue, and Josh had refused good offers for it. Then a figure afoot was seen, and coming nearer, it turned out to be a friend, Jack Day, out a-gunning with a .22 rifle. But game was scarce and Jack was returning to Gardiner empty-handed and disgusted. They stopped for a moment's greeting when Day said: "Huntin's played out now. How'll you swap that quirt for my rifle?" A month before Josh would have scorned the offer. A ten-dollar quirt for a five-dollar rifle, but now he said briefly: "For rifle with cover, tools and ammunition complete, I'll go ye." So the deal was made and in an hour Josh was home. He stabled Grizzle, the last of their saddle stock, and entered.

Love and sorrow dwelt in the widow's home, but the return of Josh brought its measure of joy. Mother prepared the regular meal of tea, potatoes, and salt pork; there was a time when they had soared as high as canned goods, but those prosperous days were gone. Josh was dandling baby sister on his lap as he told of his trip, and he learned of two things of interest: First, the bank must have its money by February; second, the stable at Gardiner wanted a driver for the Cook City stage. Then the little events moved quickly. His half-formed plan of getting back to the Canyon was now frustrated by the new opening, and, besides this, hope had been dampened by the casual word of one who reported that "that Silver Fox had not been seen since at the Canyon."

Then began long days of dreary driving through the snow, with a noon halt at Yancey's and then three days later the return, in the cold, the biting cold. It was freezing work, but coldest of all was the chill thought at his heart that February 1st would see him homeless.

Small bands of Mountain Sheep he saw at times on the slope of Evarts, and a few Blacktail, and later, when the winter deepened, huge bull Elk were seen along the trail. Sometimes they moved not more than a few paces to let him pass. These were everyday things to him, but in the second week of his winter work he got a sudden thrill. He was coming down the long hill back of Yancey's when what should he see there, sitting on its tail, shiny black with yellow eyes like a huge black cat unusually long and sharp in the nose, but a wonderful Silver Fox! Possibly the same as the one he saw at the Canyon, for that one he knew had disappeared and there were not likely to be two in the Park. Yes, it might be the same, and Josh's bosom surged with mingled feelings. Why did he not carry that little gun? Why did he not realize? were the thoughts that came—$500! A noble chance! broad daylight only twenty-five yards! and gone!

The Fox was still there when Josh drove on. On the next trip he brought the little rifle. He had sawed off the stock so he could hide it easily in his overcoat if need be. No man knew that he carried arms, but the Foxes seemed to know. The Red ones kept afar and the Black one came no more. Day after day he drove and hoped but the Black Fox has cunning measured to his value. He came not, or if he came, was wisely hidden, and so the month went by, till late in the cold Moon of Snow he heard old Yancey say, "There's a Silver Fox bin a-hanging around the stable this last week. Leastwise Dave says he seen him." There were soldiers sitting around that stove, game guardians of the Park, and still more dangerous, a scout, the soldiers' guide, a mountaineer. Josh turned not an inch, he made no sound in response, but his heart gave a jump. Half an hour later he went out to bed his horses for the night, and peering around the stable he saw a couple of shadowy forms that silently shifted until swallowed by the gloom.

Then the soldiers came to bed their horses, and Josh went back to the stove. His big driving coat hung with the little sawed-off rifle in the long pocket. He waited till the soldiers one by one went up the ladder to the general bunk-room. He rose again, got the lantern, lighted it, carried it out behind the lonely stable. The horses were grinding their hay, the stars were faintly lighting the snow. There was no one about as he hung the lantern under the eaves outside so that it could be seen from the open valley, but not from the house.

A faint Yap-yah of a Fox was heard on the piney hillside, as he lay down on the hay in the loft, but there were no signs of life on the snow. He had come to wait all night if need be, and waited. The lantern might allure, it might scare, but it was needed in this gloom, and it tinged the snow with faint yellow light below him. An hour went by, then a big-tailed form came near and made a little bark at the lantern. It looked very dark, but it had a paler patch on the throat. This waiting was freezing work; Josh's teeth were chattering in spite of his overcoat. Another gray form came, then a much larger black one shaped itself on the white. It dashed at the first, which fled, and the second one followed but a little and then sat down on the snow, gazing at that bright light. When you are sure, you are so sure—Josh knew him now, he was facing the Silver Fox. But the light was dim. Josh's hand trembled as he bared it to lay the back on his lips and suck so as to make a mousey squeak. The effect on the Fox was instant. He glided forward intent as a hunting cat.

Again he stood in, oh! such a wonderful pose, still as a statue, frozen like a hiding Partridge, unbudging as a lone kid Antelope in May. And Josh raised — yes, he had come for that — he raised that fatal gun. The lantern blazed in the Fox's face at twenty yards; the light was flung back doubled by its shining eyes; it looked perfectly clear. Josh lined the gun, but, strange to tell, the sights so plain were lost at once, and the gun was shaking like a sorghum stalk while the Gopher gnaws its root. He laid the weapon down with a groan, cursed his own poor trembling hand, and in an instant the wonder Fox was gone.

Poor Josh! He was n't bad-tongued, but now he used all the evil words he had ever heard, and he was Western bred. Then he reacted on himself. "The Fox might come back!" Suddenly he remembered something. He got out a common sulphur match. He wet it on his lips and rubbed it on the muzzle sight: Then on each side of the notch on the breech sight. He lined it for a tree. Yes! surely! What had been a blur of blackness had now a visible form.

A faint bark on a far hillside might mean a coming or a going Fox. Josh waited five minutes, then again he squeaked on his bare hand. The effect was a surprise when from the shelter of the stable wall ten feet below there leaped the great dark Fox. At fifteen feet it paused. Those yellow orbs were fiery in the light and the rifle sights with the specks of fire were lined. There was a sharp report and the black-robed fur was still and limp in the snow.

Who can tell the crack of a small rifle among the louder cracks of green logs splitting with the fierce frost of a Yellowstone winter's night? Why should travel-worn travelers wake at each slight, usual sound? Who knows? Who cares?

And afar in Livingston what did the fur dealer care? It was a great prize. Or the banker? he got his five hundred, and mother found it easy to accept the Indians' creed: "Who owns wild beasts? The man who kills them."

"I did not know how it would come," she said; "I only knew it would come, for I prayed and believed."

We know that it came when it meant the most. The house was saved. It was the turn in their fortune's tide, and the crucial moment of the change was when those three bright sulphur spots were lined with the living lamps in the head of the Silver Fox. Yes! Josh was a poacher. Just once.

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David Starr Jordan (1851—) was for many years president, now president emeritus, of Leland Stanford Junior University, and is known internationally for his books on science and on the prevention of war; he also is author of several books for children. The story that follows is taken from his *Science Sketches*, by permission of the publishers, A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. It may stand as a perfect illustration of the modern informational story based on recognized scientific facts. "The Story of a Stone," from the same book, is equally good. These stories may be taught in the seventh or eighth grade.

THE STORY OF A SALMON

DAVID STARR JORDAN

In the realm of the Northwest Wind, on the boundary-line between the dark fir-forests and the sunny plains, there stands a mountain,—a great white cone two miles and a half in perpendicular height. On its lower mile the dense fir-woods cover it with never-changing green; on its next half-mile a lighter green of grass and bushes gives place in winter to white; and on its uppermost mile the snows of the great ice age still linger in unspotted purity. The people of Washington Territory say that their mountain is the great "King-pin of the Universe," which shows that even in its own country Mount Tacoma is not without honor.

Flowing down from the southwest slope of Mount Tacoma is a cold, clear river, fed by the melting snows of the mountain. Madly it hastens down over white cascades and beds of shining sands, through birch-woods and belts of dark firs, to mingle its waters at last with those of the great Columbia. This river is the Cowlitz; and on its bottom, not many years ago, there lay half buried in the sand a number of little orange-colored globules, each about as large as a pea. These were not much in themselves, but great in their possibilities. In the waters above them little suckers and chubs and prickly sculpins strained their mouths to draw these globules from the sand, and vicious-looking crawfishes picked them up with their blundering hands and examined them with their telescopic eyes. But one, at least, of the globules escaped their curiosity, else this story would not be worth telling. The sun shone down on it through the clear water, and the ripples of the Cowlitz said over it their incantations, and in it at last awoke a living being. It was a fish,—a curious little fellow, not half an inch long, with great, staring eyes, which made almost half his length, and with a body so transparent that he could not cast a shadow. He was a little salmon, a very little salmon; but the water was good, and there were flies and worms and little living creatures in abundance for him to eat, and he soon became a larger salmon. Then there were many more little salmon with him, some larger and some smaller, and they all had a merry time. Those who had been born soonest and had grown largest used to chase the others around and bite off their tails, or, still better, take them by the heads and swallow them whole; for, said they, "Even young salmon are good eating." "Heads I win, tails you lose," was their motto. Thus, what was once two small salmon became united into a single larger one, and the process of "addition, division, and silence" still went on. By-and-by, when all the salmon were too large to be swallowed, they began to grow restless. They saw that the water rushing by seemed to be in a great hurry to get somewhere, and it was somehow suggested that its hurry was caused by something good to eat at the other end of its course. Then they all started down the stream, salmon-fashion,—which fashion is to get into the current, head up-stream; and thus to drift backward as the river sweeps along.

Down the Cowlitz River the salmon went for a day and a night, finding much to interest them which we need not know. At last they began to grow hungry; and coming near the shore, they saw an angle-worm of rare size and beauty floating in an eddy of the stream. Quick as thought one of them opened his mouth, which was well filled with teeth of different sizes, and put it around the angle-worm. Quicker still he felt a sharp pain in his gills, followed by a smothering sensation, and in an instant his comrades saw him rise straight into the air. This was nothing new to them; for they often leaped out of the water in their games of hide-and-seek, but only to come down again with a loud splash not far from where they went out. But this one never came back, and the others went on their course wondering.

At last they came to where the Cowlitz and the Columbia join, and they were almost lost for a time; for they could find no shores, and the bottom and the top of the water were so far apart. Here they saw other and far larger salmon in the deepest part of the current, turning neither to the right nor to the left, but swimming right on up-stream, just as rapidly as they could. And these great salmon would not stop for them, and would not lie and float with the current. They had no time to talk, even in the simple sign-language by which fishes express their ideas, and no time to eat. They had important work before them, and the time was short. So they went on up the river, keeping their great purposes to themselves; and our little salmon and his friends from the Cowlitz drifted down the stream.

By-and-by the water began to change. It grew denser, and no longer flowed rapidly along; and twice a day it used to turn about and flow the other way. Then the shores disappeared, and the water began to have a different and peculiar flavor,—a flavor which seemed to the salmon much richer and more inspiring than the glacier-water of their native Cowlitz. There were many curious things to see,—crabs with hard shells and savage faces, but so good when crushed and swallowed! Then there were luscious squid swimming about; and, to a salmon, squid are like ripe peaches and cream. There were great companies of delicate sardines and herring, green and silvery, and it was such fun to chase and capture them! Those who eat sardines packed in oil by greasy fingers, and herrings dried in the smoke, can have little idea how satisfying it is to have a meal of them, plump and sleek and silvery, fresh from the sea.

Thus the salmon chased the herrings about, and had a merry time. Then they were chased about in turn by great sea-lions,—swimming monsters with huge half-human faces, long thin whiskers, and blundering ways. The sea-lions liked to bite out the throat of a salmon, with its precious stomach full of luscious sardines, and then to leave the rest of the fish to shift for itself. And the seals and the herrings scattered the salmon about, till at last the hero of our story found himself quite alone, with none of his own kind near him. But that did not trouble him much, and he went on his own way, getting his dinner when he was hungry, which was all the time, and then eating a little between meals for his stomach's sake.

So it went on for three long years; and at the end of this time our little fish had grown to be a great, fine salmon of twenty-two pounds' weight, shining like a new tin pan, and with rows of the loveliest round black spots on his head and back and tail. One day, as he was swimming about, idly chasing a big sculpin with head so thorny that he never was swallowed by anybody, all of a sudden the salmon noticed a change in the water around him.

Spring had come again, and south-lying snow-drifts on the Cascade Mountains once more felt that the "earth was wheeling sunwards." The cold snow waters ran down from the mountains and into the Columbia River, and made a freshet on the river. The high water went far out into the sea, and out in the sea our salmon felt it on his gills. He remembered how the cold water used to feel in the Cowlitz when he was a little fish. In a blundering, fishy fashion he thought about it; he wondered whether the little eddy looked as it used to look, and whether caddis-worms and young mosquitoes were really as sweet and tender as he used to think they were. Then he thought some other things; but as the salmon's mind is located in the optic lobes of his brain, and ours is in a different place, we cannot be quite certain what his thoughts really were.

What our salmon did, we know. He did what every grown salmon in the ocean does when he feels the glacier-water once more upon his gills. He became a changed being. He spurned the blandishment of soft-shelled crabs. The pleasures of the table and of the chase, heretofore his only delights, lost their charms for him. He turned his course straight toward the direction whence the cold water came, and for the rest of his life never tasted a mouthful of food. He moved on toward the river-mouth, at first playfully, as though he were not really certain whether he meant anything after all. Afterward, when he struck the full current of the Columbia, he plunged straight forward with an unflinching determination that had in it something of the heroic. When he had passed the rough water at the bar, he was not alone. His old neighbors of the Cowlitz, and many more from the Clackamas and the Spokane and Des Chûtes and Kootenay,—a great army of salmon,—were with him. In front were thousands pressing on, and behind them were thousands more, all moved by a common impulse which urged them up the Columbia.

They were all swimming bravely along where the current was deepest, when suddenly the foremost felt something tickling like a cobweb about their noses and under their chins. They changed their course a little to brush it off, and it touched their fins as well. Then they tried to slip down with the current, and thus leave it behind. But, no! the thing, whatever it was, although its touch was soft, refused to let go, and held them like a fetter. The more they struggled, the tighter became its grasp, and the whole foremost rank of the salmon felt it together; for it was a great gill-net, a quarter of a mile long, stretched squarely across the mouth of the river.

By-and-by men came in boats, and hauled up the gill-net and the helpless salmon that had become entangled in it. They threw the fishes into a pile in the bottom of the boat, and the others saw them no more. We that live outside the water know better what befalls them, and we can tell the story which the salmon could not.

All along the banks of the Columbia River, from its mouth to nearly thirty miles away, there is a succession of large buildings, looking like great barns or warehouses, built on piles in the river, high enough to be out of the reach of floods. There are thirty of these buildings, and they are called canneries. Each cannery has about forty boats, and with each boat are two men and a long gill-net. These nets fill the whole river as with a nest of cobwebs from April to July, and to each cannery nearly a thousand great salmon are brought every day. These salmon are thrown in a pile on the floor; and Wing Hop, the big Chinaman, takes them one after another on the table, and with a great knife dexterously cuts off the head, the tail, and the fins; then with a sudden thrust he removes the intestines and the eggs. The body goes into a tank of water; and the head is dropped into a box on a flat-boat, and goes down the river to be made into salmon oil. Next, the body is brought to another table; and Quong Sang, with a machine like a feed-cutter, cuts it into pieces each just as long as a one-pound can. Then Ah Sam, with a butcher-knife, cuts these pieces into strips just as wide as the can. Next Wan Lee, the "China boy," brings down a hundred cans from the loft where the tinners are making them, and into each puts a spoonful of salt. It takes just six salmon to fill a hundred cans. Then twenty Chinamen put the pieces of meat into the cans, fitting in little strips to make them exactly full. Ten more solder up the cans, and ten more put the cans into boiling water till the meat is thoroughly cooked, and five more punch a little hole in the head of each can to let out the air. Then they solder them up again, and little girls paste on them bright-colored labels showing merry little cupids riding the happy salmon up to the cannery door, with Mount Tacoma and Cape Disappointment in the background; and a legend underneath says that this is "Booth's," or "Badollet's Best," or "Hume's," or "Clark's," or "Kinney's Superfine Salt Water Salmon." Then the cans are placed in cases, forty-eight in a case, and five hundred thousand cases are put up every year. Great ships come to Astoria, and are loaded with them; and they carry them away to London and San Francisco and Liverpool and New York and Sidney and Valparaiso; and the man at the corner grocery sells them at twenty cents a can.

All this time our salmon is going up the river, eluding one net as by a miracle, and soon having need of more miracles to escape the rest; passing by Astoria on a fortunate day,—which was Sunday, the day on which no man may fish if he expects to sell what he catches,—till finally he came to where nets were few, and, at last, to where they ceased altogether. But there he found that scarcely any of his many companies were with him; for the nets cease when there are no more salmon to be caught in them. So he went on, day and night, where the water was deepest, stopping not to feed or loiter on the way, till at last he came to a wild gorge, where the great river became an angry torrent, rushing wildly over a huge staircase of rocks. But our hero did not falter; and summoning all his forces, he plunged into the Cascades. The current caught him and dashed him against the rocks. A whole row of silvery scales came off and glistened in the water like sparks of fire, and a place on his side became black-and-red, which, for a salmon, is the same as being black-and-blue for other people. His comrades tried to go up with him; and one lost his eye, one his tail, and one had his lower jaw pushed back into his head like the joint of a telescope. Again he tried to surmount the Cascades; and at last he succeeded, and an Indian on the rocks above was waiting to receive him. But the Indian with his spear was less skillful than he was wont to be, and our hero escaped, losing only a part of one of his fins; and with him came one other, and henceforth these two pursued their journey together.

Now a gradual change took place in the looks of our salmon. In the sea he was plump and round and silvery, with delicate teeth in a symmetrical mouth. Now his silvery color disappeared, his skin grew slimy, and the scales sank into it; his back grew black, and his sides turned red, — not a healthy red, but a sort of hectic flush. He grew poor, and his back, formerly as straight as need be, now developed an unpleasant hump at the shoulders. His eyes — like those of all enthusiasts who forsake eating and sleeping for some loftier aim — became dark and sunken. His symmetrical jaws grew longer and longer, and meeting each other, as the nose of an old man meets his chin, each had to turn aside to let the other pass. His beautiful teeth grew longer and longer, and projected from his mouth, giving him a savage and wolfish appearance, quite at variance with his real disposition. For all the desires and ambitions of his nature had become centered into one. We may not know what this one was, but we know that it was a strong one; for it had led him on and on, — past the nets and horrors of Astoria; past the dangerous Cascades; past the spears of Indians; through the terrible flume of the Dalles, where the mighty river is compressed between huge rocks into a channel narrower than a village street; on past the meadows of Umatilla and the wheat-fields of Walla Walla; on to where the great Snake River and the Columbia join; on up the Snake River and its eastern branch, till at last he reached the foot of the Bitter Root mountains in the Territory of Idaho, nearly a thousand miles from the ocean which he had left in April. With him still was the other salmon which had come with him through the Cascades, handsomer and smaller than he, and, like him, growing poor and ragged and tired.

At last, one October afternoon, our finny travelers came together to a little clear brook, with a bottom of fine gravel, over which the water was but a few inches deep. Our fish painfully worked his way to it; for his tail was all frayed out, his muscles were sore, and his skin covered with unsightly blotches. But his sunken eyes saw a ripple in the stream, and under it a bed of little pebbles and sand. So there in the sand he scooped out with his tail a smooth round place, and his companion came and filled it with orange-colored eggs. Then our salmon came back again; and softly covering the eggs, the work of their lives was done, and, in the old salmon fashion, they drifted tail foremost down the stream.

They drifted on together for a night and a day, but they never came to the sea. For the salmon has but one life to live, and it ascends the river but once. The rest lies with its children. And when the April sunshine fell on the globules in the gravel, these were wakened into life. With the early autumn rains, the little fishes were large enough to begin their wanderings. They dropped down the current in the old salmon fashion. And thus they came into the great river and drifted away to the sea.

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Probably no short-story writer now living is better known than Rudyard Kipling, an English author born in Bombay, India, in 1865. Among his many stories are some that may be classed as juvenile romantic nature literature. *Just-So Stories* is a collection of humorous stories of this type, excellent for the fifth and sixth grades. *The Jungle Book* and *The Second Jungle Book*, of a more serious nature, may be used in the seventh and eighth grades. The story that follows, taken from one of his earlier volumes, illustrates well Mr. Kipling's style of writing. It is suitable for the seventh or eighth grade.

MOTI GUJ—MUTINEER

RUDYARD KIPLING

Once upon a time there was a coffee-planter in India who wished to clear some forest land for coffee-planting. When he had cut down all the trees and burned the underwood, the stumps still remained. Dynamite is expensive and slow fire slow. The happy medium for stump-clearing is the lord of all beasts, who is the elephant. He will either push the stump out of the ground with his tusks, if he has any, or drag it out with ropes. The planter, therefore, hired elephants by ones and twos and threes, and fell to work. The very best of all the elephants belonged to the very worst of all the drivers or mahouts; and this superior beast's name was Moti Guj. He was the absolute property of his mahout, which would never have been the case under native rule: for Moti Guj was a creature to be desired by kings, and his name, being translated, meant the Pearl Elephant. Because the British government was in the land, Deesa, the mahout, enjoyed his property undisturbed. He was dissipated. When he had made much money through the strength of his elephant, he would get extremely drunk and give Moti Guj a beating with a tent-peg over the tender nails of the forefeet. Moti Guj never trampled the life out of Deesa on these occasions, for he knew that after the beating was over, Deesa would embrace his trunk and weep and call him his love and his life and the liver of his soul, and give him some liquor. Moti Guj was very fond of liquor—arrack for choice, though he would drink palm-tree toddy if nothing better offered. Then Deesa would go to sleep between Moti Guj's forefeet, and as Deesa generally chose the middle of the public road, and as Moti Guj mounted guard over him, and would not permit horse, foot, or cart to pass by, traffic was congested till Deesa saw fit to wake up.

There was no sleeping in the daytime on the planter's clearing: the wages were too high to risk. Deesa sat on Moti Guj's neck and gave him orders, while Moti Guj rooted up the stumps—for he owned a magnificent pair of tusks; or pulled at the end of a rope—for he had a magnificent pair of shoulders—while Deesa kicked him behind the ears and said he was the king of elephants. At evening time Moti Guj would wash down his three hundred pounds' weight of green food with a quart of arrack, and Deesa would take a share, and sing songs between Moti Guj's legs till it was time to go to bed. Once a week Deesa led Moti Guj down to the river, and Moti Guj lay on his side luxuriously in the shallows, while Deesa went over him with a coir-swab and a brick. Moti Guj never mistook the pounding blow of the latter for the smack of the former that warned him to get up and turn over on the other side. Then Deesa would look at his feet and examine his eyes, and turn up the fringes of his mighty ears in case of sores or budding ophthalmia. After inspection the two would "come up with a song from the sea," Moti Guj, all black and shining, waving a torn tree branch twelve feet long in his trunk, and Deesa knotting up his own long wet hair.

It was a peaceful, well-paid life till Deesa felt the return of the desire to drink deep. He wished for an orgy. The little draughts that led nowhere were taking the manhood out of him.

He went to the planter, and "My mother's dead," he said, weeping.

"She died on the last plantation two months ago, and she died once before that when you were working for me last year," said the planter, who knew something of the ways of nativedom.

"Then it's my aunt, and she was just the same as a mother to me," said Deesa, weeping more than ever. "She has left eighteen small children entirely without bread, and it is I who must fill their little stomachs," said Deesa, beating his head on the floor.

"Who brought you the news?" said the planter.

"The post," said Deesa.

"There has n't been a post here for the past week. Get back to your lines!"

"A devastating sickness has fallen on my village, and all my wives are dying," yelled Deesa, really in tears this time.

"Call Chihun, who comes from Deesa's village," said the planter. "Chihun, has this man got a wife?"

"He?" said Chihun. "No. Not a woman of our village would look at him. They'd sooner marry the elephant."

Chihun snorted. Deesa wept and bellowed.

"You will get into a difficulty in a minute," said the planter. "Go back to your work!"

"Now I will speak Heaven's truth," gulped Deesa, with an inspiration. "I have n't been drunk for two months. I desire to depart in order to get properly drunk afar off and distant from this heavenly plantation. Thus I shall cause no trouble."

A flickering smile crossed the planter's face. "Deesa," said he, "you've spoken the truth, and I'd give you leave on the spot if anything could be done with Moti Guj while you're away. You know that he will only obey your orders."

"May the light of the heavens live forty thousand years. I shall be absent but ten little days. After that, upon my faith and honor and soul, I return. As to the inconsiderable interval, have I the gracious permission of the heaven-born to call up Moti Guj?"

Permission was granted, and in answer to Deesa's shrill yell, the mighty tusker swung out of the shade of a clump of trees where he had been squirting dust over himself till his master should return.

"Light of my heart, protector of the drunken, mountain of might, give ear!" said Deesa, standing in front of him.

Moti Guj gave ear, and saluted with his trunk. "I am going away!" said Deesa.

Moti Guj's eyes twinkled. He liked jaunts as well as his master. One could snatch all manner of nice things from the road-side then.

"But you, you fussy old pig, must stay behind and work."

The twinkle died out as Moti Guj tried to look delighted. He hated stump-hauling on the plantation. It hurt his teeth.

"I shall be gone for ten days, oh delectable one! Hold up your near forefoot and I'll impress the fact upon it, warty toad of a dried mud-puddle." Deesa took a tent-peg and banged Moti Guj ten times on the nails. Moti Guj grunted and shuffled from foot to foot.

"Ten days," said Deesa, "you will work and haul and root the trees as Chihun here shall order you. Take up Chihun and set him on your neck!" Moti Guj curled the tip of his trunk, Chihun put his foot there, and was swung on to the neck. Deesa handed Chihun the heavy *ankus*—the iron elephant goad.

Chihun thumped Moti Guj's bald head as a paver thumps a curbstone.

Moti Guj trumpeted.

"Be still, hog of the backwoods! Chihun's your mahout for ten days. And now bid me good-by, beast after mine own heart. Oh, my lord, my king! Jewel of all created elephants, lily of the herd, preserve your honored health; be virtuous. Adieu!"

Moti Guj lapped his trunk round Deesa and swung him into the air twice. That was his way of bidding him good-by.

"He'll work now," said Deesa to the planter. "Have I leave to go?"

The planter nodded, and Deesa dived into the woods. Moti Guj went back to haul stumps.

Chihun was very kind to him, but he felt unhappy and forlorn for all that. Chihun gave him a ball of spices, and tickled him under the chin, and Chihun's little baby cooed to him after work was over, and Chihun's wife called him a darling; but Moti Guj was a bachelor by instinct, as Deesa was. He did not understand the domestic emotions. He wanted the light of his universe back again—the drink and the drunken slumber, the savage beatings and the savage caresses.

None the less he worked well, and the planter wondered. Deesa had wandered along the roads till he met a marriage procession of his own caste, and, drinking, dancing, and tippling, had drifted with it past all knowledge of the lapse of time.

The morning of the eleventh day dawned, and there returned no Deesa. Moti Guj was loosed from his ropes for the daily stint. He swung clear, looked round, shrugged his shoulders, and began to walk away, as one having business elsewhere.

"Hi! ho! Come back you!" shouted Chihun. "Come back and put me on your neck, misborn mountain! Return, splendor of the hill-sides! Adornment of all India, heave to, or I'll bang every toe off your fat forefoot!"

Moti Guj gurgled gently, but did not obey. Chihun ran after him with a rope and caught him up. Moti Guj put his ears forward, and Chihun knew what that meant, though he tried to carry it off with high words.

"None of your nonsense with me," said he. "To your pickets, devil-son!"

"Hrrump!" said Moti Guj, and that was all—that and the forebent ears.

Moti Guj put his hands in his pockets, chewed a branch for a toothpick, and strolled about the clearing, making fun of the other elephants who had just set to work.

Chihun reported the state of affairs to the planter, who came out with a dog-whip and cracked it furiously. Moti

Guj paid the white man the compliment of charging him nearly a quarter of a mile across the clearing and "Hrrumphing" him into his veranda. Then he stood outside the house, chuckling to himself and shaking all over with the fun of it as an elephant will.

"We'll thrash him," said the planter. "He shall have the finest thrashing ever elephant received. Give Kala Nag and Nazim twelve foot of chain apiece, and tell them to lay on twenty."

Kala Nag—which means Black Snake—and Nazim were two of the biggest elephants in the lines, and one of their duties was to administer the graver punishment, since no man can beat an elephant properly.

They took the whipping-chains and rattled them in their trunks as they sidled up to Moti Guj, meaning to hustle him between them. Moti Guj had never, in all his life of thirty-nine years, been whipped, and he did not intend to begin a new experience. So he waited, waving his head from right to left, and measuring the precise spot in Kala Nag's fat side where a blunt tusk could sink deepest. Kala Nag had no tusks; the chain was the badge of his authority; but for all that, he swung wide of Moti Guj at the last minute, and tried to appear as if he had brought the chain out for amusement. Nazim turned round and went home early. He did not feel fighting fit that morning and so Moti Guj was left, standing alone with his ears cocked.

That decided the planter to argue no more, and Moti Guj rolled back to his amateur inspection of the clearing. An elephant who will not work and is not tied up is about as manageable as an eighty-one-ton gun loose in a heavy seaway. He slapped old friends on the back and asked them if the stumps were coming away easily; he talked nonsense concerning labor and the inalienable rights of elephants to a long "nooning"; and, wandering to and fro, he thoroughly demoralized the garden till sundown, when he returned to his picket for food.

"If you won't work, you shan't eat," said Chihun, angrily. "You're a wild elephant, and no educated animal at all. Go back to your jungle."

Chihun's little brown baby was rolling on the floor of the hut, and stretching out its fat arms to the huge shadow in the doorway. Moti Guj knew well that it was the dearest thing on earth to Chihun. He swung out his trunk with a fascinating crook at the end, and the brown baby threw itself, shouting upon it. Moti Guj made fast and pulled up till the brown baby was crowing in the air twelve feet above his father's head.

"Great Lord!" said Chihun. "Flour cakes of the best, twelve in number, two feet across and soaked in rum, shall be yours on the instant, and two hundred pounds weight of fresh-cut young sugar-cane therewith. Deign only to put down safely that insignificant brat who is my heart and my life to me!"

Moti Guj tucked the brown baby comfortably between his forefeet, that could have knocked into toothpicks all Chihun's hut, and waited for his food. He ate it, and the brown baby crawled away. Moti Guj dozed and thought of Deesa. One of many mysteries connected with the elephant is that his huge body needs less sleep than anything else that lives. Four or five hours in the night suffice—two just before midnight, lying down on one side; two just after one o'clock, lying down on the other.

The rest of the silent hours are filled with eating and fidgeting, and long grumbling soliloquies.

At midnight, therefore, Moti Guj strode out of his pickets, for a thought had come to him that Deesa might be lying drunk somewhere in the dark forest with none to look after him. So all that night he chased through the undergrowth, blowing and trumpeting and shaking his ears. He went down to the river and blared across the shallows where Deesa used to wash him, but there was no answer. He could not find Deesa, but he disturbed all the other elephants in the lines, and nearly frightened to death some gypsies in the woods.

At dawn Deesa returned to the plantation. He had been very drunk indeed, and he expected to get into trouble for outstaying his leave. He drew a long breath when he saw that the bungalow and the plantation were still uninjured, for he knew something of Moti Guj's temper, and reported himself with many lies and salaams. Moti Guj had gone to his pickets for breakfast. The night exercises had made him hungry.

"Call up your beast," said the planter; and Deesa shouted in the mysterious elephant language that some mahouts believe came from China at the birth of the world, when elephants and not men were masters. Moti Guj heard and came. Elephants do not gallop. They move from places at varying rates of speed. If an elephant wished to catch an express train he could not gallop, but he could catch the train. So Moti Guj was at the planter's door almost before Chihun noticed that he had left his pickets. He fell into Deesa's arms, trumpeting with joy, and the man and beast wept and slobbered over each other, and handled each other from head to heel to see that no harm had befallen.

"Now we will get to work," said Deesa. "Lift me up, my son and my joy!"

Moti Guj swung him up, and the two went to the coffee-clearing to look for difficult stumps.

The planter was too astonished to be very angry.

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Among the writers of nature fiction, probably no one deserves higher rank than Charles G. D. Roberts (1860—), a Canadian. Mr. Roberts does not tell of his own adventures. His stories are truly nature fiction because the characters are animals and the purpose is to reveal the nature of these characters by showing how they would act when placed in various imaginary situations. *Kings in Exile*, from which the following selection is taken, is a book of splendid stories of large animals. Other excellent books by Mr. Roberts, suitable for the seventh and eighth grades, are *Hoof and Claw*, *Children of the Wild*, *Secret Trails*, and *Watchers of the Trails*. ("Last Bull" is used by permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Co., New York.)

LAST BULL

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

That was what two grim old sachems of the Dacotahs had dubbed him; and though his official title, on the lists of the Zoölogical Park, was "Kaiser," the new and more significant name had promptly supplanted it. The Park authorities—people of imagination and of sentiment, as must all be who would deal successfully with wild animals—had felt at once that the name aptly embodied the tragedies and the romantic memories of his all-but-vanished race. They had felt, too, that the two old braves who had been brought East to adorn a city pageant, and who had stood gazing stoically for hours at the great bull buffalo through the barrier of the steel-wire fence, were fitted, before all others, to give him a name. Between him and them there was surely a tragic bond, as they stood there islanded among the swelling tides of civilization which had already engulfed their kindreds. "Last Bull" they had called him, as he answered their gaze with little, sullen, melancholy eyes from under his ponderous and shaggy front. "Last Bull"—and the passing of his race was in the name.

Here, in his fenced, protected range, with a space of grassy meadow, half a dozen clumps of sheltering trees, two hundred yards of the run of a clear, unfailing brook, and a warm shed for refuge against the winter storms, the giant buffalo ruled his little herd of three tawny cows, two yearlings, and one blundering, butting calf of the season. He was a magnificent specimen of his race—surpassing, it was said, the finest bull in the Yellowstone preserves or in the guarded Canadian herd of the North. Little short of twelve feet in length, a good five foot ten in height at the tip of his humped and huge fore-shoulders, he seemed to justify the most extravagant tales of pioneer and huntsman. His hind quarters were trim and fine-lined, built apparently for speed, smooth-haired, and of a grayish lion-color. But his fore-shoulders, mounting to an enormous hump, were of an elephantine massiveness, and clothed in a dense, curling, golden-brown growth of matted hair. His mighty head was carried low, almost to the level of his knees, on a neck of colossal strength, which was draped, together with the forelegs down to the knees, in a flowing brown mane tipped with black. His head, too, to the very muzzle, wore the same luxuriant and sombre drapery, out of which curved viciously the keen-tipped crescent of his horns. Dark, huge, and ominous, he looked curiously out of place in the secure and familiar tranquillity of his green pasture.

For a distance of perhaps fifty yards, at the back of the pasture, the range of the buffalo herd adjoined that of the moose, divided from it by that same fence of heavy steel-wire mesh, supported by iron posts, which surrounded the whole range. One sunny and tingling day in late October—such a day as makes the blood race full red through all healthy veins—a magnificent stranger was brought to the Park, and turned into the moose-range.

The newcomer was a New Brunswick bull moose, captured on the Tobique during the previous spring when the snow was deep and soft, and purchased for the Park by one of the big Eastern lumber-merchants. The moose-herd had consisted, hitherto, of four lonely cows, and the splendid bull was a prize which the Park had long been coveting. He took lordly possession, forthwith, of the submissive little herd, and led them off at once from the curious crowds about the gate to explore the wild-looking thickets at the back of the pasture. But no sooner had he fairly entered these thickets than he found his further progress barred by the steel-meshed fence. This was a bitter disappointment, for he had expected to go striding through miles of alder swamp and dark spruce woods, fleeing the hated world of men and bondage, before setting himself to get acquainted with his new followers. His high-strung temper was badly jarred. He drew off, shaking his vast antlers, and went shambling with spacious stride down along the barrier towards the brook. The four cows, in single file, hurried after him anxiously, afraid he might be snatched away from them.

Last Bull, standing solitary and morose on a little knoll in his pasture, caught sight of the strange, dark figure of the running moose. A spark leapt into his heavy eyes. He wheeled, pawed the sod, put his muzzle to the ground, and bellowed a sonorous challenge. The moose stopped short and stared about him, the stiff hair lifting angrily along the ridge of his massive neck. Last Bull lowered his head and tore up the sod with his horns.

This vehement action caught the eyes of the moose. At first he stared in amazement, for he had never seen any creature that looked like Last Bull. The two were only about fifty or sixty yards apart, across the little valley of the bushy swamp. As he stared, his irritation speedily overcame his amazement. The curious-looking creature over there on the knoll was defying him, was challenging him. At this time of year his blood was hot and quick for any challenge. He gave vent to a short, harsh, explosive cry, more like a grumbling bleat than a bellow, and as unlike the buffalo's challenge as could well be imagined. Then he fell to thrashing the nearest bushes violently with his antlers. This, for some reason unknown to the mere human chronicler, seemed to be taken by Last Bull as a crowning insolence. His long, tasselled tail went stiffly up into the air, and he charged wrathfully down the knoll. The moose, with his heavy-muzzled head stuck straight out scornfully before him, and his antlers laid flat along his back, strode down to the encounter with a certain deadly deliberation. He was going to fight. There was no doubt whatever on that score. But he had not quite made up his wary mind as to how he would deal with this unknown and novel adversary.

They looked not so unequally matched, these two, the monarch of the Western plains, and the monarch of the North-eastern forests. Both had something of the monstrous, the uncouth, about them, as if they belonged not to this modern day, but to some prehistoric epoch when Earth moulded her children on more lavish and less graceful lines. The moose was like the buffalo in having his hind-quarters relatively slight and low, and his back sloping upwards to a hump over the immensely developed fore-shoulders. But he had much less length of body, and much less bulk, though perhaps eight or ten inches more of height at the tip of the shoulder. His hair was short, and darker than that of his shaggy rival, being almost black except on legs and belly. Instead of carrying his head low, like the buffalo, for feeding on the level prairies, he bore it high, being in the main a tree-feeder. But the greatest difference between the two champions was in their heads and horns. The antlers of the moose formed a huge, fantastic, flatly palmated or leaflike structure, separating into sharp prongs along the edges, and spreading more than four feet from tip to tip. To compare them with the short, polished crescent of the horns of Last Bull was like comparing a two-handed broadsword to a bowie-knife. And his head, instead of being short, broad, ponderous, and shaggy, like Last Bull's, was long, close-haired, and massively horse-faced, with a projecting upper lip heavy and grim.

Had there been no impregnable steel barrier between them, it is hard to say which would have triumphed in the end, the ponderous weight and fury of Last Bull, or the ripping prongs and swift wrath of the moose. The buffalo charged down the knoll at a thundering gallop; but just before reaching the fence he checked himself violently. More than once or twice before had those elastic but impenetrable meshes given him his lesson, hurling him back with humiliating harshness when he dashed his bulk against them. He had too lively a memory of past discomfitures to risk a fresh one now in the face of this insolent foe. His matted front came against the wire with a force so cunningly moderated that he was not thrown back by the recoil. And the keen points of his horns went through the meshes with a vehemence which might indeed have done its work effectively had they come in contact with the adversary. As it was, however, they but prodded empty air.

The moose, meanwhile, had been in doubt whether to attack with his antlers, as was his manner when encountering foes of his own kind, or with his knife-edged fore-hoofs, which were the weapons he used against bears, wolves, or other alien adversaries. Finally he seemed to make up his mind that Last Bull, having horns and a most redoubtable stature, must be some kind of moose. In that case, of course, it became a question of antlers. Moreover, in his meetings with rival bulls it had never been his wont to depend upon a blind, irresistible charge,—thereby leaving it open to an alert opponent to slip aside and rip him along the flank,—but rather to fence warily for an advantage in the locking of antlers, and then bear down his foe by the fury and speed of his pushing. It so happened, therefore, that he, too, came not too violently against the barrier. Loudly his vast spread of antlers clashed upon the steel meshes; and one short prong, jutting low over his brow, pierced through and furrowed deeply the matted forehead of the buffalo.

As the blood streamed down over his nostrils, obscuring one eye, Last Bull quite lost his head with rage. Drawing off, he hurled himself blindly upon the barrier—only to be hurled back again with a vigor that brought him to his knees. But at the same time the moose, on the other side of the fence, got a huge surprise. Having his antlers against the barrier when Last Bull charged, he was forced back irresistibly upon his haunches with a rudeness quite unlike anything that he had ever before experienced. His massive neck felt as if a pine tree had fallen upon it, and he came back to the charge quite beside himself with bewilderment and rage.

By this time, however, the keepers and Park attendants were arriving on the scene, armed with pitchforks and other unpleasant executors of authority. Snorting, and bellowing, and grunting, the monstrous duellists were forced apart; and Last Bull, who had been taught something of man's dominance, was driven off to his stable and imprisoned. He was not let out again for two whole days. And by that time another fence, parallel with the first and some five or six feet distant from it, had been run up between his range and that of the moose. Over this impassable zone of neutrality, for a few days, the two rivals flung insult and futile defiance, till suddenly, becoming tired of it all, they seemed to agree to ignore each other's existence.

After this, Last Bull's sullenness of temper appeared to grow upon him. He was fond of drawing apart from the little herd, and taking up his solitary post on the knoll, where he would stand for an hour at a time motionless except for the switching of his long tail, and staring steadily westward as if he knew where the great past of his race had lain. In that direction a dense grove of chestnuts, maples, and oaks bounded the range, cutting off the view of the city roofs, the roar of the city traffic. Beyond the city were mountains and wide waters which he could not see; but beyond the waters and the mountains stretched the green, illimitable plains—which perhaps (who knows?) in some faint vision inherited from the ancestors whose myriads had possessed them, his sombre eyes, in some strange way, *could* see. Among the keepers and attendants generally it was said, with anxious regret, that perhaps Last Bull was "going bad." But the headkeeper, Payne, himself a son of the plains, repudiated the idea. *He* declared sympathetically that the great bull was merely homesick, pining for the wind-swept levels of the open country (God's country, Payne called it!) which his imprisoned hoofs had never trodden.

Be this as it may, the fact could not be gainsaid that Last Bull was growing more and more morose. The spectators, strolling along the wide walk which skirted the front of his range, seemed to irritate him, and sometimes, when a group had gathered to admire him, he would turn his low-hung head and answer their staring eyes with a kind of heavy fury, as if he burned to break forth upon them and seek vengeance for incalculable wrongs. This smouldering indignation against humanity extended equally, if not more violently, to all creatures who appeared to him as servants or allies of humanity. The dogs whom he sometimes saw passing, held in leash by their masters or mistresses, made him paw the earth scornfully if he happened to be near the fence. The patient horses who pulled the road-roller or the noisy lawn-mower made his eyes redden savagely. And he hated with peculiar zest the roguish little trick elephant, Bong, who would sometimes, his inquisitive trunk swinging from side to side, go lurching lazily by with a load of squealing children on his back.

Bong, who was a favored character, amiable and trustworthy, was allowed the freedom of the Park in the early morning, before visitors began to arrive who might be alarmed at seeing an elephant at large. He was addicted to minding his own business, and never paid the slightest attention to any occupants of cage or enclosure. He was quite unaware of the hostility which he had aroused in the perverse and brooding heart of Last Bull.

One crisp morning in late November, when all the grass in the Park had been blackened by frost, and the pools were edged with silver rims of ice, and mists were white and saffron about the scarce-risen sun, and that autumn thrill was in the air which gives one such an appetite, Bong chanced to be strolling past the front of Last Bull's range. He did not see Last Bull, who was nothing to him. But, being just as hungry as he ought to be on so stimulating a morning, he did see, and note with interest, some bundles of fresh hay on the other side of the fence.

Now, Bong was no thief. But hay had always seemed to him a free largess, like grass and water, and this looked like very good hay. So clear a conscience had he on the subject that he never thought of glancing around to see if any of the attendants were looking. Innocently he lurched up to the fence, reached his lithe trunk through, gathered a neat wisp of the hay, and stuffed it happily into his curious, narrow, pointed mouth. Yes, he had not been mistaken. It was good hay. With great satisfaction he reached in for another mouthful.

Last Bull, as it happened, was standing close by, but a little to one side. He had been ignoring, so far, his morning ration. He was not hungry. And, moreover, he rather disapproved of the hay because it had the hostile man-smell strong upon it. Nevertheless, he recognized it very clearly as his property, to be eaten when he should feel inclined to eat it. His wrath, then, was only equalled by his amazement when he saw the little elephant's presumptuous gray trunk reach in and coolly help itself. For a moment he forgot to do anything whatever about it. But when, a few seconds later, that long, curling trunk of Bong's insinuated itself again and appropriated another bundle of the now precious hay, the outraged owner bestirred himself. With a curt roar, that was more of a cough or a grunt than a bellow, he lunged forward and strove to pin the intruding trunk to the ground.

With startled alacrity Bong withdrew his trunk, but just in time to save it from being mangled. For an instant he stood with the member held high in air, bewildered by what seemed to him such a gratuitous attack. Then his twinkling little eyes began to blaze, and he trumpeted shrilly with anger. The next moment, reaching over the fence, he brought down the trunk on Last Bull's hump with such a terrible flail-like blow that the great buffalo stumbled forward upon his knees.

He was up again in an instant and hurling himself madly against the inexorable steel which separated him from his foe. Bong hesitated for a second, then, reaching over the fence once more, clutched Last Bull maliciously around the base of his horns and tried to twist his neck. This enterprise, however, was too much even for the elephant's titanic powers, for Last Bull's greatest strength lay in the muscles of his ponderous and corded neck. Raving and bellowing, he plunged this way and that, striving in vain to wrench himself free from that incomprehensible, snake-like thing which had fastened upon him. Bong, trumpeting savagely, braced himself with wide-spread pillars of legs, and between them it seemed that the steel fence must go down under such cataclysmic shocks as it was suffering. But the noisy violence of the battle presently brought its own ending. An amused but angry squad of attendants came up and stopped it, and Bong, who seemed plainly the aggressor, was hustled off to his stall in deep disgrace.

Last Bull was humiliated. In this encounter things had happened which he could in no way comprehend; and though, beyond an aching in neck and shoulders, he felt none the worse physically, he had nevertheless a sense of having been worsted, of having been treated with ignominy, in spite of the fact that it was his foe, and not he, who had retired from the field. For several days he wore a subdued air and kept about meekly with his docile cows. Then his old, bitter moodiness reasserted itself, and he resumed his solitary broodings on the crest of the knoll.

When the winter storms came on, it had been Last Bull's custom to let himself be housed luxuriously at nightfall, with the rest of the herd, in the warm and ample buffalo-shed. But this winter he made such difficulty about going in that at last Payne decreed that he should have his own way and stay out. "It will do him no harm, and may cool his peppery blood some!" had been the keeper's decision. So the door was left open, and Last Bull entered or refrained, according to his whim. It was noticed, however,—and this struck a chord of answering sympathy in the plainsman's imaginative temperament,—that, though on ordinary nights he might come in and stay with the herd under shelter, on nights of driving storm, if the tempest blew from the west or northwest, Last Bull was sure to be out on the naked knoll to face it. When the fine sleet or stinging rain drove past him, filling his nostrils with their cold, drenching his matted mane, and lashing his narrowed eyes, what visions swept through his troubled, half-comprehending brain, no one may know. But Payne, with understanding born of sympathy and a common native soil, catching sight of his dark bulk under the dark of the low sky, was wont to declare that *he* knew. He would say that Last Bull's eyes discerned, black under the hurricane, but lit strangely with the flash of keen horns and rolling eyes and frothed nostrils, the endless and innumerable droves of the buffalo, with the plains wolf skulking on their flanks, passing, passing, southward into the final dark. In the roar of the wind, declared Payne, Last Bull, out there in the night, listened to the trampling of all those vanished droves. And though the other keepers insisted to each other, quite privately, that their chief talked a lot of nonsense about "that there mean-tempered old buffalo," they nevertheless came gradually to look upon Last Bull with a kind of awe, and to regard his surly whims as privileged.

It chanced that winter that men were driving a railway tunnel beneath a corner of the Park. The tunnel ran for a short distance under the front of Last Bull's range, and passed close by the picturesque cottage occupied by Payne and two of his assistants. At this point the level of the Park was low, and the shell of earth was thin above the tunnel roof.

There came a Sunday afternoon, after days of rain and penetrating January thaw, when sun and air combined to cheat the earth with an illusion of spring. The buds and the mould breathed of April, and gay crowds flocked to the Park, to make the most of winter's temporary repulse. Just when things were at their gayest, with children's voices clamoring everywhere like starlings, and Bong, the little elephant, swinging good-naturedly up the broad white track with all the load he had room for on his back, there came an ominous jar and rumble, like the first of an earthquake, which ran along the front of Last Bull's range.

With sure instinct, Bong turned tail and fled with his young charges away across the grassland. The crowds, hardly knowing what they fled from, with screams and cries and blanched faces, followed the elephant's example. A moment later and, with a muffled crash, all along the front of the range, the earth sank into the tunnel, carrying with it half a dozen panels of Last Bull's hated fence.

Almost in a moment the panic of the crowd subsided. Every one realized just what had happened. Moreover, thanks to Bong's timely alarm, every one had got out of the way in good season. All fear of earthquake being removed, the crowd flocked back eagerly to stare down into the wrecked tunnel, which formed now a sort of gaping, chaotic ditch, with sides at some points precipitous and at others brokenly sloping. The throng was noisy with excited interest and with relief at having escaped so cleanly. The break had run just beneath one corner of the keepers' cottage, tearing away a portion of the foundation and wrenching the structure slightly aside without overthrowing it. Payne, who had been in the midst of his Sunday toilet, came out upon his twisted porch, half undressed and with a shaving-brush covered with lather in his hand. He gave one look at the damage which had been wrought, then plunged indoors again to throw his clothes on, at the same time sounding the hurry call for the attendants in other quarters of the Park.

Last Bull, who had been standing on his knoll, with his back to the throngs, had wheeled in astonishment at the heavy sound of the cave-in. For a few minutes he had stared sullenly, not grasping the situation. Then very slowly it dawned on him that his prison walls had fallen. Yes, surely, there at last lay his way to freedom, his path to the great open spaces for which he dumbly and vaguely hungered. With stately deliberation he marched down from his knoll to investigate.

But presently another idea came into his slow mind. He saw the clamorous crowds flocking back and ranging themselves along the edge of the chasm. These were his enemies. They were coming to balk him. A terrible madness surged through all his veins. He bellowed savage warning and came thundering down the field, nose to earth, dark, mountainous, irresistible.

The crowd yelled and shrank back. "He can't get across!" shouted some. But others cried: "He can! He's coming! Save yourselves!" And with shrieks they scattered wildly across the open, making for the kiosks, the pavilions, the trees, anything that seemed to promise hiding or shelter from that on-rushing doom.

At the edge of the chasm — at this point forming not an actual drop, but a broken slide — Last Bull hardly paused. He plunged down, rolled over in the débris, struggled to his feet again instantly, and went ploughing and snorting up the opposite steep. As his colossal front, matted with mud, loomed up over the brink, his little eyes rolling and flaming, and the froth flying from his red nostrils, he formed a very nightmare of horror to those fugitives who dared to look behind them.

Surmounting the brink, he paused. There were so many enemies, he knew not which to pursue first. But straight ahead, in the very middle of the open, and far from any shelter, he saw a huddled group of children and nurses fleeing impotently and aimlessly. Shrill cries came from the cluster, which danced with colors, scarlet and yellow and blue and vivid pink. To the mad buffalo, these were the most conspicuous and the loudest of his foes, and therefore the most dangerous. With a bellow he flung his tail straight in the air, and charged after them.

An appalling hush fell, for a few heart-beats, all over the field. Then from different quarters appeared uniformed attendants, racing and shouting frantically to divert the bull's attention. From fleeing groups black-coated men leapt forth, armed only with their walking-sticks, and rushed desperately to defend the flock of children, who now, in the extremity of their terror, were tumbling as they ran. Some of the nurses were fleeing far in front, while others, the faithful ones, with eyes starting from their heads, grabbed up their little charges and struggled on under the burden.

Already Last Bull was halfway across the space which divided him from his foes. The ground shook under his ponderous gallop. At this moment Payne reappeared on the broken porch.

One glance showed him that no one was near enough to intervene. With a face stern and sorrowful he lifted the deadly .405 Winchester which he had brought out with him. The spot he covered was just behind Last Bull's mighty shoulder.

The smokeless powder spoke with a small, venomous report, unlike the black powder's noisy reverberation. Last Bull stumbled. But recovering himself instantly, he rushed on. He was hurt, and he felt it was those fleeing foes who had done it. A shade of perplexity darkened Payne's face. He fired again. This time his aim was true. The heavy expanding bullet tore straight through bone and muscle and heart, and Last Bull lurched forward upon his head, ploughing up the turf for yards. As his mad eyes softened and filmed, he saw once more, perhaps,—or so the heavy-hearted keeper who had slain him would have us believe,—the shadowy plains unrolling under the wild sky, and the hosts of his vanished kindred drifting past into the dark.

SECTION X

ROMANCE CYCLES AND LEGEND

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SECTION X. ROMANCE CYCLES AND LEGEND

INTRODUCTORY

The material included. The heading adopted for this section is used somewhat loosely to include those many and varied collections of stories which have with the passage of time been gradually brought together into so-called cycles, unified around some central figure, or by means of some kind of framework. It would thus bring into its scope the series of stories which make up the Greek *Odyssey*, the Anglo-Saxon *Beowulf*, the Finnish *Kalevala*, and other national epics. It would include the stories centering around King Arthur, Siegfried, Roland, the Cid, Alexander, Charlemagne, Robin Hood, and Reynard the Fox. Besides all these cycles and others like them, there is a great body of separate legends of persons and places, exemplified by "The Proud King," that seem almost to constitute a work by themselves. The extended body of eastern stories known as *The Arabian Nights* are also placed here, as is Cervantes' *Don Quixote*. The last inclusion may seem to violate even the wide range of the heading, as *Don Quixote* is distinctly one of the world's great modern masterpieces, and is by a known author. But that book is after all a cycle of adventures with a central figure not unlike the romance cycles, and, since it is popularly supposed to have had its origin in the purpose of humorously satirizing the romances of chivalry, it may be allowed to stand in connection with them.

The place for such stories. The developing child soon passes out of the period where the old fairy stories and their modern analogues satisfy his needs. He comes into a period of hero-worship where he demands not only courage and prowess of magnificent proportions, but also a sinking of self in as equally magnificent and disinterested service of great causes. To the child's mind there is nothing fantastical about the chivalric ideas of courtesy, and friendship, and all high personal ideals. It is the natural food of his mind. He will allow nothing mean or unclean. It seems, roughly speaking, that the time of greatest appeal for such stories is about the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades. By the end of that period he is already well along toward an interest in the real men and women of history, toward a more realistic and practical conception of the problems of human life.

The problems of choice and adaptation. The wealth of material available is so great as to be bewildering. As yet there is no common agreement as to just which stories are best for our purpose, nor is there any as to where particular stories should be used. The adapters and story-tellers differ much in their views on these questions. Young teachers, it is clear, cannot be expected to know this vast field in any detail. The saving fact is that teachers can hardly make a mistake by using any story that has awakened their own interest and enthusiasm, and which, for that reason, they will be able to present in a simple and striking form. Having in mind, then, the beginning teacher, we make the following specific suggestions:

1. *Beowulf*. The inexperienced teacher will find a splendid version, "The Story of Beowulf," ready-made in Wyche's *Some Great Stories and How to Tell*

Them. To work from the complete epic, use any of the translations by Child, Tinker, Gummere, or Hall. "Perhaps it is not too much to assert . . . . that it its lofty spirit, its vigor, and its sincerity, ... it reflects traits which are distinctive of English-speaking people throughout the world."

2. *King Arthur*. The final source must be Sir Thomas Malory's *Le Morte D'Arthur*, represented in the following pages by Nos. 401, 402, and 403. Some passages from Malory should be read to the class. For suggestions as to method in handling the stories, see Wyche as above, where there is a fine brief version. In *King Arthur and His Knights*, by Mrs. Warren (Maude Radford), may be found a good working version of the whole cycle. " . . . . In delicacy of feeling, in reverence for women, in courtesy to friend and foe, the Arthurian story foreshadowed much that is gentlest and best in modern civilization."

3. *Robin Hood*. Go at once to one of the simple prose versions of the story. Satisfactory ones are those by Miss Tappan, by Mrs. Warren, or by Howard Pyle (the shorter version). As time and opportunity offer read the simple old ballads which are the source of the story of "merry" Sherwood. "If ever verse lashed abuse with a smile, it is this. The sun shines brightly overhead; it is a good world to be alive in, its wrongs are being righted, and its very misfortunes are ultimately to bring happier times."

4. A few stories about Roland, Siegfried, the Cid, Charlemagne, and others may be used by teachers who have had opportunity to get acquainted with those great figures, or who have access to some of the authorities listed in the bibliography. This material is more difficult to handle satisfactorily than that already discussed, and may well be sparingly used, if not omitted altogether. For a general collection of legends, the ideal as to choice and method of presentation is Scudder's *The Book of Legends* (No. 412). From *The Arabian Nights* use "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" (No. 398), "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," and "The Stories of Sindbad the Sailor." Almost any of the accessible versions will be satisfactory. For *Reynard the Fox*, the one adaptation that presents the story in a fairly good form for children is that made by Sir Henry Cole, available as edited by Joseph Jacobs (Nos. 399 and 400). Perhaps as much of *Don Quixote* is given in this text (Nos. 405–411) as teachers can use. A full translation is a satisfactory source for this story, although the shortened forms by Havell or Parry are admirable.

SUGGESTIONS FOR READING

Most of the books on story-telling have discussions of the best ways of dealing with the romance material. Especially valuable in this connection are Wyche, *Great Stories and How to Tell Them*, and Lyman, *Story Telling*. For scholarly and yet not too difficult books giving a perspective of the entire field see W. W. Lawrence, *Medieval Story and the Beginnings of the Social Ideals of English-speaking People*, or W. P. Ker, *Epic and Romance*. Consult MacClintock, "Hero-Tales and Romances," *Literature in the Elementary School*, chap. viii.

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The Arabian Nights' Entertainment or *Thousand and One Nights* is a collection of about four hundred old oriental stories, chiefly from Persia, India, and Arabia. They were brought together probably in the thirteenth century and told orally as stories told to entertain King Shahriyar; but scholars think the collection was not written until some time between the years 1350 and 1550. Some of the stories probably were told as early as the ninth century. The stories are of various kinds—fables, anecdotes, legends, hero stories, wonder stories, and romances. "The Story of Alnaschar" (No. 235 in this book) is one of the fables. The collection became known to European readers in 1704, when it was translated from the Arabic by a French scholar named Galland. Since that time the fables have been translated extensively. The translation into English by Lane is the most valuable one for a teacher who wishes to have all of the book that is fit for public use. Like many of the world's great compilations of this sort, it is made up of a mixture of good and bad. The oriental play of imagination in these stories and the background of old Eastern scenery and customs have made them a source of entertainment and instruction for all civilized nations. The story that follows has always been one of the favorites among oriental wonder stories, and is given in a familiar traditional version.

ALI BABA, AND THE FORTY THIEVES

In a town in Persia there lived two brothers, the sons of a poor man; the one was named Cassim, and the other Ali Baba. Cassim, the elder, married a wife with a considerable fortune, and lived at his ease in a handsome house, with plenty of servants; but the wife of Ali Baba was as poor as himself; they dwelt in a mean cottage in the suburbs of the city, and he maintained his family by cutting wood in a neighboring forest.

One day when Ali Baba was in the forest and preparing to load his three asses with the wood he had cut, he saw a troop of horsemen coming towards him. He had often heard of robbers who infested that forest, and, in a great fright, he hastily climbed a large thick tree, which stood near the foot of a rock, and hid himself among the branches.

The horsemen soon galloped up to the rock, where they all dismounted. Ali Baba counted forty of them, and he could not doubt but they were thieves, by their ill-looking countenances. They each took a loaded portmanteau from his horse; and he who seemed to be their captain, turning to the rock, said, "Open Sesame," and immediately a door opened in the rock, and all the robbers passed in, when the door shut itself. In a short time the door opened again, and the forty robbers came out, followed by their captain, who said, "Shut Sesame." The door instantly closed; and the troop, mounting their horses, were presently out of sight.

Ali Baba remained in the tree a long time, and seeing that the robbers did not return, he ventured down, and, approaching close to the rock, said, "Open Sesame." Immediately the door flew open, and Ali Baba beheld a spacious cavern, very light, and filled with all sorts of possessions,—merchandise, rich stuffs, and heaps of gold and silver coin, which these robbers had taken from merchants and travelers.

Ali Baba then went in search of his asses, and having brought them to the rock, took as many bags of gold coin as they could carry, and put them on their backs, covering them with some loose fagots of wood. Afterwards (not forgetting to say "Shut Sesame") he drove the asses back to the city; and having unloaded them in the stable belonging to his cottage, carried the bags into the house and spread the gold coin out upon the floor before his wife.

His wife, delighted with so much money, wanted to count it; but finding it would take up too much time, she was resolved to measure it, and running to the house of Ali Baba's brother, she entreated them to lend her a small measure. Cassim's wife was very proud and envious. "I wonder," she said to herself, "what sort of grain such poor people can have to measure; but I am determined I will find out what they are doing." So before she gave the measure, she artfully rubbed the bottom with some suet.

Away ran Ali Baba's wife, measured her money, and helped her husband to bury it in the yard. Then she carried back the measure to her brother-in-law's house, without perceiving that a piece of gold was left sticking to the bottom of it. "Fine doings, indeed!" cried Cassim's wife to her husband, after examining the measure. "Your brother there, who pretends to be so poor, is richer than you are, for he does not count his money, but measures it."

Cassim, hearing these words and seeing the piece of gold, grew as envious as his wife; and hastening to his brother, threatened to inform the Cadi of his wealth if he did not confess to him how he came by it. Ali Baba without hesitation told him the history of the robbers and the secret of the cave, and offered him half his treasure; but the envious Cassim disdained so poor a sum, resolving to have fifty times more than that out of the robbers' cave. Accordingly he rose early the next morning and set out with ten mules loaded with great chests. He found the rock easily enough by Ali Baba's description; and having said "Open Sesame," he gained admission into the cave, where he found more treasure than he had expected to behold even from his brother's account of it.

He immediately began to gather bags of gold and pieces of rich brocade, all which he piled close to the door; but when he had got together as much as his ten mules could possibly carry, or even more, and wanted to get out to load them, the thoughts of his wonderful riches had made him entirely forget the word which caused the door to open. In vain he tried "Bame," "Fame," "Lame," "Tetame," and a thousand others. The door remained as immovable as the rock itself, notwithstanding Cassim kicked and screamed till he was ready to drop with fatigue and vexation.

Presently he heard the sound of horses' feet, which he rightly concluded to be the robbers, and he trembled lest he should now fall a victim to his thirst for riches. He resolved, however, to make an effort to escape; and when he heard the "Sesame" pronounced, and saw the door open, he sprang out, but was instantly put to death by the swords of the robbers.

The thieves now held a council, but not one of them could possibly guess by what means Cassim had got into the cave. They saw the heaps of treasure he had piled ready to take away, but they did not miss what Ali Baba had secured before. At length they agreed to cut Cassim's body into four quarters and hang the pieces within the cave, that it might terrify any one from further attempts; and also determined not to return themselves for some time to the cave for fear of being watched and discovered.

When Cassim's wife saw night come on, and her husband not returned, she became greatly terrified; she watched at her window till daybreak and then went to tell Ali Baba of her fears. Cassim had not informed him of his design of going to the cave; but Ali Baba, now hearing of his journey thither, went immediately in search of him. He drove his asses to the forest without delay. He was alarmed to see blood near the rock; and on entering the cave, he found the body of his unfortunate brother cut to pieces and hung up within the door. It was now too late to save him; but he took down the quarters and put them upon one of his asses, covering them with fagots of wood; and, weeping for the miserable end of his brother, he regained the city. The door of his brother's house was opened by Morgiana, an intelligent, faithful female slave, who, Ali Baba knew, was worthy to be trusted with the secret.

He therefore delivered the body to Morgiana, and went himself to impart the sad tidings to the wife of Cassim. The poor woman was deeply afflicted, and reproached herself with her foolish envy and curiosity, as being the cause of her husband's death; but Ali Baba having convinced her of the necessity of being very discreet, she checked her lamentations and resolved to leave everything to the management of Morgiana.

Morgiana, having washed the body, hastened to an apothecary's and asked for some particular medicine, saying that it was for her master Cassim, who was dangerously ill. She took care to spread the report of Cassim's illness throughout the neighborhood; and as they saw Ali Baba and his wife going daily to the house of their brother, in great affliction, they were not surprised to hear shortly that Cassim had died of his disorder.

The next difficulty was to bury him without discovery; but Morgiana was ready to contrive a plan for that also. She put on her veil and went to a distant part of the city very early in the morning, where she found a poor cobbler just opening his stall. She put a piece of gold into his hand, and told him he should have another, if he would suffer himself to be blindfolded and go with her, carrying his tools with him. Mustapha, the cobbler, hesitated at first, but the gold tempted him and he consented; when Morgiana, carefully covering his eyes, so that he could not see a step of the way, led him to Cassim's house; and taking him into the room where the body was lying, removed the bandage from his eyes, and bade him sew the mangled limbs together. Mustapha obeyed her order; and having received two pieces of gold, was led blindfold the same way back to his own stall.

Morgiana then covered the body with a winding-sheet and sent for the undertaker to make preparations for the funeral. Cassim was buried with all due solemnity the same day. Ali Baba now removed his few goods, and all the gold coin that he had brought home from the cavern, to the house of his deceased brother, of which he took possession; and Cassim's widow received every kind attention from both Ali Baba and his wife.

After an interval of some months, the troop of robbers again visited their retreat in the forest, and were completely astonished to find the body taken away from the cave, and everything else remaining in its usual order. "We are discovered," said the captain, "and shall certainly be undone, if you do not adopt speedy measures to prevent our ruin. Which of you, my brave comrades, will undertake to search out the villain who is in possession of our secret?"

One of the boldest of the troop advanced, and offered himself; and was accepted on the following conditions: namely, that if he succeeded in his enterprise, he was to be made second in command of the troop; but that if he brought false intelligence, he was immediately to be put to death. The bold robber readily agreed to the conditions; and having disguised himself, he proceeded to the city.

He arrived there about daybreak, and found the cobbler Mustapha in his stall, which was always open before any other shop in the town. "Good morrow, friend," said the robber, as he passed the stall, "you rise betimes; I should think old as you are, you could scarcely see to work by this light."

"Indeed, sir," replied the cobbler, "old as I am, I do not want for good eyesight; as you must needs believe, when I tell you I sewed a dead body together the other day, where I had not so good a light as I have now."

"A dead body!" exclaimed the robber; "you mean, I suppose, that you sewed up the winding-sheet for a dead body."

"I mean no such thing," replied Mustapha; "I tell you that I sewed the four quarters of a man together."

This was enough to convince the robber he had luckily met with the very man who could give him the information he was in search of. However he did not wish to appear eager to learn the particulars, lest he should alarm the cobbler. "Ha! ha!" said he, "I find, good Mr. Cobbler, that you perceive I am a stranger here, and you wish to make me believe that the people of your city do impossible things."

"I tell you," said Mustapha in a loud and angry tone, "I sewed a dead body together with my own hands."—"Then I suppose you can tell me also where you performed this wonderful business." Upon this, Mustapha related every particular of his being led blindfold to the house, etc.

"Well, my friend," said the robber, "it is a fine story, I confess, but not very easy to believe; however, if you will convince me by showing me the house you talk of, I will give you four pieces of gold to make amends for my unbelief."

"I think," said the cobbler, after considering awhile, "that if you were to blindfold me, I should remember every turning we made; but with my eyes open I am sure I should never find it." Accordingly the robber covered Mustapha's eyes with his handkerchief; and the cobbler led him through most of the principal streets, and stopping by Cassim's door, said, "Here it is; I went no further than this house."

The robber immediately marked the door with a piece of chalk; and, giving Mustapha his four pieces of gold, dismissed him. Shortly after the thief and Mustapha had quitted the door, Morgiana, coming home from market, perceived the little mark of white chalk on the door. Suspecting something was wrong, she directly marked four doors on one side and five on the other of her master's, in exactly the same manner, without saying a word to any one.

The robber meantime rejoined his troop and boasted greatly of his success. His captain and comrades praised his diligence; and being well armed, they proceeded to the town in different disguises, and in separate parties of three and four together.

It was agreed among them that they were to meet in the market-place at the dusk of evening, and that the captain and the robber who had discovered the house were to go there first, to find out to whom it belonged. When they arrived in the street, having a lantern with them, they began to examine the doors, and found to their confusion and astonishment that ten doors were marked exactly alike. The robber, who was the captain's guide, could not say a word in explanation of this mystery; and when the disappointed troop got back to the forest, his enraged companions ordered him to be put to death.

Another now offered himself upon the same conditions as the former; and having bribed Mustapha, and discovered the house, he made a mark with the dark red chalk upon the door, in a part that was not in the least conspicuous; and carefully examined the surrounding doors, to be certain that no such marks were upon them. But nothing could escape the prying eyes of Morgiana; scarcely had the robber departed, when she discovered the red mark; and getting some red chalk, she marked seven doors on each side, precisely in the same place and in the same manner. The robber, valuing himself highly upon the precautions he had taken, triumphantly conducted his captain to the spot; but great indeed was his confusion and dismay when he found it impossible to say which, among fifteen houses marked exactly alike, was the right one. The captain, furious with his disappointment, returned again with the troop to the forest; and the second robber was also condemned to death.

The captain having lost two of his troop, judged that their hands were more active than their heads in such services; and he resolved to employ no other of them, but to go himself upon the business. Accordingly he repaired to the city and addressed himself to the cobbler Mustapha, who, for six pieces of gold, readily performed the services for him he had done for the other two strangers. The captain, much wiser than his men, did not amuse himself with setting a mark upon the door, but attentively considered the house, counted the number of windows, and passed by it very often, to be certain that he should know it again.

He then returned to the forest, and ordered his troop to go into the town, and buy nineteen mules and thirty-eight large jars, one full of oil and the rest empty. In two or three days the jars were bought, and all things in readiness; and the captain having put a man into each jar, properly armed, the jars being rubbed on the outside with oil, and the covers having holes bored in them for the men to breathe through, loaded his mules, and in the habit of an oil-merchant entered the town in the dusk of the evening. He proceeded to the street where Ali Baba dwelt, and found him sitting in the porch of his house. "Sir," said he to Ali Baba, "I have brought this oil a great way to sell, and am too late for this day's market. As I am quite a stranger in this town, will you do me the favor to let me put my mules into your court-yard, and direct me where I may lodge to-night?"

Ali Baba, who was a very good-natured man, welcomed the pretended oil-merchant very kindly, and offered him a bed in his own house; and having ordered the mules to be unloaded in the yard, and properly fed, he invited his guest in to supper. The captain, having seen the jars placed ready in the yard, followed Ali Baba into the house, and after supper was shown to the chamber where he was to sleep.

It happened that Morgiana was obliged to sit up later that night than usual, to get ready her master's bathing linen for the following morning; and while she was busy about the fire, her lamp went out, and there was no more oil in the house. After considering what she could possibly do for a light, she recollected the thirty-eight oil jars in the yard and determined to take a little oil out of one of them for her lamp. She took her oil pot in her hand and approached the first jar; the robber within said, "Is it time, captain?"

Any other slave, on hearing a man in an oil jar, would have screamed out; but the prudent Morgiana instantly recollected herself, and replied softly, "No, not yet; lie still till I call you." She passed on to every jar, receiving the same question and making the same answer, till she came to the last, which was really filled with oil.

Morgiana was now convinced that this was a plot of the robbers to murder her master, Ali Baba; so she ran back to the kitchen and brought out a large kettle, which she filled with oil, and set it on a great wood fire; and as soon as it boiled she went and poured into the jars sufficient of the boiling oil to kill every man within them. Having done this she put out her fire and her lamp, and crept softly to her chamber.

The captain of the robbers, finding everything quiet in the house, and perceiving no light anywhere, arose and went down into the yard to assemble his men. Coming to the first jar, he felt the steam of the boiled oil; he ran hastily to the rest and found every one of his troop put to death in the same manner. Full of rage and despair at having failed in his design, he forced the lock of a door that led into the garden and made his escape over the walls.

On the following morning Morgiana related to her master, Ali Baba, his wonderful deliverance from the pretended oil-merchant and his gang of robbers. Ali Baba at first could scarcely credit her tale; but when he saw the robbers dead in the jars, he could not sufficiently praise her courage and sagacity; and without letting any one else into the secret, he and Morgiana the next night buried the thirty-seven thieves in a deep trench at the bottom of the garden. The jars and mules, as he had no use for them, were sent from time to time to the different markets and sold.

While Ali Baba took these measures to prevent his and Cassim's adventures in the forest from being known, the captain returned to his cave, and for some time abandoned himself to grief and despair. At length, however, he determined to adopt a new scheme for the destruction of Ali Baba. He removed by degrees all the valuable merchandise from the cave to the city and took a shop exactly opposite to Ali Baba's house. He furnished this shop with everything that was rare and costly, and went by the name of the merchant Cogia Hassan. Many persons made acquaintance with the stranger; among others, Ali Baba's son went every day to the shop. The pretended Cogia Hassan soon appeared to be very fond of Ali Baba's son, offered him many presents, and often detained him at dinner, on which occasions he treated him in the handsomest manner.

Ali Baba's son thought it was necessary to make some return to these civilities, and pressed his father to invite Cogia Hassan to supper. Ali Baba made no objection, and the invitation was accordingly given. The artful Cogia Hassan would not too hastily accept this invitation, but pretended he was not fond of going into company, and that he had business which demanded his presence at home. These excuses only made Ali Baba's son the more eager to take him to his father's house; and after repeated solicitations, the merchant consented to sup at Ali Baba's house the next evening.

A most excellent supper was provided, which Morgiana cooked in the best manner, and as was her usual custom, she carried in the first dish herself. The moment she looked at Cogia Hassan, she knew it was the pretended oil-merchant. The prudent Morgiana did not say a word to any one of this discovery, but sent the other slaves into the kitchen and waited at table herself; and while Cogia Hassan was drinking, she perceived he had a dagger hid under his coat.

When supper was ended, and the dessert and wine on the table, Morgiana went away and dressed herself in the habit of a dancing-girl; she next called Abdalla, a fellow slave, to play on his tabor while she danced. As soon as she appeared at the parlor door, her master, who was very fond of seeing her dance, ordered her to come in to entertain his guest with some of her best dancing. Cogia Hassan was not very well satisfied with this entertainment, yet was compelled, for fear of discovering himself, to seem pleased with the dancing, while, in fact, he wished Morgiana a great way off, and was quite alarmed lest he should lose his opportunity of murdering Ali Baba and his son.

Morgiana danced several dances with the utmost grace and agility; and then drawing a poniard from her girdle, she performed many surprising things with it, sometimes presenting the point to one and sometimes to another, and then seemed to strike it into her own bosom. Suddenly she paused, and holding the poniard in the right hand, presented her left to her master as if begging some money; upon which Ali Baba and his son each gave her a small piece of money. She then turned to the pretended Cogia Hassan, and while he was putting his hand into his purse, she plunged the poniard into his heart.

"Wretch!" cried Ali Baba, "thou hast ruined me and my family."

"No, sir," replied Morgiana, "I have preserved, and not ruined you and your son. Look well at this traitor, and you will find him to be the pretended oil-merchant who came once before to rob and murder you."

Ali Baba pulled off the turban and the cloak which the false Cogia Hassan wore and discovered that he was not only the pretended oil-merchant, but the captain of the forty robbers who had slain his brother Cassim; nor could he doubt that his perfidious aim had been to destroy him, and probably his son, with the concealed dagger. Ali Baba, who felt the new obligation he owed to Morgiana for thus saving his life a second time, embraced her and said, "My dear Morgiana, I give you your liberty; but my gratitude must not stop there: I will also marry you to my son, who can esteem and admire you no less than does his father." Then turning to his son, he added, "You, my son, will not refuse the wife I offer; for, in marrying Morgiana, you take to wife the preserver and benefactor of yourself and family." The son, far from showing any dislike, readily and joyfully accepted his proposed bride, having long entertained an affection for the good slave Morgiana.

Having rejoiced in their deliverance, they buried the captain that night with great privacy, in the trench along with his troop of robbers; and a few days afterwards, Ali Baba celebrated the marriage of his son and Morgiana with a sumptuous entertainment. Every one who knew Morgiana said she was worthy of her good fortune, and highly commended her master's generosity toward her.

During a twelvemonth Ali Baba forbore to go near the forest, but at length his curiosity incited him to make another journey.

When he came to the cave he saw no footsteps of either men or horses; and having said, "Open Sesame," he went in, and judged by the state of things deposited in the cavern that no one had been there since the pretended Cogia Hassan had removed the merchandise to his shop in the city. Ali Baba took as much gold home as his horse could carry.

Afterwards he carried his son to the cave and taught him the secret. This secret they handed down to their posterity; and using their good fortune with moderation, they lived in honor and splendor, and served with dignity some of the chief offices in the city.

A quaint and interesting cycle of animal stories was formed in the Middle Ages with the fox, called Reynard, as the hero or central character. Their origin was not different from that of the cycles that grew up concerning such popular heroes as King Arthur, Robin Hood, Charlemagne, and Siegfried; but one difference at least may be observed — Reynard is always represented as evil, though clever and successful. These stories of Reynard have furnished material for many workers in the field of literature and they have generally served as a vehicle for satire. Indeed, there was much satire in the original versions of the folk. Perhaps the greatest of these modern recensions is that of the German poet Goethe. The best version for use with children is that made by Sir Henry Cole ("Felix Summerley") and edited more recently by Joseph Jacobs in his usual masterly fashion. The introduction to this edition gives just the facts that the reader needs for understanding the significance of the Reynard cycle.

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It may be noted that King Lion, after hearing many complaints about Reynard's evil ways, decides to bring him to court for trial. The first special constable sent to summon Reynard was Bruin the Bear, and now we are to learn—

HOW BRUIN THE BEAR SPED WITH REYNARD THE FOX

The next morning away went *Bruin* the bear in quest of the fox, armed against all plots of deceit whatsoever. And as he came through a dark forest, in which *Reynard* had a bypath, which he used when he was hunted, he saw a high mountain, over which he must pass to go to *Malepardus*. For though *Reynard* has many houses, yet *Malepardus* is his chiefest and most ancient castle, and in it he lay both for defense and ease.

Now at last when *Bruin* was come to *Malepardus*, he found the gates close shut, at which after he had knocked, sitting on his tail, he called aloud, "Sir *Reynard*, are you at home? I am *Bruin* your kinsman, whom the King hath sent to summon you to the court, to answer many foul accusations exhibited against you, and hath taken a great vow, that if you fail to appear to this summons, your life shall answer your contempt, and your goods and honors shall lie confiscate at his highness's mercy. Therefore, fair kinsman, be advised of your friend, and go with me to the court to shun the danger that else will fall upon you."

Reynard, lying close by the gate, as his custom was for the warm sun's sake, hearing those words, departed into one of his holes, for *Malepardus* is full of many intricate and curious rooms, which labyrinth-wise he could pass through, when either his danger or the benefit of any prey required the same. There he meditated awhile with himself how he might counterplot and bring the bear to disgrace (who he knew loved him not) and himself to honor; at last he came forth, and said, "Dear uncle *Bruin*, you are exceeding welcome. Pardon my slowness in coming, for at your first speech I was saying my even song, and devotion must not be neglected. Believe me, he hath done you no good service, nor do I thank him which hath sent you this weary and long journey, in which your much sweat and toil far exceeds the worth of the labor. Certainly had you not come, I had to-morrow been at the court of my own accord, yet at this time my sorrow is much lessened, inasmuch as your counsel at this present may return me double benefit. Alas, cousin, could his Majesty find no meaner a messenger than your noble self to employ in these trivial affairs? Truly it appears strange to me, especially since, next his royal self, you are of greatest renown both in blood and riches. For my part, I would we were both at court, for I fear our journey will be exceeding troublesome. To speak truth, since I made mine abstinence from flesh, I have eaten such strange new meats, that my body is very much distempered, and swelleth as if it would break."

"Alas, dear cousin," said the bear, "what meat is that which maketh you so ill?"

"Uncle," answered he, "what will it profit you to know? The meat was simple and mean. We poor men are no lords, you know, but eat that for necessity which others eat for wantonness; yet not to delay you, that which I ate was honeycombs, great, full, and most pleasant, which, compelled by hunger, I ate too unmeasurably and am thereby infinitely distempered."

"Ha," quoth *Bruin*, "honeycombs? Do you make such slight respect of them, nephew? Why it is meat for the greatest emperor in the world. Fair nephew, help me but to some of that honey, and command me whilst I live; for one little part thereof I will be your servant everlastingly."

"Sure," said the fox, "uncle, you but jest with me."

"But jest with you?" replied *Bruin*, "beshrew my heart then, for I am in that serious earnest, that for one lick thereat you shall make me the faithfullest of all your kindred."

"Nay," said the fox, "if you be in earnest, then know I will bring you where so much is, that ten of you shall not be able to devour it at a meal, only for your love's sake, which above all things I desire, uncle."

"Not ten of us?" said the bear, "it is impossible; for had I all the honey betwixt *Hybla* and *Portugal*, yet I could in a short space eat it all myself."

"Then know, uncle," quoth the fox, "that near at hand here dwelleth a husbandman named *Lanfert*, who is master of so much honey that you cannot consume it in seven years, which for your love and friendship's sake I will put into your safe possession."

Bruin, mad upon the honey, swore, that to have one good meal thereof he would not only be his faithful friend, but also stop the mouths of all his adversaries.

Reynard, smiling at his easy belief, said, "If you will have seven ton, uncle, you shall have it."

These words pleased the bear so well, and made him so pleasant, that he could not stand for laughing.

Well, thought the fox, this is good fortune. Sure I will lead him where he shall laugh more measurably; and then said, "Uncle, we must delay no time, and I will spare no pains for your sake, which for none of my kin I would perform."

The bear gave him many thanks, and so away they went, the fox promising him as much honey as he could bear, but meant as many strokes as he could undergo. In the end they came to *Lanfert's* house, the sight whereof made the bear rejoice. This *Lanfert* was a stout and lusty carpenter, who the other day had brought into his yard a great oak, which, as their manner is, he began to cleave, and had struck into it two wedges in such wise that the cleft stood a great way open, at which the fox rejoiced much, for it was answerable to his wish. So with a laughing countenance he said to the bear, "Behold now, dear uncle, and be careful of yourself, for within this tree is so much honey that it is unmeasurable. Try if you can get into it; yet, good uncle, eat moderately, for albeit the combs are sweet and good, yet a surfeit is dangerous, and may be troublesome to your body, which I would not for a world, since no harm can come to you but must be my dishonor."

"Sorrow not for me, nephew *Reynard*," said the bear, "nor think me such a fool that I cannot temper mine appetite."

"It is true, my best uncle, I was too bold. I pray you enter in at the end, and you shall find your desire."

The bear with all haste entered the tree, with his two feet forward, and thrust his head into the cleft, quite over the ears, which when the fox perceived, he instantly ran and pulled the wedges out of the tree, so that he locked the bear fast therein, and then neither flattery nor anger availed the bear. For the nephew had by his deceit brought the uncle into so false a prison that it was impossible by any art to free himself of the same. Alas, what profited now his great strength and valor? Why, they were both causes of more vexation; and finding himself destitute of all relief, he began to howl and bray, and with scratching and tumbling to make such a noise that *Lanfert*, amazed, came hastily out of his house, having in his hand a sharp hook, whilst the bear lay wallowing and roaring within the tree.

The fox from afar off said to the bear in scorn and mocking, "Is the honey good, uncle, which you eat? How do you? Eat not too much, I beseech you. Pleasant things are apt to surfeit, and you may hinder your journey to the court. When *Lanfert* cometh (if your belly be full) he will give you drink to digest it, and wash it down your throat."

And having thus said, he went towards his castle. But by this time, *Lanfert*, finding the bear fast taken in the tree, he ran to his neighbors and desired them to come into his yard, for there was a bear fast taken there. This was noised through all the town, so that there was neither man, nor woman, nor child but ran thither, some with one weapon, and some with another—as goads, rakes, broom-staves, or what they could gather up. The priest had the handle of the cross, the clerk the holy water sprinkler, and the priest's wife, Dame *Jullock*, with her distaff, for she was then spinning; nay, the old beldames came that had ne'er a tooth in their heads. This army put *Bruin* into a great fear, being none but himself to withstand them, and hearing the clamor of the noise which came thundering upon him, he wrestled and pulled so extremely that he got out his head, but he left behind him all the skin, and his ears also; insomuch that never creature beheld a fouler or more deformed beast. For the blood covering all his face, and his hands leaving the claws and skin behind them, nothing remained but ugliness. It was an ill market the bear came to, for he lost both motion and sight—that is, feet and eyes. But notwithstanding this torment, *Lanfert*, the priest, and the whole parish came upon him, and so becudgeled him about his body part, that it might well be a warning to all his misery, to know that ever the weakest shall still go most to the wall. This the bear found by experience, for every one exercised the height of their fury upon him. Even *Houghlin* with the crooked leg, and *Ludolf* with the long broad nose, the one with a leaden mall, and the other with an iron whip, all belashed poor sir *Bruin;* not so much but sir *Bertolf* with the long fingers, *Lanfert* and *Ortam* did him more annoyance than all the rest, the one having a sharp Welsh hook, the other a crooked staff well leaded at the end, which he used to play at stab ball withal. There was *Birkin* and *Armes Ablequack*, *Bane* the priest with his staff, and Dame *Jullock* his wife; all these so belabored the bear, that his life was in great danger. The poor bear in this massacre sat and sighed extremely, groaning under the burden of their strokes, of which *Lanfert's* were the greatest and thundered most dreadfully; for Dame *Podge* of *Casport* was his mother, and his father was *Marob* the steeple-maker, a passing stout man when he was alone. *Bruin* received of him many showers of stones till *Lanfert's* brother, rushing before the rest with a staff, struck the bear in the head such a blow that he could neither hear nor see, so that awaking from his astonishment the bear leaped into the river adjoining, through a cluster of wives there standing together, of which he threw divers into the water, which was large and deep, amongst whom the parson's wife was one; which the parson seeing how she floated like a sea-mew, he left striking the bear, and cried to the rest of the company, "Help! oh, help! Dame *Jullock* is in the water; help, both men and women, for whosoever saves her, I give free pardon of all their sins and transgressions, and remit all penance imposed whatsoever." This heard, every one left the bear to help Dame *Jullock*, which as soon as the bear saw, he cut the stream and swam away as fast as he could, but the priest with a great noise pursued him, crying in his rage, "Turn, villain, that I may be revenged of thee"; but the bear swam in the strength of the stream and suspected not his calling, for he was proud that he was so escaped from them. Only he bitterly cursed the honey tree and the fox, which had not only betrayed him, but had made him lose his hood from his face, and his gloves from his fingers. In this sort he swam some three miles down the water, in which time he grew so weary that he went on land to get ease, where blood trickled down his face; he groaned, sighed, and drew his breath so short, as if his last hour had been expiring.

Now whilst these things were in doing, the fox in his way home stole a fat hen, and threw her into his mail, and running through a bypath that no man might perceive him, he came towards the river with infinite joy; for he suspected that the bear was certainly slain: therefore he said to himself, "My fortune is as I wished it, for the greatest enemy I had in the court is now dead, nor can any man suspect me guilty thereof." But as he spake these words, looking towards the river, he espied where *Bruin* the bear lay and rested, which struck his heart with grief, and he railed against *Lanfert* the carpenter, saying, "Silly fool that thou art, what madman would have lost such good venison, especially being so fat and wholesome, and for which he took no pains, for he was taken to his hand; any man would have been proud of the fortune which thou neglectest." Thus fretting and chiding, he came to the river, where he found the bear all wounded and bloody, of which *Reynard* was only guilty; yet in scorn he said to the bear, "*Monsieur, Dieu vous garde.*"

"O thou foul red villain," said the bear to himself, "what impudence is like to this?"

But the fox went on with his speech, and said, "What, uncle? Have you forgot anything at *Lanfert's*, or have you paid him for the honeycombs you stole? If you have not, it will redound much to your disgrace, which before you shall undergo, I will pay him for them myself. Sure the honey was excellent good, and I know much more of the same price. Good uncle, tell me before I go, into what order do you mean to enter, that you wear this new-fashioned hood? Will you be a monk, an abbot, or a friar? Surely he that shaved your crown hath cropped your ears; also your foretop is lost, and your gloves are gone; fie, sloven, go not barehanded; they say you can sing *peccavi* rarely."

These taunts made *Bruin* mad with rage, but because he could not take revenge, he was content to let him talk his pleasure. Then after a small rest he plunged again into the river, and swam down the stream, and landed on the other side, where he began with much grief to meditate how he might get to the court, for he had lost his ears, his talons, and all the skin off his feet, so that had a thousand deaths followed him, he could not go. Yet of necessity he must move, that in the end compelled by extremity, he set his tail on the ground, and tumbled his body over and over; so by degrees, tumbling now half a mile, and then half a mile, in the end he tumbled to the court, where divers beholding his strange manner of approach, they thought some prodigy had come towards them; but in the end the King knew him, and grew angry, saying, "It is sir *Bruin*, my servant; what villains have wounded him thus, or where hath he been that he brings his death thus along with him?"

"O my dread Sovereign Lord the King," cried out the bear, "I complain me grievously unto you; behold how I am massacred, which I humbly beseech you revenge on that false *Reynard*, who, for doing your royal pleasure, hath brought me to this disgrace and slaughter."

Then said the King, "How durst he do this? Now by my crown I swear I will take the revenge which shall make the traitors tremble!"

Whereupon the King sent for all his council, and consulted how and in what sort to persecute against the fox, where it was generally concluded that he should be again summoned to appear and answer his trespasses; and the party to summon him they appointed to be *Tibert* the cat, as well for his gravity as wisdom; all which pleased the King well.

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After many ups and downs in fortune Reynard is finally on good terms with the king when Isegrim the Wolf appears with another accusation. Reynard's denial of the charges led the Wolf to challenge him to mortal combat, a well known medieval way of settling the truth of conflicting evidence. The result appears in the following:

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE FOX AND THE WOLF

The fox answered not a word, but bowing himself down humbly to the earth, both before the King and the Queen's Majesties, went forth into the field; and at the same time the wolf was also ready, and stood boasting, and giving out many proud and vainglorious speeches. The marshals and rulers of the lists were the leopard and the loss. These brought forth a book, on which the wolf swore and maintained his assertion that the fox was a traitor and a murderer, which he would prove on his body, or else be counted a recreant. Then *Reynard* took the book, and swore he lied as a false traitor and a thief, which he would prove on his body, or be accounted a recreant.

When these ceremonies were done, the marshals of the field bade them do their devoir. And then every creature avoided the lists, save Dame *Rukenaw*, who stood by the fox, and bade him remember the words and instructions she had given him, and call to mind how, when he was scarce seven years old, he had then wisdom enough to pass the darkest night without lantern or candle-light, or the help of the moon, when any occasion required him; and that his experience was much greater, and his reputation of wisdom more frequent with his companions; and therefore to work so as he might win the day, which would be an eternal monument to him and his family for ever.

To this the fox answered, "My best aunt, assure yourself I will do my best, and not forget a tittle of your counsel. I doubt not but my friends shall reap honor and my foes shame by my actions." To this the ape said amen, and so departed.

When none but the combatants were in the lists, the wolf went toward the fox with infinite rage and fury, and thinking to take the fox in his forefeet, the fox leaped nimbly from him and the wolf pursued him, so that there began a tedious chase between them, on which their friends gazed. The wolf taking larger strides than the fox often overtook him, and lifting up his feet to strike him, the fox avoided the blow and smote him on the face with his tail, so that the wolf was stricken almost blind, and he was forced to rest while he cleared his eyes; which advantage when *Reynard* saw, he scratched up the dust with his feet, and threw it in the eyes of the wolf.

This grieved him worse than the former, so that he durst follow him no longer, for the dust and sand sticking in his eyes smarted so sore, that of force he must rub and wash it away, which *Reynard* seeing, with all the fury he had he ran upon him, and with his teeth gave him three sore wounds on his head, and scoffing said, "Have I hit you, Mr. Wolf? I will yet hit you better; you have killed many a lamb and many an innocent beast, and would impose the fault upon me, but you shall find the price of your knavery. I am marked to punish thy sins, and I will give thee thy absolution bravely. It is good for thee that thou use patience, for thy evil life is at my mercy. Yet, notwithstanding, if thou wilt kneel down and ask my forgiveness, and confess thyself vanquished, though thou be the worst thing living, yet I will spare thy life, for my pity makes me loath to kill thee."

These words made *Isegrim* both mad and desperate, so that he knew not how to express his fury; his wounds bled, his eyes smarted, and his whole body was oppressed. So that in the height of his fury he lifted up his foot and struck the fox so great a blow that he felled him to the ground. But *Reynard*, being nimble, quickly rose up again and encountered the wolf, that between them began a dreadful and doubtful combat.

The wolf was exceeding furious, and ten times he leaped to catch *Reynard* fast, but his skin was so slippery and oily he could not hold him. Nay, so wondrous nimble was he in the fight, that when the wolf thought to have him surest, he would shift himself between his legs and under his belly, and every time gave the wolf a bite with his teeth, or a slap on the face with his tail, that the poor wolf found nothing but despair in the conflict, albeit his strength was much the greater.

Thus many wounds and bitings passing on either side, the one expressing cunning, and the other strength; the one fury, the other temperance. In the end the wolf being enraged that the battle had continued so long, for had his feet been sound it had been much shorter, he said to himself, "I will make an end of this combat, for I know my very weight is able to crush him to pieces; and I lose much of my reputation, to suffer him thus long to contend against me."

And this said, he struck the fox again so sore a blow on the head with his foot, that he fell down to the ground, and ere he could recover himself and arise, he caught him in his feet and threw him under him, lying upon him in such wise, as if he would have pressed him to death.

Now began the fox to be grievously afraid, and all his friends also, and all *Isegrim's* friends began to shout for joy; but the fox defended himself as well as he could with his claws, lying along, and the wolf could not hurt him with his claws, his feet were so sore; only with his teeth he snatched at him to bite him, which, when the fox saw, he smote the wolf on the head with his fore-claws, so that he tore the skin between his brows and his ears, and one of his eyes hung out of his head, which put the wolf to infinite torment, and he howled out extremely. Then *Isegrim* wiping his face, the fox took advantage thereof, and with his struggling got upon his feet.

At which the wolf was angry, and striking after him, caught the fox in his arms, and held him fast; never was *Reynard* in so great a strait as then, for at that time great was their contention; but anger now made the wolf forget his smart, and gripping the fox altogether under him, as *Reynard* was defending himself his hand lighted into *Isegrim's* mouth, so that he was in danger of losing it. Then said the wolf to the fox, "Now either yield thyself as vanquished, or else certainly I will kill thee; neither thy dust, thy mocks, nor any subtle invention shall now save thee; thou art now left utterly desperate, and my wounds must have their satisfaction."

When the fox heard this he thought it was a hard election, for both brought his ruin; and suddenly concluding, he said, "Dear uncle, since fortune commands me, I yield to be your servant, and at your commandments will travel for you to the Holy Land, or any other pilgrimage, or do any service which shall be beneficial to your soul or the souls of your forefathers. I will do for the King or for our holy father the Pope, I will hold of you my lands and revenues, and as I, so shall all the rest of my kindred; so that you shall be a lord of many lords, and none shall dare to move against you.

"Besides, whatsoever I get of pullets, geese, partridges, or clover, flesh or fish, you, your wife, and children shall have the first choice, ere any are eaten by me. I will ever stand by your side, and wheresoever you go, no danger shall come near you; you are strong, and I am subtle; we two joined together, what force can prevail against us? Again, we are so near in blood that nature forbids there should be any enmity between us; I would not have fought against you had I been sure of victory, but that you first appealed me, and then you know of necessity I must do my uttermost. I have also in this battle been courteous to you, and not shown my worst violence, as I would on a stranger, for I know it is the duty of a nephew to spare his uncle; and this you might well perceive by my running from you. I tell you, it was an action much contrary to my nature, for I might often have hurt you when I refused, nor are you worse for me by anything more than the blemish of your eye, for which I am sorry, and wished it had not happened; yet thereby know that you shall reap rather benefit than loss thereby, for when other beasts in their sleep shut two windows, you shall shut but one.

"As for my wife, children, and lineage, they shall fall down at your feet before you in any presence; therefore, I humbly desire you, that you will suffer poor *Reynard* to live. I know you will kill me, but what will that avail you, when you shall never live in safety for fear of revengement of my kindred? Therefore, temperance in any man's wrath is excellent, whereas rashness is ever the mother of repentance. But, uncle, I know you to be valiant, wise, and discreet, and you rather seek honor, peace, and good fame than blood and revenge."

Isegrim the wolf said, "Infinite dissembler, how fain wouldst thou be freed of my servitude? Too well I understand thee, and know that if thou wert safe on thy feet thou wouldst forswear this submission; but know all the wealth in the world shall not buy out thy ransom, for thee and thy friends I esteem them not, nor believe anything thou hast uttered. Too well I know thee, and am no bird for thy lime bush; chaff cannot deceive me. Oh, how wouldst thou triumph if I should believe thee, and say I wanted wit to understand thee; but thou shalt know I can look both on this side and beyond thee. Thy many deceits used upon me have now armed me against thee. Thou sayest thou hast spared me in the battle; but look upon me, and my wounds will show how falsely thou liest; thou never gavest me a time to breathe in, nor will I now give thee a minute to repent in."

Now whilst *Isegrim* was thus talking, the fox bethought himself how he might best get free, and thrusting his other hand down he caught the wolf fast by the neck, and he wrung him so extremely hard thereby, that he made him shriek and howl out with the anguish; then the fox drew his other hand out of his mouth, for the wolf was in such wondrous torment that he had much ado to contain himself from swooning; for this torment exceeded above the pain of his eye, and in the end he fell over and over in a swoon; then presently *Reynard* leaped upon him, and drew him about the lists and dragged him by the legs, and struck, wounded, and bit him in many places, so that all the whole field might take notice thereof.

At this, all *Isegrim's* friends were full of sorrow, and with great weeping and lamentation went to the King and prayed him to be pleased to appease the combat and take it into his own hands; which suit the King granted, and then the leopard and the loss, being marshals, entered the lists and told the fox and the wolf that the King would speak with them, and that the battle should there end, for he would take it into his own hands and determine thereof; as for themselves they had done sufficiently, neither would the King lose either of them. And to the fox they said the whole field gave him the victory.

The greatest and most inspiring cycle of medieval romances is that concerned with the adventures of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Developing largely as separate stories, these romances were brought together into an organic collection by Sir Thomas Malory in the third quarter of the fifteenth century. This work, called *Le Morte D'Arthur*, has remained the standard Arthuriad and is the source of most modern versions. It is one of the great monuments of English prose, and, while at first the strangeness of its style may repel, the wonderful dignity of the story and the sonorous quality of the language make a strong appeal to children as well as to older readers. Teachers should at least be acquainted with a portion of Malory, and the three selections following are taken from his text. No. 404 is added as a suggestion as to how this material may be worked up to tell to children.

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According to a tradition in *Le Morte D'Arthur*, Uther Pendragon, the father of Arthur, was a powerful king in England. To fulfill a promise made to Merlin, Uther Pendragon allowed Merlin to take Arthur on the day of his birth, that the child might not be known as the son of the king. Merlin took the child to Sir Ector, and the wife of Sir Ector reared Arthur as one of her own children. The following story is an account of how Arthur learned of his parentage.

HOW ARTHUR BECAME KING

SIR THOMAS MALORY

After the death of Uther Pendragon, stood the realm in great jeopardy long while, for every lord that was mighty of men made him strong, and many weened to have been king. Then Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury and counselled him to send for all the lords of the realm and all the gentlemen of arms, that they should to London come by Christmas.

So the Archbishop, by the advice of Merlin, sent for all the lords and gentlemen of arms that they should come by Christmas even unto London. So in the greatest church of London, whether it were Paul's or not the French book maketh no mention, all the estates were long or day in the church for to pray. And when matins and the first mass were done, there was seen in the churchyard, against the high altar, a great stone four square, like unto a marble stone, and in midst thereof was like an anvil of steel a foot on high, and therein stuck a fair sword, and letters there were written in gold about the sword that said thus:

> "Whoso pulleth out this sword of
> this stone and anvil, is rightwise
> king born of all England."

Then the people marveled and told it to the Archbishop. "I command," said the Archbishop, "that you keep you within your church, and pray unto God still; that no man touch the sword till the high mass be all done."

So when all masses were done, all the lords went to behold the stone and the sword. And when they saw the scripture, some assayed; such as would have been king. But none might stir the sword nor move it. "He is not here," said the Archbishop, "that shall achieve the sword, but doubt not God will make him known. But this is my counsel," said the Archbishop, "that we provide ten knights, men of good fame, and they to keep this sword."

So it was ordained, and there was made a cry, that every man should essay that would, for to win the sword. And upon New Year's Day the barons let make a jousts and a tournament, that all knights that would joust or tourney there might play, and all this was ordained for to keep the lords and the commons together, for the Archbishop trusted that God would make him known that should win the sword. So upon New Year's Day, when the service was done, the barons rode unto the field, some to joust and some to tourney, and so it happened that Sir Ector rode unto the jousts, and with him rode Sir Kay his son, and young Arthur that was his nourished brother; and Sir Kay had been made knight at All Hallowmass afore.

So as they rode to the joustsward, Sir Kay had lost his sword, for he had left it at his father's lodging, and so he prayed young Arthur for to ride for his sword. "I will well," said Arthur, and rode fast after the sword, and when he came home, the lady and all were out to see the jousting. Then was Arthur wroth, and said to himself, "I will ride to the churchyard and take the sword with me that sticketh in the stone, for my brother Sir Kay shall not be without a sword this day." So when he came to the churchyard, Sir Arthur alit and tied his horse to the stile, and so he went to the tent and found no knights there, for they were at jousting; and so he handled the sword by the handles, and lightly and fiercely pulled it out of the stone, and took his horse and rode his way until he came to his brother Sir Kay, and delivered him the sword.

As soon as Sir Kay saw the sword, he wist well it was the sword of the stone, and so he rode to his father, Sir Ector, and said, "Sir, lo here is the sword of the stone, wherefore I must be king of this land."

When Sir Ector beheld the sword, he returned again and came to the church, and there they alit, all three, and went into the church. And anon he made Sir Kay to swear upon a book how he came to that sword. "Sir," said Sir Kay, "by my brother Arthur, for he brought it to me."

"How gat ye this sword?" said Sir Ector to Arthur.

"Sir, I will tell you. When I came home for my brother's sword, I found nobody at home to deliver me his sword, and so I thought my brother Sir Kay should not be swordless, and so I came hither eagerly and pulled it out of the stone without any pain."

"Found ye any knights about this sword?" said Sir Ector.

"Nay," said Arthur.

"Now," said Sir Ector to Arthur, "I understand ye must be king of this land."

"Wherefore I," said Arthur, "and for what cause?"

"Sir," said Ector, "for God will have it so, for there should never man have drawn out this sword, but he that shall be rightways king of this land. Now let me see whether ye can put the sword there as it was and pull it out again."

"That is no mastery," said Arthur, and so he put it in the stone; therewithal Sir Ector essayed to pull out the sword and failed.

"Now essay," said Sir Ector unto Sir Kay. And anon he pulled at the sword with all his might, but it would not be.

"Now shall ye essay," said Ector to Arthur.

"I will well," said Arthur, and pulled it out easily. And therewithal Sir Ector knelt down to the earth, and Sir Kay. "Alas," said Arthur, "my own dear father and brother, why kneel ye to me?"

"Nay, nay, my lord Arthur, it is not so. I was never your father nor of your blood, but I wot well ye are of an higher blood than I weened ye were." And then Sir Ector told him all, how he had taken him for to nourish him, and by whose commandment, and by Merlin's deliverance. Then Arthur made great doole when he understood that Sir Ector was not his father.

"Sir," said Ector unto Arthur, "will ye be my good and gracious lord when ye are king?"

"Else were I to blame," said Arthur, "for ye are the man in the world that I am most beholden to, and my good lady and mother your wife, that as well as her own hath fostered me and kept. And if ever it be God's will that I be king as ye say, God forbid that I should fail you."

"Sir," said Sir Ector, "I will ask no more of you but that ye will make my son, your foster brother, Sir Kay, seneschal of all your lands."

"That shall be done," said Arthur, "and more, by the faith of my body, that never man shall have that office but he, while he and I live."

Therewithal they went unto the Archbishop and told him how the sword was achieved, and by whom; and on the Twelfth-day all the barons came thither, and to essay to take the sword, who that would essay. But there afore them all.

there might none take it out but Arthur; wherefore there were many lords wroth, and said it was great shame unto them all and the realm to be over-governed with a boy of no high blood born, and so they fell out at that time that it was put off until Candlemas, and then all the barons should meet there again; but always the ten knights were ordained to watch the sword day and night, and so they set a pavilion over the stone and the sword, and five always watched. So at Candlemas many more great lords came thither for to have won the sword, but there might none prevail. And right as Arthur did at Christmas, he did at Candlemas, and pulled out the sword easily, whereof the barons were sore agrieved and put it off in delay till the high feast of Easter, yet there were some of the great lords had indignation that Arthur should be king, and put it off in a delay till the feast of Pentecost. And at the feast of Pentecost all manner of men essayed to pull at the sword that would essay, but none might prevail but Arthur, and he pulled it out afore all the lords and commons that were there, wherefore all the commons cried at once, "We will have Arthur unto our king. We will put him no more in delay, for we all see that it is God's will that he shall be our king, and who that holdeth against it, we will slay him." And therewith they all kneeled at once, both rich and poor, and cried Arthur mercy because they had delayed him so long, and Arthur forgave them, and took the sword between both his hands, and offered it upon the altar where the Archbishop was, and so was he made knight of the best man that was there. And so anon was the coronation made. And there was he sworn unto his lords and the commons for to be a true king and to stand with true justice from thenceforth the days of his life.

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After Arthur was made king, he spent several years in war with his lawless barons before he finally established a stable government in England. Malory's accounts of these wars are interspersed with stories of miraculous incidents, accounts of the adventures of knights, and descriptions of feasts, tournaments, and jousts. The following is a description of the jousting between the knights of King Arthur and those of two French kings, Ban and Bors, who had come to aid Arthur in his wars.

A TOURNEY WITH THE FRENCH

SIR THOMAS MALORY

Then the king let purvey for a great feast, and let cry a great jousts. And by All Hallowmass the two kings were come over the sea with three hundred knights well arrayed both for peace and for war. And King Arthur met with them ten miles out of London, and there was great joy as could be thought or made. And on All Hallowmass at the great feast, sat in the hall the three kings, and Sir Kay seneschal served in the hall, and Sir Lucas the butler, and Sir Griflet. These three knights had the rule of all the service that served the kings. And anon, as they had washed and risen, all knights that would joust made them ready. By when they were ready on horseback there were seven hundred knights. And Arthur, Ban, and Bors, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Sir Ector, Kay's father, they were in a place covered with cloth of gold like an hall, with ladies and gentlewomen, for to behold who did the best, and thereon to give judgment.

And King Arthur and the two kings let depart the seven hundred knights into two parties. And there were three hundred knights of the realm of Benwick and of Gaul turned on the other side. Then they dressed their shields, and began to couch their spears many good knights. So Griflet was the first that met with a knight, one Ladinas, and they met so eagerly that all men had wonder; and they so fought that their shields fell to pieces, and horse and man fell to the earth; and both French knight and English knight lay so long that all men weened they had been dead. When Lucas the butler saw Griflet so lie, he horsed him again anon, and they two did marvelous deeds of arms with many bachelors. Also Sir Kay came out of an enbushment with five knights with him, and they six smote other six down. But Sir Kay did that day marvelous deeds of arms that there was none did so well as he that day. Then there come Ladinas and Gracian, two knights of France, and did passing well, that all men praised them. Then come there Sir Placidas, a good knight, and met with Sir Kay, and smote him down horse and man, wherefore Sir Griflet was wroth, and met with Sir Placidas so hard that horse and man fell to the earth. But when the five knights wist that Sir Kay had a fall, they were wroth out of wit, and therewith each of them five bare down a knight. When King Arthur and the two kings saw them begin to wax wroth on both parties, they leaped on small hackneys and let cry that all men should depart unto their lodging. And so they went home and unarmed them, and so to evensong and supper. And after, the three kings went into a garden and gave the prize unto Sir Kay, and to Lucas the butler, and unto Sir Griflet.

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One part of *Le Morte D'Arthur* will illustrate almost as well as another the nature of the adventure stories that grew up in the Middle Ages regarding the traditional heroes of chivalry. The following selection is taken from the first part of the book.

ADVENTURES OF ARTHUR

SIR THOMAS MALORY

Then on a day there came in the court a squire on horseback, leading a knight before him wounded to the death. He said, "There is a knight in the forest who hath reared up a pavilion by a well, and hath slain my master, a good knight whose name was Miles; wherefore I beseech you that my master may be buried, and that some knight may revenge my master's death."

Then the noise was great of that knight's death in the court, and every man said his advice. Then came Griflet that was but a squire, and he was but young, of the age of King Arthur; so he besought the king for all his service that he had done him to give him the order of knighthood.

"Thou art full young and tender of age," said Arthur, "for to take so high an order on thee."

"Sir," said Griflet, "I beseech you make me knight."

"Sir," said Merlin, "it were great pity to lose Griflet, for he will be a passing good man when he is of age, abiding with you the term of his life. And if he adventure his body with yonder knight at the fountain, it is in great peril if ever he come again, for he is one of the best knights in the world, and the strongest man of arms."

"Well," said Arthur. So at the desire of Griflet the king made him knight. "Now," said Arthur unto Sir Griflet, "sith I have made you knight thou must give me a gift."

"What ye will," said Griflet.

"Thou shalt promise me by the faith of thy body, when thou hast jousted with the knight at the fountain, whether it fall ye to be on foot or on horseback, that right so ye shall come again unto me without making any more debate."

"I will promise you," said Griflet, "as you desire."

Then took Griflet his horse in great haste, and dressed his shield and took a spear in his hand, and so he rode at a great wallop till he came to the fountain, and thereby he saw a rich pavilion, and thereby under a cloth stood a fair horse well saddled and bridled, and on a tree a shield of divers colors and a great spear. Then Griflet smote on the shield with the butt of his spear, that the shield fell down to the ground. With that the knight came out of the pavilion and said, "Fair knight, why smote ye down my shield?"

"For I will joust with you," said Griflet.

"It is better ye do not," said the knight, "for ye are but young, and late made knight, and your might is nothing to mine."

"As for that," said Griflet, "I will joust with you."

"That is me loath," said the knight, "but sith I must needs, I will dress me thereto. Of whence be ye?" said the knight.

"Sir, I am of Arthur's court."

So the two knights ran together that Griflet's spear all to-shivered; and therewithal he smote Griflet through the shield and the left side, and brake the spear that the truncheon stuck in his body, that horse and knight fell down.

When the knight saw him lie so on the ground, he alit, and was passing heavy, for he weened he had slain him, and then he unlaced his helm and gat him wind, and so with the truncheon he set him on his horse and gat him wind, and so betook him to God, and said he had a mighty heart, and if he might live he would prove a passing good knight. And so Sir Griflet rode to the court, where great dole was made for him. But through good leeches he was healed and saved.

Right so came into the court twelve knights, who were aged men, and they came from the Emperor of Rome, and they asked of Arthur truage for this realm, other-else the emperor would destroy him and his land.

"Well," said King Arthur, "ye are messengers, therefore ye may say what ye will, other-else ye should die therefore. But this is mine answer: I owe the emperor no truage, nor none will I hold him, but on a fair field I shall give him my truage that shall be with a sharp spear, or else with a sharp sword, and that shall not be long."

And therewith the messengers departed passingly wroth, and King Arthur as wroth, for in evil time came they then; for the king was passingly wroth for the hurt of Sir Griflet. And so he commanded a privy man of his chamber that or it be day his best horse and armor with all that longeth unto his person, be without the city or to-morrow day. Right so or to-morrow day he met with his man and his horse, and so mounted up and dressed his shield and took his spear, and bade his chamberlain tarry there till he came again. And so Arthur rode a soft pace till it was day, and then was he ware of three churls chasing Merlin, and would have slain him. Then the king rode unto them and bade them, "Flee, churls!" Then were they afeard when they saw a knight, and fled.

"O Merlin," said Arthur, "here hadst thou been slain for all thy crafts had I not been."

"Nay," said Merlin, "not so, for I could save myself an I would; and thou art more near thy death than I am, for thou goest to the deathward, an God be not thy friend."

So as they went thus talking they came to the fountain and the rich pavilion there by it. Then King Arthur was ware where sat a knight armed in a chair. "Sir knight," said Arthur, "for what cause abidest thou here, that there may no knight ride this way but he joust with thee? I rede thee leave that custom," said Arthur.

"This custom," said the knight, "have I used and will use maugre who saith nay, and who is grieved with my custom let him amend it that will."

"I will amend it," said Arthur.

"I shall defend thee," said the knight.

Anon he took his horse and dressed his shield and took a spear, and they met so hard either on other's shield, that all to-shivered their spears. Therewith anon Arthur pulled out his sword. "Nay, not so," said the knight; "it is fairer that we twain run more together with sharp spears."

"I will well," said Arthur, "an I had any more spears."

"I have enow," said the knight, so there came a squire and brought two good spears, and Arthur chose one and he another; so they spurred their horses and came together with all their mights, that either brake their spears to their hands. Then Arthur set hand on his sword. "Nay," said the knight, "ye shall do better. Ye are a passing good jouster as ever I met withal, and once more for the love of the high order of knighthood let us joust once again."

"I assent me," said Arthur.

Anon there were brought two great spears, and every knight gat a spear, and therewith they ran together that Arthur's spear all to-shivered. But the other knight hit him so hard in midst of the shield that horse and man fell to the earth, and therewith Arthur was eager, and pulled out his sword and said, "I will assay thee, sir knight, on foot, for I have lost the honor on horseback."

"I will be on horseback," said the knight.

Then was Arthur wroth, and dressed his shield toward him with his sword drawn. When the knight saw that, he alit, for him thought no worship to have a knight at such avail, he to be on horseback and he on foot, and so he alit and dressed his shield unto Arthur. And there began a strong battle with many great strokes, and so hewed with their swords that the cantels flew in the fields, and much blood they bled both, that all the place there as they fought was overbled with blood, and thus they fought long and rested them, and then they went to battle again, and so hurtled together like two rams that either fell to the earth. So at the last they smote together that both their swords met even together. But the sword of the knight smote King Arthur's sword in two pieces, wherefore he was heavy.

Then said the knight unto Arthur, "Thou art in my daunger whether me list to save thee or slay thee, and but thou yield thee as overcome and recreant, thou shalt die."

"As for death," said King Arthur, "welcome be it when it cometh, but to yield me unto thee as recreant I had liefer die than be so shamed."

And therewithal the king leaped unto Pellinore, and took him by the middle and threw him down, and raised off his helm. When the knight felt that, he was adread, for he was a passing big man of might, and anon he brought Arthur under him, and raised off his helm and would have smitten off his head.

Therewithal came Merlin and said, "Knight, hold thy hand, for an thou slay that knight thou puttest this realm in the greatest damage that ever was realm; for this knight is a man of more worship that thou wotest of."

"Why, who is he?" said the knight.

"It is King Arthur."

Then would he have slain him for dread of his wrath, and heaved up his sword, and therewith Merlin cast an enchantment to the knight, that he fell to the earth in a great sleep. Then Merlin took up King Arthur, and rode forth on the knight's horse.

"Alas!" said Arthur, "what hast thou done, Merlin? Hast thou slain this good knight by thy crafts? There liveth not so worshipful a knight as he was; I had liefer than the stint of my land a year that he were alive."

"Care ye not," said Merlin, "for he is wholer than ye; for he is but asleep, and will awake within three hours. I told you," said Merlin, "what a knight he was; here had ye been slain had I not been. Also there liveth not a bigger knight than he is one, and he shall hereafter do you right good service; and his name is Pellinore, and he shall have two sons that shall be passing good men; save one they shall have no fellow of prowess and of good living, and their names shall be Percivale of Wales and Lamerake of Wales."

Right so the king and he departed and went unto an hermit that was a good man and a great leech. So the hermit searched all his wounds and gave him good salves; so the king was there three days, and then were his wounds well amended that he might ride and go, and so departed.

And as they rode, Arthur said, "I have no sword."

"No force," said Merlin, "hereby is a sword that shall be yours, an I may."

So they rode till they came to a lake, the which was a fair water and broad, and in the midst of the lake Arthur was ware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in that hand.

"Lo!" said Merlin, "yonder is that sword that I spake of."

With that they saw a damosel going upon the lake. "What damosel is that?" said Arthur.

"That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin; "and within that lake is a rock, and therein is as fair a place as any on earth, and richly beseen; and this damosel will come to you anon, and then speak ye fair to her that she will give you that sword."

Anon withal came the damosel unto Arthur and saluted him, and he her again. "Damosel," said Arthur, "what sword is that, that yonder the arm holdeth above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword."

"Sir Arthur, king," said the damosel, "that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it you, ye shall have it."

"By my faith," said Arthur, "I will give you what gift ye will ask."

"Well!" said the damosel. "Go ye into yonder barge, and row yourself to the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you, and I will ask my gift when I see my time."

So Sir Arthur and Merlin alit and tied their horses to two trees, and so they went into the ship, and when they came to the sword that the hand held, Sir Arthur took it up by the handles, and took it with him, and the arm and the hand went under the water. And so they came unto the land and rode forth, and then Sir Arthur saw a rich pavilion.

"What signifieth yonder pavilion?"

"It is the knight's pavilion," said Merlin, "that ye fought with last, Sir Pellinore; but he is out; he is not there. He hath ado with a knight of yours that hight Egglame, and they have foughten together, but at the last Egglame fled, and else he had been dead, and he hath chased him even to Carlion, and we shall meet with him anon in the highway."

"That is well said," said Arthur, "now have I a sword; now will I wage battle with him, and be avenged on him."

"Sir, you shall not so," said Merlin, "for the knight is weary of fighting and chasing, so that ye shall have no worship to have ado with him; also he will not be lightly matched of one knight living, and therefore it is my counsel, let him pass, for he shall do you good service in short time, and his sons after his days. Also ye shall see that day in short space, you shall be right glad to give him your sister to wed."

"When I see him, I will do as ye advise me," said Arthur. Then Sir Arthur looked on the sword, and liked it passing well.

"Whether liketh you the better," said Merlin, "the sword or the scabbard?"

"Me liketh better the sword," said Arthur.

"Ye are more unwise," said Merlin, "for the scabbard is worth ten of the swords, for whiles ye have the scabbard upon you, ye shall never lose no blood be ye never so sore wounded, therefore keep well the scabbard always with you."

So they rode unto Carlion, and by the way they met with Sir Pellinore; but Merlin had done such a craft, that Pellinore saw not Arthur, and he passed by without any words.

"I marvel," said Arthur, "that the knight would not speak."

"Sir," said Merlin, "he saw you not, for an he had seen you, ye had not lightly departed."

So they came unto Carlion, whereof his knights were passing glad. And when they heard of his adventures, they marveled that he would jeopard his person so, alone. But all men of worship said it was merry to be under such a chieftain, that would put his person in adventure as other poor knights did.

This meanwhile came a messenger from King Rience of North Wales, and king he was of all Ireland, and of many isles. And this was his message, greeting well King Arthur in this manner wise, saying that King Rience had discomfited and overcome eleven kings, and every each of them did him homage, and that was this, they gave him their beards clean flayed off, as much as there was;

wherefore the messenger came for King Arthur's beard. For King Rience had purfled a mantle with king's beards, and there lacked one place of the mantle; wherefore he sent for his beard, or else he would enter his lands, and burn and slay, and never leave till he have the head and the beard.

"Well," said Arthur, "thou hast said thy message, the which is the most villainous and lewdest message that ever man heard sent unto a king; also thou mayest see my beard is full young yet to make a purfle of it. But tell thou thy king this: I owe him none homage, nor none of mine elders, but or it be long to, he shall do me homage on both his knees, or else he shall lose his head, by the faith of my body, for this is the most shamefulest message that ever I heard speak of. I have espied thy king met never yet with worshipful man, but tell him I will have his head without he do me homage." Then the messenger departed.

"Now is there any here," said Arthur, "that knoweth King Rience?"

Then answered a knight that hight Naram, "Sir, I know the king well. He is a passing good man of his body, as few be living, and a passing proud man, and Sir, doubt ye not he will make war on you with a mighty puissance."

"Well," said Arthur, "I shall ordain for him in short time."

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The story of "Arthur and Sir Accalon" is taken from Maude Radford Warren's *King Arthur and His Knights*. (By permission of the publishers, Rand McNally & Co., Chicago.) The stories in Malory are retold in a simple and direct style that can be read easily by children in the fifth grade. Most teachers will probably find themselves obliged to use some such book for any of these great cycles which they desire to teach, owing to the amount of time and energy required for working it up from the original source.

ARTHUR AND SIR ACCALON

MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

There was a woman in Arthur's Court named Morgan le Fay, who had learned a great deal about magic. She was a wicked woman, and hated the king because he was more powerful than she, and because he was so good.

However, she pretended to be a true friend to him, and the king believed in her. One day when they were talking together, she asked him if he would not let her take charge of his wonderful sword Excalibur, and its scabbard. She said that she would guard them so carefully that they would never be stolen. As she was very eager, Arthur granted her request.

One day in time of peace, King Arthur went out hunting with a certain knight named Sir Accalon, who was the lover of Morgan le Fay. They rode for a long time, and when they were tired, stopped to rest beside a great lake. As they looked over its shining waters, they saw a beautiful little ship, which sailed straight towards them, and ran up to the sands at their feet. It was all covered with golden silks, which waved in the gentle wind. King Arthur and Sir Accalon climbed into it and examined it thoroughly, but they found no one on board.

They rested on two couches which were on the deck, until it grew dark. Then they were about to return home, when all at once, a hundred torches set on the sides of the ship were lighted, and suddenly there appeared twelve beautiful damsels who told the two that they were welcome, and that they should be served with a banquet.

Presently the maidens led the king and the knight into a room which had a table covered with a white cloth embroidered in purple. It bore many golden dishes, and each dish had a beautiful design carved upon it. Some dishes had vine-leaves, others ivy-leaves; some had angels with long robes sweeping back in graceful lines; and all these dishes held choice food. The king and Sir Accalon ate to their hearts' content.

Then the damsels led them into two separate chambers. King Arthur was tired and so sleepy that he gave but one glance at his bedroom. He saw that it was hung in red silk embroidered with gold dragons and griffins. Then he threw himself on his bed and slept very soundly.

When he awoke, he found himself not in the pretty bed-chamber, but in a dark place. He could see nothing, but all about him he heard the sound of complaining and weeping. He was much bewildered, but in a moment he cried:

"What is this? Where am I?"

Then a voice answered:

"You are in prison, as we are."

"Who are you?" asked Arthur.

The voice replied:

"We are twenty knights, prisoners, and some of us have been here as long as seven years. We are in the dungeons of a wicked lord named Sir Damas. He has a younger brother, and the two brothers are enemies, quarreling about their inheritance. Now the younger brother, Sir Ontzlake, is very strong, but Sir Damas is not strong, and moreover, he is a coward. So he tries to find a knight who will fight for him against Sir Ontzlake.

"But Sir Damas is so much hated that no one will fight for him. So he goes about the country with a body of rough men, and whenever he sees a knight, he captures him. Then he asks him to fight with Sir Ontzlake. So far, all the knights have refused, and have been thrown into prison. We do not have food enough, but we would rather die here than fight for Sir Damas, who is so wicked."

At that moment a damsel entered the prison with a torch, which faintly lighted the dismal place, and advanced to the king.

"Sir," she said, "will you fight for my lord, Sir Damas? If you will, you shall be taken from this prison. If you will not, you shall die here."

Arthur considered for some time, and then said:

"I would rather fight than die in prison. If I fight, will you deliver also all these prisoners?"

The damsel promised, and Arthur consented to fight. While she went to tell Sir Damas, Arthur said to the other prisoners:

"My friends, I do not know Sir Damas, and I do not know Sir Ontzlake. I do not know whether they are bad or good. But I will fight, and then, when I have conquered, I shall judge between them, and do justice to both."

"That is a good plan," said the knights, "but why are you so sure that you will conquer?"

"I am Arthur, the King," he replied.

At that the knights set up a great cry of joy, and the king continued:

"I shall send for my good sword Excalibur and the scabbard, and with these I shall surely win."

So when Arthur and the knights were let out of prison, the king sent the damsel who had visited them to Morgan le Fay for his sword and scabbard.

Meantime, the knight who had accompanied Arthur on the little ship, Sir Accalon, also awoke. He found himself in the palace of Morgan le Fay, and he wondered very much where Arthur was. He went to the lady, who said to him:

"My dear lord, the day has come when you can have great power if you want it. Should you like to be king of this land, instead of Arthur?"

Now Sir Accalon was a traitor at heart. He wanted very much to be king, even if the good Arthur was to be killed; so he said:

"Yes, truly."

Then she said:

"You shall be king, and I shall be your queen. All you need to do is to fight a great battle, which you shall win. I have been using my magic. It was I who sent the ship of silk to you and Arthur. I had him put into prison, and I had you brought here."

Sir Accalon wondered very much. Then she told him of the fight King Arthur was to make against Sir Ontzlake.

"But I have caused Sir Ontzlake to fall sick," she said, "and he cannot fight. I shall go with you to his castle and you can offer to fight for him."

"I to fight with the king!" cried Sir Accalon. "He would surely overthrow me."

"He cannot," said Morgan le Fay, "because you are to fight with his sword. A little while ago he sent to me for Excalibur and the scabbard, but I returned him a false sword which looks like Excalibur, and a false scabbard. You shall take the true ones, and then you will surely overcome him and rule this land."

Then Sir Accalon was glad, and he hastened with the lady to the castle of Sir Ontzlake. They found him groaning because he was ill and because Sir Damas had sent him a challenge to fight with a knight, and he could not accept it. He was much relieved when Morgan le Fay told him that Sir Accalon would fight in his place.

Early in the afternoon, King Arthur and Sir Accalon rode into the field where the combat was to be held. Arthur did not know who Sir Accalon was, nor did any one else, except Morgan le Fay. Two sides of the field were full of people, who came to watch, half of whom were friends of Sir Damas, and the other half were friends of Sir Ontzlake.

Arthur and Sir Accalon rode at each other so furiously that at the shock of the meeting both fell off their horses. Then they began to fight fiercely with their swords. The king could make no headway with his false steel, but whenever Sir Accalon struck at Arthur he drew blood.

The king was much amazed. He grew weaker and weaker, but still he kept on his feet. Those who watched him were sorry for him; they thought they had never seen a man fight so bravely. At last Arthur's sword broke, and fell in two pieces on the ground. When Sir Accalon saw this, he cried:

"Now, yield to me."

"I will never yield," said the king, "and if you do not get me another sword, you will be shamed before all men, for it is an unknightly thing to fight with a defenseless man."

"I do not care," said Sir Accalon. "If you will not yield, defend yourself with your shield as best you can."

He rushed at the king. Arthur was so weak that he could hardly stand, but he guarded himself as well as he could with his shield. Soon he could do no more, and fell to the ground. .

At this moment the Lady of the Lake, who had given Arthur his sword, came upon the field. She was invisible, but anyone who had listened intently could have heard a sound like a ripple of water as she walked. She caused Excalibur to fall out of the hand of Sir Accalon and drop near Arthur.

When it fell, Arthur saw that it was his own Excalibur. He grasped its handle and some of his strength came back. He struggled to his feet, and rushing up to Sir Accalon, seized the scabbard of Excalibur and threw it far over the field.

"Now," he said, "send for a second sword and fight with me."

Then Sir Accalon was afraid. Yet he thought that Arthur was so weak that he could still be overcome. So he sent for a second sword, and they began to fight again. Arthur's strength, however, had largely returned, and in a short time he gave Sir Accalon a mortal stroke.

Sir Accalon fell to the ground, and the king, leaning over him, cried:

"Tell me who you are."

Then Sir Accalon was filled with remorse, and he said:

"Oh, my King, I have been a traitor to you, but now I am dying, and I am sorry for what I have done. I deserve my death."

He told the king his name, and all about his treachery, and that of Morgan le Fay.

King Arthur was sad.

"It is very hard to be deceived in a friend," he said, "but I forgive you freely. I will try to cure your wound, and sometime I shall trust you again."

"You cannot cure me," said Sir Accalon. "I am dying. Let them carry me off the field."

So he was taken to a neighboring abbey, while the people crowded about the king to congratulate him, but Arthur said:

"I am sad at heart. My victory is no comfort to me, for to-day I have lost a friend whom I believed true."

Then he called the two brothers, Sir Damas and Sir Ontzlake, and judged their cause. He decided that their property must be divided equally between them, and that they must be friends. They promised never to quarrel again. Arthur told them that they must be kind to other knights and to all people. He said that if he heard that they were not, he could come and punish them.

After this, Sir Damas gave back to the twenty knights all their money, and they went on their way rejoicing. King Arthur mounted his horse and rode over to the abbey, where he sat by the bed of Sir Accalon till the poor knight died. Then the king went back alone to his Court at Camelot.

405–411

Miguel de Cervantes, the greatest literary genius of Spain, was born in 1547 in a small town near Madrid, and he died in 1616, the year of the death of Shakespeare. He received a fair education, and by reading he gained a thorough knowledge of the romantic poetry of Spain and Italy and of the romances of chivalry. At the age of twenty-one he went to Italy. For several years he was a soldier in the Spanish army. When he was twenty-eight years old, he was captured by pirates of Algiers and was held a prisoner for five years. When he returned to Spain, he attempted to make a living by writing dramas and romances, and later he secured an unimportant governmental position as commissary and tax-collector in Seville. In 1606 he published the first part of *Don Quixote*. This book immediately became very popular, but it did not bring him much money nor did it win for him the recognition of literary men. All his life he was poor, and sometimes apparently he was actually in want of food. In 1615, one year before his death, he published the second part of *Don Quixote*, the greatest national book of Spain.

Don Quixote is a humorous satire upon the romances of chivalry, which at the time were so popular in Spain as to corrupt the national life by their loose morals and false ideals. So complete was the success of Cervantes that the whole nation began to laugh at the absurdities of the romances of chivalry, and it is said that not one new edition of any book of chivalry appeared in Spain after the publication of *Don Quixote*.

Although the world no longer takes serious consideration of the ideals of the romances of chivalry, *Don Quixote* will always be remembered as a great book, for it abounds in good-humored satire of human follies that are found in all ages and countries. Sancho Panza represents the type of person who does not have imagination or spiritual ideals. Not much less ridiculous, though much more deserving of sympathy, is Don Quixote, who represents the type of person who is controlled by imagination and fanciful ideals, unbalanced by practical judgment. The life of a person of either type must be filled with absurdities.

The following selections are taken from *Stories of Don Quixote* retold by H. L. Havell.

STORIES FROM DON QUIXOTE

I. DREAMS AND SHADOWS

The scene is laid in a village of La Mancha, a high and arid district of Central Spain; and the time is towards the close of the sixteenth century. On the outskirts of the village there stood at the time mentioned a house of modest size, adjoining a little farm, the property of a retired gentleman whose real name was Quisada or Quijada, but who is now known to all mankind by the immortal title of Don Quixote. How he came to alter his name we shall see presently.

On a hot summer afternoon this worthy gentleman was sitting in a small upper room, which served him as a study, absorbed in the contents of a huge folio volume, which lay open on the table before him. Other volumes, of like bulky proportions, were piled up on chairs or strewn on the floor around him. The reader was a man some fifty years of age, tall and spare of figure, and with high, stern features of the severest Spanish type. In his eyes, when from time to time he paused in his reading and gazed absently before him, there was a look of wild abstraction, as of one who lives in a world of dreams and shadows. One hand, with bony, nervous fingers, rested on the open page; with the other he grasped his sword, which lay sheathed on his lap.

No sound disturbs the sultry stillness of the chamber, save only the droning of an imprisoned bee and the rustling of paper when the eager student turned a leaf. Deeper and deeper grew his absorption; his eyes seemed to devour the lines, and he clutched his hair with both hands, as if he would tear it out by the roots. At last, overpowered by a frenzied impulse, he leaped from his seat, and plucking his sword from the scabbard, began cutting and thrusting at some invisible object, shouting in a voice of thunder: "Unhand the maiden, foul caitiff! Give place, I say, and let the princess go! What, wilt thou face me, vile robber? Have at thee, then, and take the wages of thy villainy." As he uttered the last words he aimed a tremendous thrust at his visionary opponent and narrowly escaped transfixing the comely person of a young lady who at this very moment entered the room, with signs of haste and alarm. Behind her, in the dimly-lighted passage, appeared the portly figure of an elderly dame, who was proclaimed, by the bunch of keys which hung at her girdle, to be the gentleman's housekeeper.

"Dear uncle, what ails thee?" said the young lady, gazing with pity and wonder at the poor distracted man, who stood arrested in his last attitude, with rolling eyes and hair in wild disorder, while great beads of sweat poured down his face. But he, whose mind was still soaring in the regions of high romance, at once converted his niece into a rescued princess, saved from violence by his prowess; and, lowering his blade and dropping gracefully on one knee, he raised her hand to his lips and said: "Fear nothing, gentle lady! There lies thine enemy in his gore"; and he pointed to a table which had been overset in one of his wild rushes, carrying with it an inkstand, the contents of which were now trickling in a black stream across the uncarpeted boards.

His niece was accustomed to the strange fits of her eccentric relative, and, humoring his fancy, she answered: "Thou hast done well, and I thank thee. But sit down now and rest awhile after thy toils; and I will bring thee something to drink." With that she led him to a couch and left the room, taking the housekeeper with her. In a few moments she returned, bearing a great pitcher of cold water.

"'Tis a most rare elixir," said he, after taking a deep draught, "prepared by the great enchanter Alquife, and of a magic potency." Then, being exhausted by his violent exertions of body and mind, he stretched himself on the couch and soon sank into a quiet sleep.

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II. PREPARING FOR THE QUEST

The extraordinary scene which has just been described was only one among many which had occurred during several months, down to the time when our story begins; and we must now go back a little and give some account of our hero's habits and studies, which ended by bringing him to so desperate a state. At that time by far the most popular form of light literature was the Romances of Chivalry, — huge interminable fictions, filled with the most extravagant visions that ever visited the slumbers of a mad poet. Merely to unravel the story of one of these gigantic romances is a task which would tax the strongest brain. They dealt with the adventures of Knights-Errant, who wandered about the earth redressing grievances and succoring the oppressed. Those who venture into these vast jungles of romance are occasionally rewarded by passages of great sweetness, nobility, and charm; but the modern reader soon grows weary of enchanted forests, haunted by giants, dragons, and other impossible monsters, of deserts where despairing lovers roam haggard and forlorn, of dwarfs, goblins, wizards, and all the wild and grotesque creations of the mediæval fancy.

But in the times of which we are writing the passion for Books of Chivalry rose to such a height that it became a serious public evil. In Spain it reached its climax; and our humble gentleman of La Mancha is only an extreme example of the effect which such studies produced on the national mind. Being bitten by the craze for chivalrous fiction, he gradually forsook all the healthy pursuits of a country life and gave himself up entirely to reading such books as Amadis of Gaul, Palmerin of England, and Belianis of Greece; and his infatuation reached such a point that he sold several acres of good arable land to provide himself with funds for the purchase of those ponderous folios with which we saw him surrounded when he was first introduced to our notice. From dawn till eve he pored over his darling books, and sometimes passed whole nights in the same pursuit, until at last, having crammed his brain with this perilous stuff, he began to imagine that these wild inventions were sober reality. From this delusion there was but one step to the belief that he himself was a principal actor in the adventures of which he read; and when the fit was on him, he would take his sword and engage in single combat with the creatures of his brain, stamping his feet and alarming the household with his cries.

At first his frenzy was intermittent, and each attack was followed by a lucid interval; but finally he lost his wits altogether and came to the insane resolution of turning knight-errant and going out into the world as the redresser of wrongs and the champion of the innocent. His intention once formed, he at once took steps to carry it into effect. From a dark corner of the house he brought out an old suit of armor, which had been lying neglected for generations and was now covered with mould and eaten with rust. He cleaned the pieces and repaired them as well as he could; and observing that the helmet was a simple morion, wanting a protection for the face, he made a vizor of pasteboard to supply the defect. Then, wishing to prove the strength of his vizor, he drew his sword and with one stroke destroyed what had cost him the labor of a week. He was considerably shocked by the ease with which he had demolished his handiwork; but having made a second vizor and strengthened it with bars of iron, he did not choose to try any further experiments, but accepted the helmet, thus fortified, as the finest headpiece in the world.

Then he paid a visit to his old horse, and though the poor beast was a mere living skeleton, broken-winded and with his feet full of sandcracks, to his master's eyes he seemed a nobler steed than Bucephalus, or Bavieca, the famous charger of the Cid. It was evident that such a noble steed, who was to carry a warrior so famous, must have a name by which all the world might know him; and accordingly, after deliberating for four days and passing in review a multitude of titles, he determined to call the beast Rozinante.

Having settled this weighty question, he next began to consider what name he should assume himself, being by no means satisfied with that which he had received from his father. Eight days were passed in debating a matter so important to himself and to posterity, and at the end of that time he resolved to call himself Don Quixote. But, remembering that Amadis, not contented with his simple name, had taken the additional title of Amadis of Gaul, he determined, in imitation of that illustrious hero, his model and teacher in all things, to style himself Don Quixote de La Mancha, and thereby confer immortal honor on the land of his birth.

Nothing now remained but to choose a lady to be the mistress of his affections and the load-star of his life; for, as he wisely reflected, a knight-errant without a lady-love was like a tree without fruit or a body without a soul. "If," he said to himself, "I should encounter some giant, as commonly happens to knights-errant, and cut him in twain or otherwise vanquish him and make him my prisoner, will it not be well to have some lady to whom I may send him as a gift, so that he may enter the presence of my sweet mistress and bow the knee before her, saying in a humble and submissive voice: 'Lady, *I am the giant Caraculiambro, vanquished in single combat by the knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose praise no tongue can tell, and I have been commanded by him to present myself to your grace, that you may dispose of me as your Highness pleases.*'"

Our good knight was highly pleased with his own eloquence, and still more so when he had made choice of his lady. In a neighboring village there was a young girl, employed on a farm, with whom he had at one time been in love, though he had never brought himself to declare his passion. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and her he resolved to constitute the queen of his heart, having conferred on her the sounding title of Dulcinea del Toboso, or "The Sweet Lady of Toboso," the village where she was born.

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III. THE QUEST BEGINS

"The world is waiting for me," murmured our enthusiast, leaping from his bed at the first peep of dawn and arming himself from head to foot. Then treading softly, so as not to alarm the household, he went to the stable, saddled Rozinante, and leading him out through a back gate of the yard, mounted and rode forth into the plain, hugely delighted to find himself fairly started on his great enterprise.

But hardly had he reached the open country when the terrible thought occurred to him that he had not been dubbed a knight and by the laws of chivalry was not entitled to engage in combat with any one who bore that rank, and further, even if he were already a knight, he was obliged as a novice to wear plain armor, without device of any kind. So much was he perturbed by these reflections that he was within an ace of giving up his whole design, and would have done so but for a happy inspiration, which saved mankind from so dire a calamity. Many of the heroes of his books of chivalry had got themselves dubbed knight by the first person whom they met, and remembering this, he resolved to follow their example. And as to his armor, he would rub and polish it until it was whiter than ermine.

His scruples thus removed, he continued his journey, leaving his good steed to choose what direction he pleased, as was the fashion with knights-errant when they set out on their adventures. Thus pacing along and dreaming of mighty deeds, he gave vent to his feelings in the following rhapsody: "What a theme for the eloquence of some great master of style — the feats of high emprise wrought by the valiant arm of Don Quixote de La Mancha! Happy the pen which shall describe them, happy the age which shall read the wondrous tale! And thou, brave steed, shalt have thy part in the honor which is done to thy master, when poet and sculptor and painter shall vie with one another in raising an eternal monument to his fame."

Then recalling his part as an afflicted lover, he began to mourn his hard lot in soft and plaintive tones: "O lady Dulcinea, queen of this captive heart! Why hast thou withdrawn from me the light of thy countenance and banished thy faithful servant from thy presence? Shorten, I implore thee, the term of my penance and leave me not to wither in solitude and despair."

Lost in these sublime and melancholy thoughts he rode slowly on from hour to hour, until the sun became so hot that it was enough to melt his brains, if he had possessed any. All that day he continued his journey without meeting with any adventure, which vexed him sorely, for he was eager to encounter some foeman worthy of his steel. Evening came on, and both he and his horse were ready to drop with hunger and fatigue, when, looking about him in search of some castle—or some hovel—where he might find shelter and refreshment, he saw not far from the roadside a small inn, and, setting spurs to Rozinante, rode up to the door at a hobbling canter just as night was falling.

The inn was of the poorest and meanest description, frequented by muleteers and other rude wayfarers; but to his perverted fancy it seemed a turreted castle, with battlements of silver, drawbridge, and moat, and all that belonged to a feudal fortress. Before the door were standing two women, vagabonds of the lowest class, who were traveling in the company of certain mule-drivers; but for him they were instantly transformed into a pair of high-born maidens taking the air before the castle gate.

To complete his illusion, just at this moment a swineherd, who was collecting his drove from a neighboring stubble field, sounded a few notes on his horn. This Don Quixote took for a signal which had been given by some dwarf from the ramparts, to inform the inmates of the castle of his approach; and so, with huge satisfaction, he lifted his pasteboard vizor, and uncovering his haggard and dusty features, thus addressed the women who were eyeing him with looks of no small alarm, and evidently preparing to retreat: "Fly not, gracious ladies, neither wrong me by dreaming that ye have aught to fear from me, for the order of chivalry which I profess suffers not that I should do harm to any, least of all to maidens of lofty lineage, such as I perceive you to be."

Hearing themselves accosted by that extraordinary figure in language to which they were so little used, the women could not restrain their mirth, but laughed so long and loud that Don Quixote began to be vexed and said in a tone of grave rebuke, "Beauty and discourtesy are ill-matched together, and unseemly is the laugh which folly breeds in a vacant mind. Take not my words amiss, for I mean no offence, but am ready to serve you with heart and hand."

At this dignified reproof, the damsels only laughed louder than before, and there is no saying what might have come of it if the innkeeper, who appeared at this moment, had not undertaken the office of peacemaker, for which he was well fitted, being a fat, good-humored fellow, who loved a quiet life. At first, when he saw that fantastic warrior on his spectral steed, he was much inclined to join the girls in their noisy merriment. But finding some ground for alarm in so many engines of war, he contrived to swallow his laughter, and going up to Don Quixote, said to him civilly enough: "If your honor is in search of quarters for the night, you will find in this inn all that you require excepting a bed, which is not to be had here."

Finding the governor of the fortress—that is to say, the landlord of the inn—so obsequious, Don Quixote replied cheerfully: "Sir Castellan, you will not find me hard to please, for

Arms are all my rich array,
My repose to fight alway."

"If that be your case, then," answered the innkeeper, humoring his strange guest, "'tis plain that

Your couch is the field, your pillow a shield,
Your slumber a vigil from dusk until day:

and therefore you may dismount in the full assurance of finding under my humble roof divers good reasons for keeping awake for a twelvemonth, should such be your desire."

As he said this, he went and held the stirrup for Don Quixote, who was so weak from his long fast that it cost him much pain and effort to dismount. "I commend to thy especial care this my good steed," said he, as soon as he had found his feet: "he is the rarest piece of horseflesh that ever lived by bread."

The innkeeper bestowed but one glance on poor Rozinante, and finding little to admire in him, he thrust him hastily into the stable and came back to attend to the wants of his guest. Meanwhile Don Quixote submitted to be disarmed by the young women, who had now made their peace. Having removed his body armor, they tried to relieve him of his helmet, which was attached to his neck by green ribbons. Being unable to loose the knots, they proposed to cut the ribbons, but as he would not allow them to do this, he was obliged to keep his helmet on all that night, which made him the strangest and most diverting object that could be imagined.

While the ladies were thus employed, our brave adventurer entertained them with a strain of high-flown gallantry, seasoned with scraps from the old ballads and romances which he had read. Not understanding a word of what he said, they simply asked him, when they had finished, if he wanted anything to eat. "A slight refection would not be ill-timed," answered Don Quixote, and learning that there was nothing to be had but a "little trout," he bade them bring it with all speed. "Many little trouts," he added jestingly, "will serve my turn as well as one big one. Only let it be brought at once, for I begin to be conscious of a wondrous void within the compass of my sword-belt."

The "little trout" proved to be neither more nor less than a dish of stockfish, Poor John, or in plain English, salted cod, and that of the rankest. An odor the reverse of savory heralded its approach, and Don Quixote sat down at the table, which had been set, for coolness, before the door, and applied himself to his lenten fare. But being much incommoded by his helmet, he could not find the way to his mouth, and remained staring in dismay at the reeking mess and the filthy black bread which accompanied it, until one of the damsels, perceiving his distress, came to his relief and fed him with small morsels, which she deftly conveyed to their proper destination through the opening of his helmet. To give him drink was a harder matter, but this problem was solved with great ingenuity by the landlord, who brought a hollow cane, and placing one end in his mouth, poured the wine in at the other.

And so in solemn silence, broken now and then by the stifled laughter of the onlookers, the strange meal proceeded; and when it was nearly at an end, a clownish fellow passed by, blowing on a rustic pipe. But for Don Quixote, who had transformed the inn into a castle, the fat publican into a powerful governor, and the vagabond damsels into high-born ladies, it was an easy matter to find in those rude notes a strain of rare music, provided for his delectation while he sat at table; and he concluded his repast in a state of high satisfaction with his first day's adventures.

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IV. THE KNIGHTLY VIGIL

But one uncomfortable thought chilled the heat of his enthusiasm—he had not yet been dubbed a knight and was therefore still unqualified to engage in any chivalrous adventure. Accordingly, as soon as he had finished his scanty and sordid meal, he took the landlord aside, and shutting himself up with him in the stable and falling on his knees before him, said: "I will never rise from this posture, valiant knight, until thou hast granted me of thy courtesy the favor which I desire, and which shall redound to thine honor and to the benefit of the human race."

Dumbfounded at the strange attitude and still stranger language of his guest, the landlord stared at him, not knowing what to do or say. He begged him to rise, but Don Quixote steadily refused, so that at last he was obliged to give the promise required.

"I expected no less from your High Mightiness," answered Don Quixote. "And now hear what I desire: to-morrow at dawn you shall dub me knight, and to that end I will this night keep the vigil of arms in the chapel of your castle, so that I may be ready to receive the order of chivalry in the morning and forthwith set out on the path of toil and glory which awaits those who follow the perilous profession of knight-errant."

By this time the landlord began to perceive that Don Quixote was not right in his wits, and being somewhat of a wag he resolved to make matter for mirth by humoring his whim; and so he replied that such ambition was most laudable, and just what he would have looked for in a gentleman of his gallant presence. He had himself, he said, been a cavalier of fortune in his youth—which in a certain sense was true, for he had been a notorious thief and rogue, known to every magistrate in Spain—and now, in his declining years, he was living in the retirement of his castle, where his chief pleasure was to entertain wandering knights; which, being interpreted, meant that he was a rascally landlord and grew fat by cheating the unfortunate travelers who stayed at his inn.

Then he went on to say that, with regard to the vigil of arms, it could be held in the courtyard of the castle, as the chapel had been pulled down to make place for a new one. "And to-morrow," he concluded, "you shall be dubbed a knight—a full knight, and a perfect knight, so that none shall be more so in all the world."

Having thanked the landlord for his kindness, and promised to obey him, as his adoptive father, in all things, Don Quixote at once prepared to perform the vigil of arms. Collecting his armor, he laid the several pieces in a horse-trough which stood in the center of the inn-yard, and then, taking his shield on his arm and grasping his lance, he began to pace up and down with high-bred dignity before the trough.

The landlord had lost no time in informing those who were staying at the inn of the mad freaks of his guest, and a little crowd was gathered to watch his proceedings from a distance, which they were the better able to do as the moon was shining with unusual brightness. Sometimes they saw him stalking to and fro, with serene composure, and sometimes he would pause in his march and stand for a good while leaning on his lance and scanning his armor with a fixed and earnest gaze.

While this was going on, one of the mule-drivers took it into his head to water his team, and approaching the horse-trough prepared to remove Don Quixote's armor, which was in his way. Perceiving his intentions, Don Quixote cried to him in a loud voice, saying: "O thou, whoever thou art, audacious knight who drawest near to touch the armor of the bravest champion that ever girt on sword, look what thou doest, and touch it not, if thou wouldst not pay for thy rashness with thy life!"

The valiant defiance was thrown away on the muleteer, whose thick head needed other arguments, and taking the armor by the straps, he flung it a good way from him. Which when Don Quixote saw, he raised his eyes to heaven, and fixing his thoughts (as may be supposed) on his lady Dulcinea, he exclaimed: "Shine on me, light of my life, now, when the first insult is offered to my devoted heart! Let not thy countenance and favor desert me in this, my first adventure."

As he put up this pious appeal he let go his shield, and lifting his lance in both hands, brought it down with such force on the muleteer's head that he fell senseless to the ground; and if the blow had been followed by another, he would have needed no physician to cure him. Having done this, Don Quixote collected his armor, and began pacing up and down again, with the same tranquility as before.

Presently another muleteer, knowing nothing of what had happened, came up to the trough with the same intention as the first and was about to lay hands on the armor when Don Quixote, without uttering a word or asking favor of any one, once more lifted his lance and dealt the fellow two smart strokes, which made two cross gashes on his crown.

Meanwhile the alarm had been raised in the house, and the whole troop of muleteers now came running to avenge their comrades. Seeing himself threatened by a general assault, Don Quixote drew his sword, and thrusting his arm into his shield cried: "Queen of Beauty, who givest power and might to this feeble heart, now let thine eyes be turned upon thy slave, who stands on the threshold of so great a peril."

His words were answered by the muleteers with a shower of stones, which he kept off as well as he could with his shield. At the noise of the fray the innkeeper came puffing up, and called upon the muleteers to desist. "The man is mad," said he, "as I told you before, and the law cannot touch him, though he should kill you all."

"Ha! art thou there, base and recreant knight?" shouted Don Quixote in a voice of thunder. "Is this thy hospitality to knights-errant? 'Tis well for thee that I have not yet received the order of knighthood, or I would have paid thee home for this outrage. As to you, base and sordid pack, I care not for you a straw. Come one, come all, and take the wages of your folly and presumption."

His tones were so threatening, and his aspect was so formidable, that he struck terror into the hearts of his assailants, who drew back and left off throwing stones; and, after some further parley, he allowed them to carry off the wounded, and returned with unruffled dignity to the vigil of arms.

The landlord was now thoroughly tired of his guest's wild antics, and, resolving to make an end of the business, lest worse should come of it, he went up to Don Quixote and asked pardon for the violence of that low-born rabble, who had acted, he said, without his knowledge, and had been properly chastised for their temerity. He added that the ceremony of conferring knighthood might be performed in any place, and that two hours sufficed for the vigil of arms, so that Don Quixote had fulfilled this part of his duty twice over, as he had now been watching for double that time.

All this was firmly believed by Don Quixote, and he requested that he might be made a knight without further delay; for if, he said, he were attacked again, after receiving the order of chivalry, he was determined not to leave a soul alive in the castle, excepting those to whom he might show mercy at the governor's desire.

The landlord, whose anxiety was increased by this alarming threat, went and fetched a book in which he kept his accounts, and came back, attended by a boy who carried a stump of candle, and by the two damsels aforesaid. Then, bidding Don Quixote to kneel before him, he began to murmur words from his book, in the tone of one who was saying his prayers, and in the midst of his reading he raised his hand and gave Don Quixote a smart blow on the neck, and then taking the sword laid it gently on his shoulder, muttering all the time between his teeth with the same air of devotion. Then he directed one of the ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with equal liveliness and discretion—and she had much need of the latter quality to prevent an explosion of laughter—; however, the specimen which the new knight had just given of his prowess kept their merriment in check.

When his spurs had been buckled on by the other damsel, the ceremony was completed, and after some further compliments Don Quixote saddled Rozinante and rode forth, a new-made knight, ready to astonish the world with feats of arms and chivalry. The innkeeper, who was glad to see the last of him, let him go without making any charge for what he had consumed.

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V. ON HONOR'S FIELD

On leaving the inn Don Quixote turned his horse's steps homewards, being resolved to obtain a supply of money, and, above all, to provide himself with a squire before seeking more distant scenes of adventure. Presently he came to a cross-road, and after hesitating a moment, he resolved to imitate his favorite heroes by leaving the direction to his steed, who immediately took the nearest way to his stable. After advancing about two leagues, our knight came in view of a great troop of people, who, as it afterwards turned out, were merchants of Toledo, on their way to Murcia to buy silk. There were six of them jogging comfortably along under their umbrellas, with four servants on horseback, and three mule-drivers walking and leading their beasts.

Here was a new opportunity, as Don Quixote thought, of displaying his knightly valor, so he settled himself firmly in his stirrups, grasped his lance, covered his breast with his shield, and stood waiting for the arrival of those knights-errant,—for such he judged them to be; and when they were come within hearing, he raised his voice and cried with an air of proud defiance: "Halt, every mother's son of you, and confess that in all the world there is no damsel more beautiful than the empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso!"

Hearing the strange words and seeing the extravagant figure of him who uttered them, the merchants drew up, and one of them, who was of a waggish disposition, answered for the whole company and said: "Sir Knight, we do not know the good lady of whom you speak; let us see her, and if she is of such beauty as you describe, we will most gladly make the confession which you require."

"If you were to see her," replied Don Quixote, "you must needs be convinced that what I say is true, and that would be a poor triumph for me. No, on the faith of my word alone, you must believe it, confess it, assert it, swear to it, and maintain it! If not, I defy you to battle, ye sons of lawlessness and arrogance! Here I stand ready to receive you, whether ye come singly, as the rule of knighthood demands, or all together, as is the custom with churls like you."

"Sir Knight," answered the merchant, "I entreat you in the name of all this noble company, that you constrain us not to lay perjury to our souls by swearing to a thing which we have neither seen nor heard. Show us, at least, some portrait of this lady, though it be no bigger than a grain of wheat, that our scruples may be satisfied. For so strongly are we disposed in favor of the fair dame, that even if the picture should exhibit her squinting with one eye, and dropping brimstone and vermilion from the other, for all that we will vow and profess that she is as lovely as you say."

"There drops not from her," shouted Don Quixote, aflame with fury, "there drops not, I say, that which thou namest, but only sweet perfumes and pearly dew. Neither is she cross-eyed nor hunch-backed, but straight and slender as a peak of Guadarrama. But ye shall pay for the monstrous blasphemy which ye have spoken against the angelic beauty of my lady and queen."

With these words he leveled his lance and hurled himself upon the speaker with such vigor and frenzy that if Rozinante had not chanced to stumble and fall in mid career, the rash merchant would have paid dear for his jest. Down went Rozinante, and his master rolled over and over for some distance across the plain. Being brought up at last by a projecting rock, he made frantic efforts to rise, but was kept down by the weight of his armor and lay plunging and kicking on his back, but ceased not for a moment to hurl threats and defiances at his laughing foes. "Fly not, ye cowards, ye dastards! Wait awhile! 'Tis not by my fault, but by the fault of my horse that I lie prostrate here."

One of the mule-drivers, who was somewhat hot-tempered, was so provoked by the haughty language of the poor fallen knight, that he resolved to give him the answer on his ribs, and running up he snatched the lance from Don Quixote's hands, broke it in pieces, and taking one of them began to beat him with such good-will that in spite of the armor he bruised him like wheat in a mill-hopper. And he found the exercise so much to his liking that he continued it until he had shivered every fragment of the broken lance into splinters. Nevertheless he could not stop the mouth of our valiant knight, who during all that tempest of blows went on defying heaven and earth and shouting menaces against those bandits, as he now supposed them to be.

At length the mule-driver grew weary, and the whole party rode off, leaving the battered champion on the ground. When they were gone he made another attempt to rise. But if he failed when he was sound and whole, how much less could he do it now that he was almost hammered to pieces! Notwithstanding, his heart was light and gay, for in his own fancy he was a hero of romance, lying covered with wounds on honor's field.

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VI. THE RETURN HOME

Two days had passed since Don Quixote left his home, and his niece and his housekeeper were growing very anxious about him. More than once they had heard him declare his intention to turn knight-errant, and they began to fear that he had carried out his mad design. On the evening of the second day, a few hours after he had been so roughly handled by the muleteer, they heard a loud voice calling outside the street door: "Open to Sir Baldwin and the Lord Marquis of Mantua, who is brought to your gates grievously wounded." They made haste to unbar the door, and when it was opened they saw a strange sight: mounted on an ass, whose head was held by a laboring man of the village, sat Don Quixote, huddled together in a most uncavalier-like posture, his armor all battered and his face begrimed with dirt. Hard by stood Rozinante, a woeful object, crooking his knees and drooping his head; and tied in a bundle on his back were the splintered fragments of Don Quixote's lance.

When they saw who it was, they gathered round him with eager questions and cries of welcome; but he checked them with a gesture and said: "Control yourselves, all of you! I am grievously hurt, and if it be possible let some one go and fetch Urganda the wise woman, that she may examine and heal my wounds."

"Alack-a-day!" cried the housekeeper, lifting up her hands. "Did I not tell you, gentlemen, that I knew on which foot my master halted? Come, dear sir, and we will cure you, without the help of Urganda or anyone else." And with many maledictions against the books of chivalry which had done the kind gentleman so ill a turn, she assisted him to dismount, and amongst them they carried him to his room, took off his armor, and laid him on his bed. Then they inquired where he was hurt, and Don Quixote exclaimed that he was bruised from head to foot, having been thrown from his horse in an encounter with ten giants, the most outrageous and ferocious in the world.

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VII. THE BATTLE WITH THE WINDMILLS

For two weeks Don Quixote remained peacefully at home, and many were the pleasant discussions which passed between him and his old friends, the priest and barber, on his favorite theme—the pressing need of reviving the profession of knight-errantry, and his own peculiar fitness for rendering this great service to the world. All this time he was secretly negotiating with a certain peasant, a neighbor of his, whose name was Sancho Panza, an honest, poor man, not much better furnished with wits than the knight himself. This simple fellow lent a ready ear to his grand tales of glory and conquest, and at last consented to follow him as his squire, being especially tempted by certain mysterious hints which Don Quixote let fall concerning an "Isle," of which his new master promised to make him governor at the first opportunity.

This matter being arranged Don Quixote patched up his armor, obtained a new lance, and having provided himself with a sum of money, gave notice to his squire of the day on which he proposed to start. Sancho, who was short and fat and little used to traveling on foot, asked leave to bring his ass, remarking that it was a very good one. This proposal gave the knight pause, for, try as he would, he could remember no authority for a squire on a long-eared charger; but finally he gave the required permission, resolving to furnish him with a worthier steed as soon as possible, by taking the horse of the first discourteous knight whom he met.

When all was ready they set off together one night, without taking leave of their families, and rode steadily on, so that by daybreak they were beyond the reach of pursuit. Sancho Panza sat his ass like a patriarch, carrying with him his saddle-bags and leather bottle; and all his thoughts were of the Isle which his master had promised him. Don Quixote was lost in loftier meditations until he was roused from his reverie by the voice of his squire, who said: "I hope your Grace has not forgotten the Isle which I was to have, for I shall know well how to govern it, however big it may be."

"As to that," replied Don Quixote, "thou needest have no fear; I shall only be complying with an ancient and honorable custom of knights-errant, and, indeed, I purpose to improve on their practice, for, instead of waiting, as they often did, until thou art worn out in my service, I shall seek the first occasion to bestow on thee this gift; and it may be that before a week has passed thou wilt be crowned king of that Isle."

"Well," said Sancho, "if this miracle should come to pass, my good wife Joan will be a queen and my sons young princes."

"Who doubts it?" answered Don Quixote.

"I do," rejoined Sancho. "My Joan a queen! Nay, if it rained crowns, I don't believe that one would ever settle on my dame's head. Believe me, your honor, she's not worth three farthings as a queen; she might manage as a countess, though that would be hard enough."

"Think not so meanly of thyself, Sancho," said Don Quixote, gravely. "Marquis is the very least title which I intend for thee, if thou wilt be content with that."

"That I will, and heaven bless your honor," said Sancho heartily. "I will take what you give and be thankful, knowing that you will not make the burden too heavy for my back."

Chatting thus, they reached the top of rising ground and saw before them thirty or forty windmills in the plain below; and as soon as Don Quixote set eyes on them he said to his squire: "Friend Sancho, we are in luck to-day! See, there stands a troop of monstrous giants, thirty or more, and with them I will forthwith do battle and slay them every one. With their spoils we will lay the foundation of our fortune, as is the victor's right; moreover it is doing heaven good service to sweep this generation of vipers from off the face of the earth."

"What giants do you mean?" asked Sancho Panza.

"Those whom thou seest yonder," answered his master, "with the long arms, which in such creatures are sometimes two leagues in length."

"What is your honor thinking of?" cried Sancho. "Those are not giants, but windmills, and their arms, as you call them, are the sails, which, being driven by the wind, set the millstones going."

"'Tis plain," said Don Quixote, "that thou hast still much to learn in our school of adventures. I tell thee they are giants, and if thou art afraid, keep out of the way and pass the time in prayer while I am engaged with them in fierce and unequal battle."

Saying this, he set spurs to Rozinante, and turning a deaf ear to the cries of Sancho, who kept repeating that the supposed giants were nothing but windmills, he thundered across the plain, shouting at the top of his voice: "Fly not, ye cowardly loons, for it is only a single knight who is coming to attack you!"

Just at this moment there came a puff of wind, which set the sails in motion; seeing which, Don Quixote cried: "Ay, swing your arms! If ye had more of them than Briareos himself, I would make you pay for it." Then, with a heartfelt appeal to his lady Dulcinea, he charged full gallop at the nearest mill, and pierced the descending sail with his lance. The weapon was shivered to pieces, and horse and rider, caught by the sweep of the sail, were sent rolling with great violence across the plain.

"Heaven preserve us!" cried Sancho, who had followed as fast as his ass could trot, and found his master lying very still by the side of his steed. "Did I not warn your honor that those things were windmills and not giants at all? Surely none could fail to see it, unless he had such another whirligig in his own pate!"

"Be silent, good Sancho!" replied Don Quixote, "and know that the things of war, beyond all others, are subject to continual mutation. Moreover, in the present case I think, nay, I am sure, that an alien power has been at work, even that wicked enchanter Friston; he it is who has changed those giants into windmills to rob me of the honor of their defeat. But in the end all his evil devices shall be baffled by my good sword."

"Heaven grant that it may be so!" said Sancho, assisting him to rise; and the knight then remounted Rozinante, whose shoulders were almost splayed by his fall, and turned his face towards the Puerto Lapice, a rugged mountain pass through which ran the main road from Madrid to Andalusia; for such a place, he thought, could not fail to afford rich and varied matter for adventures.

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One of the best of Mr. Scudder's many fine compilations for children is his *Book of Legends* from which the following story is taken. It is the same story that Longfellow tells in his *Tales of a Wayside Inn* under the title of "King Robert of Sicily." ("The Proud King" is used here by permission of and special arrangement with the publishers, The Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.)

THE PROUD KING

HORACE E. SCUDDER

There was once a king who ruled over many lands; he went to war, and added one country after another to his kingdom. At last he came to be emperor, and that is as much as any man can be. One night, after he was crowned emperor, he lay awake and thought about himself.

"Surely," he said, "no one can be greater than I am, on earth or in heaven."

The proud king fell asleep with these thoughts. When he awoke, the day was fair, and he looked out on the pleasant world.

"Come," he said to the men about him; "to-day we will go a-hunting."

The horses were brought, the dogs came leaping, the horns sounded, and the proud king with his courtiers rode off to the sport. They had hunted all the morning, and were now in a deep wood. In the fields the sun had beat upon their heads, and they were glad of the shade of the trees; but the proud king wished for something more. He saw a lake not far off, and he said to his men:

"Bide ye here, while I bathe in the lake and cool myself."

Then he rode apart till he came to the shore of the lake. There he got down from his horse, laid aside his clothes, and plunged into the cool water. He swam about, and sometimes dived beneath the surface, and so was once more cool and fresh.

Now while the proud king was swimming away from the shore and diving to the bottom, there came one who had the same face and form as the king. He drew near the shore, dressed himself in the king's clothes, mounted the king's horse and rode away. So when the proud king was once more cool and fresh, and came to the place where he had left his clothes and his horse, there were no clothes to be seen, and no horse.

The proud king looked about, but saw no man. He called, but no one heard him. The air was mild, but the wood was dark, and no sunshine came through to warm him after his cool bath. He walked by the shore of the lake and cast about in his mind what he should do.

"I have it," he cried at last. "Not far from here lives a knight. It was but a few days ago that I made him a knight and gave him a castle. I will go to him, and he will be glad enough to clothe his king."

The proud king wove some reeds into a mat and bound the mat about him, and then he walked to the castle of the knight. He beat loudly at the gate of the castle and called for the porter. The porter came and stood behind the gate. He did not draw the bolt at once, but asked:—

"Who is there?"

"Open the gate," said the proud king, "and you will see who I am."

The porter opened the gate, and was amazed at what he saw.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Wretch!" said the proud king; "I am the emperor. Go to your master. Bid him come to me with clothes. I have lost both clothes and horse."

"A pretty emperor!" the porter laughed. "The great emperor was here not an hour ago. He came with his court from a hunt. My master was with him and sat at meat with him. But stay you here. I will call my master. Oh, yes! I will show him the emperor," and the porter wagged his beard and laughed, and went within.

He came forth again with the knight and pointed at the proud king.

"There is the emperor!" he said. "Look at him! look at the great emperor!"

"Draw near," said the proud king to the knight, "and kneel to me. I gave thee this castle. I made thee knight. I give thee now a greater gift. I give thee the chance to clothe thy emperor with clothes of thine own."

"You dog!" cried the knight. "You fool! I have just ridden with the emperor, and have come back to my castle. Here!" he shouted to his servants, "beat this fellow and drive him away from the gate."

The porter looked on and laughed.

"Lay on well," he said to the other servants. "It is not every day that you can flog an emperor."

Then they beat the proud king, and drove him from the gate of the castle.

"Base knight!" said the proud king. "I gave him all he has, and this is how he repays me. I will punish him when I sit on my throne again. I will go to the duke who lives not far away. Him I have known all my days. He will know me. He will know his emperor."

So he came to the gate of the duke's great hall, and knocked three times. At the third knock the porter opened the gate, and saw before him a man clad only in a mat of reeds, and stained and bleeding.

"Go, I pray you, to the duke," said the proud king, "and bid him come to me. Say to him that the emperor stands at the gate. He has been robbed of his clothes and of his horse. Go quickly to your master."

The porter closed the gate between them, and went within to the duke.

"Your Grace," said he, "there is a madman at the gate. He is unclad and wild. He bade me come to you and tell you that he was the emperor."

"Here is a strange thing indeed," said the duke; "I will see it for myself."

So he went to the gate, followed by his servants, and when the porter opened it there stood the proud king. The proud king knew the duke, but the duke saw only a bruised and beaten madman.

"Do you not know me?" cried the proud king. "I am your emperor. Only this morning you were on the hunt with me. I left you that I might bathe in the lake. While I was in the water, some wretch took both my clothes and my horse, and I — I have been beaten by a base knight."

"Put him in chains," said the duke to his servants. "It is not safe to have such a man free. Give him some straw to lie on, and some bread and water."

The duke turned away and went back to his hall, where his friends sat at table.

"That was a strange thing," he said. "There was a madman at the gate. He must have been in the wood this morning, for he told me that I was on the hunt with the emperor, and so I was; and he told me that the emperor went apart to bathe in the lake, and so he did. But he said that some one stole the clothes and the horse of the emperor, yet the emperor rode back to us cool and fresh, and clothed and on his horse. And he said"—And the duke looked around on his guests.

"What did he say?"

"He said that he was the emperor."

Then the guests fell to talking and laughing, and soon forgot the strange thing. But the proud king lay in a dark prison, far even from the servants of the duke. He lay on straw, and chains bound his feet.

"What is this that has come upon me?" he said. "Am I brought so low? Am I so changed that even the duke does not know me? At least there is one who will know me, let me wear what I may."

Then, by much labor, he loosed the chains that bound him, and fled in the night from the duke's prison. When the morning came, he stood at the door of his own palace. He stood there awhile; perhaps some one would open the door and let him in. But no one came, and the proud king lifted his hand and knocked; he knocked at the door of his own palace. The porter came at last and looked at him.

"Who are you?" he asked, "and what do you want?"

"Do you not know me?" cried the proud king. "I am your master. I am the king. I am the emperor. Let me pass"; and he would have thrust him aside. But the porter was a strong man; he stood in the doorway, and would not let the proud king enter.

"You my master! you the emperor! poor fool, look here!" and he held the proud king by the arm while he pointed to a hall beyond. There sat the emperor on his throne, and by his side was the queen.

"Let me go to her! she will know me," cried the proud king, and he tried to break away from the porter. The noise without was heard in the hall. The nobles came out, and last of all came the emperor and the queen. When the proud king saw these two, he could not speak. He was choked with rage and fear, and he knew not what.

"You know me!" at last he cried. "I am your lord and husband."

The queen shrank back.

"Friends," said the man who stood by her, "what shall be done to this wretch?"

"Kill him," said one.

"Put out his eyes," said another.

"Beat him," said a third.

Then they all hustled the proud king out of the palace court. Each one gave him a blow, and so he was thrust out, and the door was shut behind him.

The proud king fled, he knew not whither. He wished he were dead. By and by he came to the lake where he had bathed. He sat down on the shore. It was like a dream, but he knew he was awake, for he was cold and hungry and faint. Then he knelt on the ground and beat his breast, and said:

"I am no emperor. I am no king. I am a poor, sinful man. Once I thought there was no one greater than I, on earth or in heaven. Now I know that I am nothing, and there is no one so poor and so mean. God forgive me for my pride."

As he said this, tears stood in his eyes. He wiped them away and rose to his feet. Close by him he saw the clothes which he had once laid aside. Near at hand was his horse, eating the soft grass. The king put on his clothes; he mounted his horse and rode to his palace. As he drew near, the door opened and servants came forth. One held his horse; another helped him dismount. The porter bowed low.

"I marvel I did not see thee pass out, my lord," he said.

The king entered, and again saw the nobles in the great hall. There stood the queen also, and by her side was the man who called himself emperor. But the queen and the nobles did not look at him; they looked at the king, and came forward to meet him.

This man also came forward, but he was clad in shining white, and not in the robes of the emperor. The king bowed his head before him.

"I am thy angel," said the man. "Thou wert proud, and made thyself to be set on high. Therefore thou hast been brought low. I have watched over thy kingdom. Now I give it back to thee, for thou art once again humble, and the humble only are fit to rule."

Then the angel disappeared. No one else heard his voice, and the nobles thought the king had bowed to them. So the king once more sat on the throne, and ruled wisely and humbly ever after.

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Eva March Tappan (1854—) has compiled many books for children, including the popular collection in ten volumes called *The Children's Hour.* Among her most delightful books is *Robin Hood: His Book,* from which the following story is taken, (by permission of the publishers, Little, Brown & Co., Boston). Some few moralists have been distressed about giving stories of an outlaw to children, but Robin Hood was really the champion of the people against tyrannous oppression and injustice. This is the fact that children never miss, and the thing that endears Robin and his followers in Lincoln green. There is, of course, the further interesting fact that these stories take place out in the open and have the charm that comes from adventures and wanderings through the secrecies of ancient Sherwood Forest. Against this outdoor background are displayed the good old "virtues of courage, forbearance, gentleness, courtesy, justice, and championship."

ROBIN AND THE MERRY LITTLE OLD WOMAN

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

"Monday I wash and Tuesday I iron,
Wednesday I cook and I mend;
Thursday I brew and Friday I sweep,
And baking day brings the end."

So sang the merry little old woman as she sat at her wheel and spun; but when she came to the last line she really could not help pushing back the flax-wheel and springing to her feet. Then she held out her skirt and danced a gay little jig as she sang,—

"Hey down, down, an a down!"

She curtseyed to one side of the room and then to another, and before she knew it she was curtseying to a man who stood in the open door.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the merry little old woman. "Whatever shall I do? An old woman ought to sit and spin and not be dancing like a young girl. Oh, but it's Master Robin! Glad am I to set eyes on you, Master Robin. Come in, and I'll throw my best cloak over the little stool for a cushion. Don't be long standing on the threshold, Master Robin."

"It'll mayhap come to pass that I'll wish I had something to stand on," said Robin, grimly, "for the proud bishop is in the forest, and he's after me with all his men. It's night and day that he's been following me, and now he's caught me surely. You've no meal chest, have you, and you've no press, and you've no feather-bed that'll hide me? There's but the one wee bit room, and there's not even a mousehole."

The little woman's heart beat fast. What could she do?

"I mind me well of a Saturday night," said she, "when I'd but little firewood and it was bitter cold, that you and your men brought me such fine logs as the great folks at the hall don't have; and then you came in yourself and gave me a pair of shoon and some brand-new hosen, all soft and fine and woolly—I don't believe the king himself has such a pair—oh, Master Robin, I've thought of something. Give me your mantle of green and your fine gray tunic, and do you put on my kirtle and jacket and gown, and tie my red and blue kerchief over your head—you gave it to me yourself, you did; it was on Easter Day in the morning—and do you sit down at the wheel and spin. See, you put your foot on the treadle *so*, to turn the wheel, and you twist the flax with your fingers *so*. Don't you get up, but just turn the wheel and grumble and mumble to yourself."

It was not long before the bishop and all his men came riding up to the little old woman's house. The bishop thrust open the door and called:—

"Old woman, what have you done with Robin Hood?" but Robin sat grumbling and mumbling at the wheel and answered never a word to the proud bishop.

"She's mayhap daft," said one of the bishop's men. "We'll soon find him"; and in a minute he had looked up the chimney and behind the dresser and under the wooden bedstead. Then he turned to the corner cupboard.

"You're daft yourself," said the bishop, "to look in that little place for a strong man like Robin." And all the time the spinner at the wheel sat grumbling and mumbling. It was a queer thread that was wound on the spool, but no one thought of that. It was Robin that they wanted, and they cared little what kind of thread an old woman in a cottage was a-spinning.

"He's here, your Reverence," called a man who had opened the lower door of the corner cupboard.

"Bring him out and set him on the horse," ordered the bishop, "and see to it that you treat him like a wax candle in the church. The king's bidden that the thief and outlaw be brought to him, and I well know he'll hang the rogue on a gallows so high that it will show over the whole kingdom; but he has given orders that no one shall have the reward if the rascal has but a bruise on his finger, save that it came in a fair fight."

So the merry little old woman in Robin's tunic and Robin's green cloak was set gently on a milk-white steed. The bishop himself mounted a dapple-gray, and down the road they went.

It was the cheeriest party that one can imagine. The bishop went laughing all the way for pure delight that he had caught Robin Hood. He told more stories than one could make up in an age of leap-years, and they were all about where he went and what he did in the days before he became bishop. The men were so happy at the thought of having the great reward the king had offered that they laughed at the bishop's stories louder than any one had ever laughed at them before. And as for the merry little old woman, she had the gayest time of all, though she had to keep her face muffled in her hood, and could n't laugh aloud the least bit, and could n't jump down from the great white horse and dance the gay little jig that her feet were fairly aching to try.

While the merry little old woman was riding off with the bishop and his men, Robin sat at the flax-wheel and spun and spun till he could no longer hear the beat of the horses' hoofs on the hard ground. No time had he to take off the kirtle and the jacket and the kerchief of red and blue, for no one knew when the proud bishop might find out that he had the wrong prisoner, and would come galloping back to the cottage on the border of the forest.

"If I can only get to my good men and true!" thought Robin; and he sprang up from the little flax-wheel with the distaff in his hand, and ran out of the open door.

All the long day had Robin been away from his bowmen, and as the twilight time drew near, they were more and more fearful of what might have befallen him. They went to the edge of the forest, and there they sat with troubled faces.

"I've heard that the sheriff was seen but two days ago on the eastern side of the wood," said Much the miller's son.

"And the proud bishop's not in his palace," muttered Will Scarlet. "Where he's gone I know not, but may the saints keep Master Robin from meeting him. He hates us men of the greenwood worse than the sheriff does, and he'd hang any one of us to the nearest oak."

"He'd not hang Master Robin," declared Much the miller's son, "for the bishop likes good red gold, and the king's offered a great reward for him alive and unhurt." The others laughed, but in a moment they were grave again, and peered anxiously through the trees in one way and then in another, while nearer came the twilight.

"There are folks who say the forest is haunted," said Little John. "I never saw anything, but one night when I was close to the little black pond that lies to the westward, I heard a cry that was n't from bird or beast; I know that."

"And did n't you see anything?" asked Much the miller's son.

"No," answered Little John, "but where there's a cry, there's something to make the cry, and it was n't bird or beast; I'm as sure of that as I am that my name is Little John."

"But it is n't," declared Friar Tuck. "You were christened John Little." No one smiled, for they were too much troubled about Robin.

"When I was a youngster," said William Scarlet, "I had an old nurse, and she told me that a first cousin of hers knew a woman whose husband was going through the forest by night, and he saw a witch carry a round bundle under her arm. It was wrapped up in a brown kerchief; and while he looked, the wind blew the kerchief away, and he saw that the round bundle was a man's head. The mouth of it opened and called, 'Help! help!' He shot an arrow through the old witch, and then he said to the head, 'Where do you want to go? Whose head are you?' The head answered, 'I'm your head, and I want to go on your shoulders.' Then he put up his hand, and, sure enough, his own head was gone, and there it lay on the ground beside the dead witch with the arrow sticking through her. He took up the head and set it on his shoulders. This was the story that he told when he came back in the morning, but no one knew whether really to believe it all or not. After that night he always carried his head a bit on one side, and some said it was because he had n't set it back quite straight: but there are some folks that won't believe anything unless they see it themselves, and they said he had had a drink or two more than he should and that he took cold in his neck from sleeping with his head on the wet moss."

"Everybody knows there are witches," said Will Scarlet, "and folks say that wherever they may be through the day, they run to the forest when the sun begins to sink, and while they're running they can't say any magic words to hurt a man if he shoots them."

"What's that?" whispered Much the miller's son softly, and he fitted an arrow to the string.

"Wait; make a cross on it first," said Little John.

Something was flitting over the little moor. The soft gray mist hid the lower part of it, but the men could see what looked like the upper part of a woman's body, scurrying along through the fog in some mysterious fashion. Its arms were tossing wildly about, and it seemed to be beckoning. The head was covered with what might have been a kerchief, but it was too dusky to see clearly.

"Don't shoot till it's nearer," whispered William Scarlet. "They say if you hurt a witch and don't kill her outright, you'll go mad forever after."

Nearer came the witch, but still Much the miller's son waited with his bow bent and the arrow aimed. The witch ran under the low bough of a tree, the kerchief was caught on a broken limb, and —

"Why, it's Master Robin!" shouted Much the miller's son. "It's Master Robin himself"; and so it was. No time had he taken to throw off the gray kirtle and the black jacket and the blue and red kerchief about his head; for as soon as ever he could no longer hear the tramp of the horses's hoofs, he had run with the distaff still in his hand to the shelter of the good greenwood and the help of his own faithful men and true.

Meanwhile the bishop was still telling stories of what he did before he was a bishop, and the men were laughing at them, and the merry little old woman was having the gayest time of all, even though she dared not laugh out loud.

Now that the bishop had caught Robin Hood he had no fear of the greenwood rangers; and as the forest road was much nearer than the highway, down the forest road the happy company went. The merry little old woman had sometimes sat on a pillion and ridden a farm beast from the plough; but to be on a great horse like this, one that held his head so high and stepped so carefully where it was rough, and galloped so lightly and easily where it was smooth — why, she had never even dreamed of such a magnificent ride. Not a word did she speak, not even when the bishop began to tell her that no gallows would be high enough to hang such a wicked outlaw. "You've stolen gold from the knights," said he, "you've stolen from the sheriff of Nottingham, and you've even stolen from me. Glad am I to see Robin Hood—but what's that?" the bishop cried. "Who are those men, and who is their leader? And who are you?" he demanded of the merry little old woman.

Now the little woman had been taught to order herself lowly and reverently to all her betters, so before she answered the bishop she slipped down from the tall white horse and made a deep curtsey to the great man.

"If you please, sir," said she, "I think it's Robin Hood and his men."

"And who are you?" he demanded again.

"Oh, I'm nobody but a little old woman that lives in a cottage alone and spins," and then she sang in a lightsome little chirrup of a voice:—

"Monday I wash and Tuesday I iron,
  Wednesday I cook and I mend;
Thursday I brew and Friday I sweep,
  And baking day brings the end."

I fear that the bishop did not hear the little song, for the arrows were flying thick and fast. The little old woman slipped behind a big tree, and there she danced her

"Hey down, down, an a down!"

to her heart's content, while the fighting went on.

It was not long before the great bishop was Robin's prisoner, and ere he could go free, he had to open his strong leather wallet and count out more gold than the moon had shone on in the forest for many and many a night. He laid down the goldpieces one by one, and at every piece he gave a groan that seemed to come from the very bottom of his boots.

"That's for all the world like the cry I heard from the little black pond to the westward," said Little John. "It wasn't like bird and it wasn't like beast, and now I know what it was; it was the soul of a stingy man, and he had to count over and over the money that he ought to have given away when he was alive."

As for the merry little old woman, she was a prisoner too, and such a time as she had! First there was a bigger feast than she had ever dreamed of before, and every man of Robin's followers was bound that she should eat the bit that he thought was nicest. They made her a little throne of soft green moss, and on it they laid their hunting cloaks. They built a shelter of fresh boughs over her head, and then they sang songs to her. They set up great torches all round about the glade. They wrestled and they vaulted and they climbed. They played every game that could be played by torchlight, and it was all to please the kind little woman who had saved the life of their master.

The merry little woman sat and clapped her hands at all their feats, and she laughed until she cried. Then she wiped her eyes and sang them her one little song.

The men shouted and cheered, and cheered and shouted, and the woods echoed so long and so loud that one would have thought they, too, were trying to shout.

By and by the company all set out together to carry the little old woman to her cottage. She was put upon their very best and safest horse, and Robin Hood would have none lead it but himself. After the horse came a long line of good bowmen and true. One carried a new cloak of the finest wool. Another bore a whole armful of silken kerchiefs to make up for the one that Robin had worn away. There were "shoon and hosen," and there was cloth of scarlet and of blue, and there were soft, warm blankets for her bed. There were so many things that when they were all piled up in the little cottage, there was no chance for one tenth of the men to get into the room. Those that were outside pushed up to the window and stretched their heads in at the door: and they tried their best to pile up the great heap of things so she could have room to go to bed that night and to cook her breakfast in the morning.

"And to-morrow's sweeping day," cried Robin. "'Thursday I brew and Friday I sweep,' and how'll she sweep if she has no floor?"

"We'll have to make her a floor," declared Friar Tuck.

"So we will," said Robin. "There's a good man not far away who can work in wood, and he shall come in the morning and build her another room."

"Oh, oh!" cried the merry little old woman with delight, "I never thought I should have a house with two rooms; but I'll always care for this room the most, for there's just where Master Robin stood when he came in at the door, and there's where he sat when he was spinning the flax. But, Master Robin, Master Robin, did any one ever see such a thread as you've left on the spool!"

It was so funny that the merry little old woman really could n't help jumping up and dancing.

"Hey down, down, an a down!"

And then the brave men and true all said good-night and went back to the forest.

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All attempts to prove the historical existence of Robin Hood have been unsuccessful. His story has come down to us in a group of old folk ballads, about forty in number, dating from about the beginning of the fifteenth century. One of these old ballads is given below. They were sung to a recurrent melody, which was as much a part of them as the words of the story. Other ballads in the group that are likely to be very interesting to children are "Robin Hood and Little John," "Robin Hood and Maid Marian," "Robin Hood Rescuing the Three Squires," "Robin Hood's Death and Burial." The best source for these ballads is Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (ed. Sargent and Kittredge). Tennyson dramatized the Robin Hood story in *The Foresters*, as did Alfred Noyes in *Sherwood*. Reginald De Koven made a very successful comic opera out of it, while Thomas Love Peacock's *Maid Marian* is an interesting novelization of the theme.

ALLEN-A-DALE

Come listen to me, you gallants so free,
  All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
  That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
  All under the greenwood tree,
There was he ware of a brave young man,
  As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,
  In scarlet fine and gay,
And he did frisk it over the plain,
  And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood,
  Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he spy the same young man
  Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before,
  It was clean cast away;
And every step he fetched a sigh,
  "Alack! and well-a-day!"

Then stepped forth brave Little John.
And Nick, the miller's son,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he saw them come.

"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said;
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
"O hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she is now from me ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood;
"Come tell me without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"My name it is Allen-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy truelove again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,
"No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy truelove?
Come tell me without any guile:"
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allen should keep his wedding.

"What dost thou here?" the bishop he said,
"I prithee now tell to me"
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north country."

"O welcome, O welcome," the bishop he said,
"That music best pleaseth me."
"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,
"Till the bride and bridegroom I see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old,
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like glistering gold.

"This is no fit match," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here;
For since we are come unto the church,
The bride she shall choose her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four and twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the churchyard,
Marching all in a row,
The first man was Allen-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy truelove," Robin he said,
"Young Allen, as I hear say;
And you shall be married at this same time,
Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop he said,
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the choir,
The people began for to laugh;
He asked them seven times in the church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" then said Little John;
Quoth Robin, "That do I,
And he that doth take her from Allen-a-Dale
Full dearly he shall her buy."

And thus having ended this merry wedding,
The bride looked as fresh as a queen,
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

SECTION XI

BIOGRAPHY AND HERO STORIES

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SECTION XI. BIOGRAPHY AND HERO STORIES

INTRODUCTORY

Biography and its value. The great charm of biography for both young and old is in its perfect concreteness. Nothing fascinates like the story of a real person at grips with realities. Nothing inspires like the story of a hard-won victory over difficulties. Here are instances of men and women, our own kindred, facing great crises in the physical or moral realm with the calm courage and the clear mind of which we have dreamed. Here are others who have fought the brave fight in opposition to the stupidities and long-entrenched prejudices of their fellows. Here are still others who have wrested from nature her innermost secrets, who have won for us immunity against lurking diseases and dangers, who have labored successfully against great odds to make life more safe, more comfortable, or more beautiful. All these records of real accomplishment appeal to the youthful spirit of emulation, and there can be no stronger inspiration in facing the unsolved problems of the future. "What men have done men can still do."

The material and its presentation. Most teachers will find the biographical or historical story easier to handle than the imaginative story, because there is a definite outline of fact from which to work. Only those life stories with which the teacher is in sympathy can be handled satisfactorily. For that reason no definite list of suitable material is worth much, except as illustrating the wide range of choice. Keeping these limitations in mind, we may venture a few practical hints:

1. There is a large list of heroic figures hovering on the border line between reality and legend of whose stories children never tire. In such a list are the names of Leonidas, who held the pass at Thermopylae, William Tell and Arnold von Winkelried, favorite heroes of Switzerland, Robert Bruce of Scotland, and that pair of immortally faithful friends, Damon and Pythias.

2. With Marco Polo we may visit the wonderlands of the East, we may go with Captain Cook through the islands of the southern seas, with Stanley through darkest Africa, with the brave Scott in his tragic dash for the South Pole. Best of all, perhaps, we may, with Columbus, discover another America.

3. How Elihu Burritt became the "learned blacksmith," how Hugh Miller brought himself to be an authority on the old red sandstone, are always inspiring stories to the ambitious student. And in any list of achievements by those bound in by untoward circumstance must be placed that of Booker T. Washington as told by himself in *Up from Slavery*.

4. From our earlier history we may draw upon such lives as those of Franklin, Washington, and Patrick Henry. There are numberless stirring episodes from the careers of Francis Marion, Israel Putnam, Nathan Hale, and others that will occur to any reader of our history. Lincoln's life history offers an almost inexhaustible treasure. Grant, grimly silent and persevering, and Lee, kindly

gentleman and military genius, belong in any course that stresses our national achievements.

5. Stories of men who have mastered the secrets of the forces of nature never fail of interest. Stephenson and the locomotive engine, Sir Humphry Davy and the safety lamp, Whitney and the cotton gin, Marconi and the wonders of wireless communication, the Wright brothers and the airplane, Edison and the incandescent light and the motion picture, Luther Burbank and his marvelous work with plants—these are only a few to place near the head of any list.

6. Especially interesting for work in the grades are the stories of the pioneer and plainsman days, of Kit Carson, Davy Crockett, Daniel Boone, and Buffalo Bill.

7. We must not neglect stories of achievement by those who have been handicapped by great physical disability, such as are found in the careers of Henry Fawcett, the blind statesman of England, and of our own Helen Keller, whose *Story of My Life* has become a classic source of material.

8. The life of Joan of Arc has long been a supreme favorite for biographical story. Its simple directness, its fiery patriotism, its pathetic and tragic close, give it all the force of some great consciously designed masterpiece. The events of such a life can be arranged in a series or cycle of stories. Of very different type, but of almost equally strong appeal, is the story of the work of Florence Nightingale, whose efforts among the British soldiers in the terrible scenes of the Crimean War set in motion those humanitarian enterprises so splendidly exemplified in the work of the Red Cross organizations.

9. Finally, no teacher should fail to make use of many modern careers that impress upon children the devotion of lives spent in bettering the conditions under which people live. Among some of these may be mentioned Colonel George E. Waring, the sanitary engineer who really cleaned the streets of New York; General W. C. Gorgas, who led in the conquest of the great yellow fever plague; Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, still spending his life for the natives of bleak Labrador; and the famous French scientist, Louis Pasteur, who found out for us how to preserve milk and how to escape the dread hydrophobia. Such careers devoted to ameliorating the evils incident to civilization are of great value in stirring into active existence the latent spirit of service in every pupil.

10. Wide-awake teachers will constantly find in the periodicals of the day many episodes of achievement by men and women working in various fields of helpfulness. Such present-day accomplishments should be emphasized. We live in the present, and the duties and opportunities of the present are to furnish the inspirations and indicate the fields of possible achievement for us.

SUGGESTIONS FOR READING

For a very practical discussion of biographical stories see Lyman, *Story Telling*, chap. v. The great classic sources of inspiration on the subject are Carlyle, *Heroes and Hero Worship*, and Emerson, *Representative Men*. Of special value is the opening chapter in the latter book, "Uses of Great Men."

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Elbridge S. Brooks (1846–1902) was a well-known American writer of juvenile books on history, government, and biography. His *True Story of Christopher Columbus*, from which the following selection was taken, is a well-written book that pupils in the fifth and sixth grades read with pleasure. *The Century Book for Young Americans* is a story of our government. Other books by the same author are *The True Story of George Washington*, *The True Story of Lafayette*, and *The True Story of U. S. Grant*. ("How Columbus Got His Ships" is used here by permission of the publishers, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.)

HOW COLUMBUS GOT HIS SHIPS

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

When Columbus was at school he had studied about a certain man named Pythagoras, who had lived in Greece thousands of years before he was born, and who had said that the earth was round "like a ball or an orange." As Columbus grew older and made maps and studied the sea, and read books and listened to what other people said, he began to believe that this man named Pythagoras might be right, and that the earth was round, though everybody declared it was flat. "If it is round," he said to himself, "what is the use of trying to sail around Africa to get to Cathay? Why not just sail west from Italy or Spain and keep going right around the world until you strike Cathay? I believe it could be done," said Columbus.

By this time Columbus was a man. He was thirty years old and was a great sailor. He had been captain of a number of vessels; he had sailed north and south and east; he knew all about a ship and all about the sea. But, though he was a good sailor, when he said that he believed the earth was round, everybody laughed at him and said that he was crazy. "Why, how can the earth be round?" they cried. "The water would all spill out if it were, and the men who live on the other side would all be standing on their heads with their feet waving in the air." And then they laughed all the harder.

But Columbus did not think it was anything to laugh at. He believed it so strongly and felt so sure that he was right, that he set to work to find some king or prince or great lord to let him have ships and sailors and money enough to try to find a way to Cathay by sailing out into the West and across the Atlantic Ocean.

Now this Atlantic Ocean, the western waves of which break upon our rocks and beaches, was thought in Columbus's day to be a dreadful place. People called it the Sea of Darkness, because they did not know what was on the other side of it, or what dangers lay beyond that distant blue rim where the sky and water seem to meet, and which we call the horizon. They thought the ocean stretched to the end of a flat world, straight away to a sort of "jumping-off place," and that in this jumping-off place were giants and goblins and dragons and monsters and all sorts of terrible things that would catch the ships and destroy them and the sailors.

So when Columbus said that he wanted to sail away toward this dreadful jumping-off place, the people said that he was worse than crazy. They said he was a wicked man and ought to be punished.

But they could not frighten Columbus. He kept on trying. He went from place to place trying to get the ships and sailors he wanted and was bound to have. As you will see later, he tried to get help wherever he thought it could be had. He asked the people of his own home, the city of Genoa, where he had lived and played when a boy; he asked the people of the beautiful city that is built in the sea — Venice; he tried the king of Portugal, the king of England, the king of France, the king and queen of Spain. But for a long time nobody cared to listen to such a wild and foolish and dangerous plan — to go to Cathay by the way of the Sea of Darkness and the jumping-off place. "You would never get there alive," they said.

And so Columbus waited. And his hair grew white while he waited, though he was not yet an old man. He had thought and worked and hoped so much that he began to look like an old man when he was forty years old. But still he would never say that perhaps he was wrong, after all. He said he knew he was right, and that some day he should find the Indies and sail to Cathay.

I do not wish you to think that Columbus was the first man to say that the earth was round, or the first to sail to the West over the Atlantic Ocean. He was not. Other men had said that they believed the earth was round; other men had sailed out into the Atlantic Ocean. But no sailor who believed the earth was round had ever tried to prove that it was by crossing the Atlantic. So, you see, Columbus was really the first man to say, I believe the earth is round and I will show you that it is by sailing to the lands that are on the other side of the earth.

He even figured out how far it was around the world. Your geography, you know, tells you now that what is called the circumference of the earth — that is, a straight line drawn right around it — is nearly twenty-five thousand miles. Columbus had figured it up pretty carefully and he thought it was about twenty thousand miles. "If I could start from Genoa," he said, "and walk straight ahead until I got back to Genoa again, I should walk about twenty thousand miles." Cathay, he thought, would take up so much land on the other side of the world that, if he went west instead of east, he would only need to sail about twenty-five hundred or three thousand miles.

If you have studied your geography carefully you will see what a mistake he made.

It is really about twelve thousand miles from Spain to China (or Cathay as he called it). But America is just about three thousand miles from Spain, and if you read all this story you will see how Columbus's mistake really helped him to discover America.

I have told you that Columbus had a longing to do something great from the time when, as a little boy, he had hung around the wharves in Genoa and looked at the ships sailing east and west and talked with the sailors and wished that he could go to sea. Perhaps what he had learned at school — how some men said that the earth was round — and what he had learned on the wharves about the wonders of Cathay set him to thinking and dreaming that it might be possible for a ship to sail around the world without falling off. At any rate, he kept on thinking and dreaming and longing until, at last, he began doing.

Some of the sailors sent out by Prince Henry of Portugal, of whom I have told you, in their trying to sail around

Africa discovered two groups of islands out in the Atlantic that they called the Azores, or Isles of Hawks, and the Canaries, or Isles of Dogs. When Columbus was in Portugal in 1470 he became acquainted with a young woman whose name was Philippa Perestrelo. In 1473 he married her.

Now Philippa's father, before his death, had been governor of Porto Santo, one of the Azores, and Columbus and his wife went off there to live. In the governor's house Columbus found a lot of charts and maps that told him about parts of the ocean that he had never before seen, and made him feel certain that he was right in saying that if he sailed away to the West he should find Cathay.

At that time there was an old man who lived in Florence, a city of Italy. His name was Toscanelli. He was a great scholar and studied the stars and made maps, and was a very wise man. Columbus knew what a wise old scholar Toscanelli was, for Florence is not very far from Genoa. So while he was living in the Azores he wrote to this old scholar asking him what he thought about his idea that a man could sail around the world until he reached the land called the Indies and at last found Cathay.

Toscanelli wrote to Columbus saying that he believed his idea was the right one, and he said it would be a grand thing to do, if Columbus dared to try it. "Perhaps," he said, "you can find all those splendid things that I know are in Cathay—the great cities with marble bridges, the houses of marble covered with gold, the jewels and the spices and the precious stones, and all the other wonderful and magnificent things. I do not wonder you wish to try," he said, "for if you find Cathay it will be a wonderful thing for you and for Portugal."

That settled it with Columbus. If this wise old scholar said he was right, he must be right. So he left his home in the Azores and went to Portugal. This was in 1475, and from that time on, for seventeen long years he was trying to get some king or prince to help him sail to the West to find Cathay.

But not one of the people who could have helped him, if they had really wished to, believed in Columbus. As I told you, they said that he was crazy. The king of Portugal, whose name was John, did a very unkind thing—I am sure you would call it a mean trick. Columbus had gone to him with his story and asked for ships and sailors. The king and his chief men refused to help him; but King John said to himself, "Perhaps there is something in this worth looking after and, if so, perhaps I can have my own people find Cathay and save the money that Columbus will want to keep for himself as his share of what he finds." So one day he copied off the sailing directions that Columbus had left with him, and gave them to one of his own captains without letting Columbus know anything about it. The Portuguese captain sailed away to the West in the direction Columbus had marked down, but a great storm came up and so frightened the sailors that they turned around in a hurry. Then they hunted up Columbus and began to abuse him for getting them into such a scrape. "You might as well expect to find land in the sky," they said, "as in those terrible waters."

And when, in this way, Columbus found out that King John had tried to use his ideas without letting him know anything about it, he was very angry. His wife had died in the midst of this mean trick of the Portuguese king, and so, taking with him his little five-year-old son, Diego, he left Portugal secretly and went over into Spain.

Near the little town of Palos, in western Spain, is a green hill looking out toward the Atlantic. Upon this hill stands an old building that, four hundred years ago, was used as a convent or home for priests. It was called the Convent of Rabida, and the priest at the head of it was named the Friar Juan Perez. One autumn day, in the year 1484, Friar Juan Perez saw a dusty traveler with a little boy talking with the gate-keeper of the convent. The stranger was so tall and fine-looking, and seemed such an interesting man, that Friar Juan went out and began to talk with him. This man was Columbus.

As they talked, the priest grew more and more interested in what Columbus said. He invited him into the convent to stay for a few days, and he asked some other people — the doctors of Palos and some of the sea captains and sailors of the town — to come and talk with this stranger who had such a singular idea about sailing across the Atlantic.

It ended in Columbus's staying some months in Palos, waiting for a chance to go and see the king and queen. At last, in 1485, he set out for the Spanish court with a letter to a priest who was a friend of Friar Juan's, and who could help him to see the king and queen.

At that time the king and queen of Spain were fighting to drive out of Spain the people called the Moors. These people came from Africa, but they had lived in Spain for many years and had once been a very rich and powerful nation. They were not Spaniards; they were not Christians. So all Spaniards and all Christians hated them and tried to drive them out of Europe.

The king and queen of Spain who were fighting the Moors were named Ferdinand and Isabella. They were pretty good people as kings and queens went in those days, but they did a great many very cruel and very mean things, just as the kings and queens of those days were apt to do. I am afraid we should not think they were very nice people nowadays. We certainly should not wish our American boys and girls to look up to them as good and true and noble.

When Columbus first came to them, they were with the army in the camp near the city of Cordova. The king and queen had no time to listen to what they thought were crazy plans, and poor Columbus could get no one to talk with him who could be of any help. So he was obliged to go back to drawing maps and selling books to make enough money to support himself and his little Diego.

But at last, through the friend of good Friar Juan Perez of Rabida, who was a priest at the court, and named Talavera, and to whom he had a letter of introduction, Columbus found a chance to talk over his plans with a number of priests and scholars in the city of Salamanca where there was a famous college and many learned men.

Columbus told his story. He said what he wished to do, and asked these learned men to say a good word for him to Ferdinand and Isabella so that he could have the ships and sailors to sail to Cathay. But it was of no use.

"What! sail away around the world?" those wise men cried in horror. "Why, you are crazy! The world is not round; it is flat. Your ships would tumble off the edge of the world and all the king's money and all the king's men would be lost. No, no; go away; you must not trouble the queen or even mention such a ridiculous thing again."

So the most of them said. But one or two thought it might be worth trying. Cathay was a very rich country, and if this foolish fellow were willing to run the risk and did succeed, it would be a good thing for Spain, as the king and queen would need a great deal of money after the war with the Moors was over. At any rate, it was a chance worth thinking about.

And so, although Columbus was dreadfully disappointed, he thought that if he had only a few friends at Court who were ready to say a good word for him he must not give up, but must try, try again. And so he stayed in Spain.

When you wish very much to do a certain thing, it is dreadfully hard to be patient: it is harder still to have to wait. Columbus had to do both. The wars against the Moors were of much greater interest to the king and queen of Spain than was the finding of a new and very uncertain way to get to Cathay. If it had not been for the patience and what we call the persistence of Columbus, America would never have been discovered—at least not in his time.

He stayed in Spain. He grew poorer and poorer. He was almost friendless. It seemed as if his great enterprise must be given up. But he never lost hope. He never stopped trying. Even when he failed, he kept on hoping and kept on trying. He felt certain that sometime he should succeed.

As we have seen, he tried to interest the rulers of different countries, but without success. He tried to get help from his old home-town of Genoa and failed; he tried Portugal and failed; he tried the Republic of Venice and failed; he tried the king and queen of Spain and failed; he tried some of the richest and most powerful of the nobles of Spain and failed; he tried the king of England (whom he got his brother, Bartholomew Columbus, to see) and failed. There was still left the king of France. He would make one last attempt to win the king and queen of Spain to his side and if he failed with them he would try the last of the rulers of Western Europe, the king of France.

He followed the king and queen of Spain as they went from place to place fighting the Moors. He hoped that some day, when they wished to think of something besides fighting, they might think of him and the gold and jewels and spices of Cathay.

The days grew into months, the months into years, and still the war against the Moors kept on; and still Columbus waited for the chance that did not come. People grew to know him as "the crazy explorer" as they met him in the streets or on the church steps of Seville or Cordova, and even ragged little boys of the town, sharp-eyed and shrill-voiced as such ragged little urchins are, would run after this big man with the streaming white hair and the tattered cloak, calling him names or tapping their brown little foreheads with their dirty fingers to show that even they knew that he was "as crazy as a loon."

At last he decided to make one more attempt before giving it up in Spain. His money was gone; his friends were few; but he remembered his acquaintances at Palos and so he journeyed back to see once more his good friend Friar Juan Perez at the Convent of Rabida on the hill that looked out upon the Atlantic he was so anxious to cross.

It was in the month of November, 1491, that he went back to the Convent of Rabida. If he could not get any encouragement there, he was determined to stay in Spain no longer but to go away and try the king of France.

Once more he talked over the finding of Cathay with the priests and the sailors of Palos. They saw how patient he was; how persistent he was; how he would never give up his ideas until he had tried them. They were moved by his determination. They began to believe in him more and more. They resolved to help him. One of the principal sea captains of Palos was named Martin Alonso Pinzon. He became so interested that he offered to lend Columbus money enough to make one last appeal to the king and queen of Spain, and if Columbus should succeed with them, this Captain Pinzon said he would go into partnership with Columbus and help him out when it came to getting ready to sail to Cathay.

This was a move in the right direction. At once a messenger was sent to the splendid Spanish camp before the city of Granada, the last unconquered city of the Moors of Spain. The king and queen of Spain had been so long trying to capture Granada that this camp was really a city, with gates and walls and houses. It was called Santa Fé. Queen Isabella, who was in Santa Fé, after some delay, agreed to hear more about the crazy scheme of this persistent Genoese sailor, and the Friar Juan Perez was sent for. He talked so well in behalf of his friend Columbus that the queen became still more interested. She ordered Columbus to come and see her, and sent him sixty-five dollars to pay for a mule, a new suit of clothes, and the journey to court.

About Christmas time, in the year 1491, Columbus, mounted upon his mule, rode into the Spanish camp before the city of Granada. But even now, when he had been told to come, he had to wait. Granada was almost captured; the Moors were almost conquered. At last the end came. On the second of January, 1492, the Moorish king gave up the keys of his beloved city, and the great Spanish banner was hoisted on the highest tower of the Alhambra — the handsomest building in Granada and one of the most beautiful in the world. The Moors were driven out of Spain and Columbus's chance had come.

So he appeared before Queen Isabella and her chief men and told them again of all his plans and desires. The queen and her advisers sat in a great room in that splendid Alhambra I have told you of. King Ferdinand was not there. He did not believe in Columbus and did not wish to let him have money, ships, or sailors to lose in such a foolish way. But as Columbus stood before her and talked so earnestly about how he expected to find the Indies and Cathay and what he hoped to bring away from there, Queen Isabella listened and thought the plan worth trying.

Then a singular thing happened. You would think if you wished for something very much that you would be willing to give up a good deal for the sake of getting it. Columbus had worked and waited for seventeen years. He had never got what he wanted. He was always being disappointed. And yet, as he talked to the queen and told her what he wished to do, he said he must have so much as a reward for doing it that the queen and her chief men were simply amazed at his—well, what the boys to-day call "cheek"—that they would have nothing to do with him. This man really is crazy, they said. This poor Genoese sailor comes here without a thing except his very odd ideas and almost "wants the earth" as a reward. This is not exactly what they said, but it is what they meant.

His few friends begged him to be more modest. "Do not ask so much," they said, "or you will get nothing." But Columbus was determined. "I have worked and waited all these years," he replied. "I know just what I can do and just how much I can do for the king and queen of Spain. They must pay me what I ask and promise what I say, or I will go somewhere else." "Go, then!" said the queen and her advisers. And Columbus turned his back on what seemed almost his last hope, mounted his mule, and rode away.

Then something else happened. As Columbus rode off to find the French king, sick and tired of all his long and useless labor at the Spanish court, his few firm friends there saw that, unless they did something right away, all the glory and all the gain of this enterprise Columbus had taught them to believe in would be lost to Spain. So two of them, whose names were Santangel and Quintanilla, rushed into the queen's room and begged her, if she wished to become the greatest queen in Christendom, to call back this wandering sailor, agree to his terms, and profit by his labors.

What if he does ask a great deal? they said. He has spent his life thinking his plan out; no wonder he feels that he ought to have a good share of what he finds. What he asks is really small compared with what Spain will gain. The war with the Moors has cost you ever so much; your money chests are empty; Columbus will fill them up. The people of Cathay are heathen; Columbus will help you make them Christian men. The Indies and Cathay are full of gold and jewels; Columbus will bring you home shiploads of treasures. Spain has conquered the Moors; Columbus will help you conquer Cathay.

In fact, they talked to Queen Isabella so strongly and so earnestly, that she, too, became excited over this chance for glory and riches that she had almost lost. "Quick! send for Columbus. Call him back!" said she. "I agree to his terms. If King Ferdinand cannot or will not take the risk, I, the queen, will do it all. Quick! do not let the man get into France. After him. Bring him back!"

And without delay a royal messenger, mounted on a swift horse, was sent at full gallop to bring Columbus back.

All this time poor Columbus felt bad enough. Everything had gone wrong. Now he must go away into a new land and do it all over again. Kings and queens, he felt, were not to be depended upon, and he remembered a place in the Bible where it said: "Put not your trust in princes." Sad, solitary, and heavy-hearted, he jogged slowly along toward the mountains, wondering what the king of France would say to him, and whether it was really worth trying.

Just as he was riding across the little bridge called the Bridge of Pinos, some six miles from Granada, he heard the quick hoof-beats of a horse behind him. It was a great spot for robbers, and Columbus felt of the little money he had in his traveling pouch, and wondered whether he must lose it all. The hoof-beats came nearer. Then a voice hailed him. "Turn back, turn back!" the messenger cried out. "The queen bids you return to Granada. She grants you all you ask."

Columbus hesitated. Ought he to trust this promise, he wondered. Put not your trust in princes, the verse in the Bible had said. If I go back I may only be put off and worried as I have been before. And yet, perhaps she means what she says. At any rate, I will go back and try once more.

So, on the little Bridge of Pinos, he turned his mule around and rode back to Granada. And, sure enough, when he saw Queen Isabella she agreed to all that he asked. If he found Cathay, Columbus was to be made admiral for life of all the new seas and oceans into which he might sail; he was to be chief ruler of all the lands he might find; he was to keep one tenth part of all the gold and jewels and treasures he should bring away, and was to have his "say" in all questions about the new lands. For his part (and this was because of the offer of his friend at Palos, Captain Pinzon) he agreed to pay one eighth of all the expenses of this expedition and of all new enterprises, and was to have one eighth of all the profits from them.

So Columbus had his wish at last. The queen's men figured up how much money they could let him have; they called him "Don Christopher Columbus," "Your Excellency," and "Admiral," and at once he set about getting ready for his voyage.

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Most children who read public library books know something about the work of Horace E. Scudder (1838–1902). For eight years he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, but he is more widely known as a writer and compiler of books for children. The entertaining and informing *Bodley Books* were widely read by a former generation and are still decidedly worth reading. Perhaps his most popular work is *The Children's Book*, a collection of literature suitable for the first four grades. Pupils in the third, fourth, and fifth grades read with pleasure *The Book of Fables*, *The Book of Folk Stories*, *Fables and Folk Stories*, and *The Book of Legends*. Mr. Scudder was the leading advocate of introducing literature into the schools at a time when such advocacy was uphill work, and he edited a great number of literary classics for school use. He wrote a number of historical and biographical works of value. *George Washington*, from which the next selection is taken, is considered by many to be the best biography of Washington that has been written for children. (The chapter below is used by permission of and special arrangement with The Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.)

THE BOYHOOD OF WASHINGTON

HORACE E. SCUDDER

It was near the shore of the Potomac River, between Pope's Creek and Bridge's Creek, that Augustine Washington lived when his son George was born. The land had been in the family ever since Augustine's grandfather, John Washington, had bought it, when he came over from England in 1657. John Washington was a soldier and a public-spirited man, and so the parish in which he lived—for Virginia was divided into parishes as some other colonies into townships—was named Washington. It is a quiet neighborhood; not a sign remains of the old house, and the only mark of the place is a stone slab, broken and overgrown with weeds and brambles, which lies on a bed of bricks taken from the remnants of the old chimney of the house. It bears the inscription:—

Here
The 11th of February, 1732 (old style)
George Washington
was born

The English had lately agreed to use the calendar of Pope Gregory, which added eleven days to the reckoning, but people still used the old style as well as the new. By the new style, the birthday was February 22, and that is the day which is now observed. The family into which the child was born consisted of the father and mother, Augustine and Mary Washington, and two boys, Lawrence and Augustine. These were sons of Augustine Washington by a former wife who had died four years before. George Washington was the eldest of the children of Augustine and Mary Washington; he had afterward three brothers and two sisters, but one of the sisters died in infancy.

It was not long after George Washington's birth that the house in which he was born was burned, and as his father was at the time especially interested in some iron-works at a distance, it was determined not to rebuild upon the lonely place. Accordingly Augustine Washington removed his family to a place which he owned in Stafford County, on the banks of the Rappahannock River opposite Fredericksburg. The house is not now standing, but a picture was made of it before it was destroyed. It was, like many Virginia houses of the day, divided into four rooms on a floor, and had great outside chimneys at either end.

Here George Washington spent his childhood. He learned to read, write, and cipher at a small school kept by Hobby, the sexton of the parish church. Among his playmates was Richard Henry Lee, who was afterward a famous Virginian. When the boys grew up, they wrote to each other of grave matters of war and state, but here is the beginning of their correspondence, written when they were nine years old:—

"Richard Henry Lee to George Washington:

"Pa brought me two pretty books full of pictures he got them in Alexandria they have pictures of dogs and cats and tigers and elefants and ever so many pretty things cousin bids me send you one of them it has a picture of an elefant and a little Indian boy on his back like uncle jo's sam pa says if I learn my tasks good he will let uncle jo bring me to see you will you ask your ma to let you come to see me.

"Richard henry Lee."

"George Washington to Richard Henry Lee:

"Dear Dickey I thank you very much for the pretty picturebook you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures and I showed him all the pictures in it; and I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back and would not let anybody touch his master's little son. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word. Ma says I may go to see you, and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy. She says

I may ride my pony Hero if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero. I have a little piece of poetry about the picture book you gave me, but I must n't tell you who wrote the poetry.

"G. W.'s compliments to R. H. L.,
And likes his book full well,
Henceforth will count him his friend,
And hopes many happy days he may
spend.
"Your good friend,
"George Washington.

"I am going to get a whip top soon, and you may see it and whip it."

It looks very much as if Richard Henry sent his letter off just as it was written. I suspect that his correspondent's letter was looked over, corrected, and copied before it was sent. Very possibly Augustine Washington was absent at the time on one of his journeys; but at any rate the boy owed most of his training to his mother, for only two years after this his father died, and he was left to his mother's care.

She was a woman born to command, and since she was left alone with a family and an estate to care for, she took the reins into her own hands, and never gave them up to any one else. She used to drive about in an old-fashioned open chaise, visiting the various parts of her farm, just as a planter would do on horseback. The story is told that she had given an agent directions how to do a piece of work, and he had seen fit to do it differently, because he thought his way a better one. He showed her the improvement.

"And pray," said the lady, "who gave you any exercise of judgment in the matter? I command you, sir; there is nothing left for you but to obey."

In those days, more than now, a boy used very formal language when addressing his mother. He might love her warmly, but he was expected to treat her with a great show of respect. When Washington wrote to his mother, even after he was of age, he began his letter, "Honored Madam," and signed it, "Your dutiful son." This was a part of the manners of the time. It was like the stiff dress which men wore when they paid their respects to others; it was put on for the occasion, and one would have been thought very unmannerly who did not make a marked difference between his every-day dress and that which he wore when he went into the presence of his betters. So Washington, when he wrote to his mother, would not be so rude as to say, "Dear Mother."

Such habits as this go deeper than mere forms of speech. I do not suppose that the sons of this lady feared her, but they stood in awe of her, which is quite a different thing.

"We were all as mute as mice, when in her presence," says one of Washington's companions; and common report makes her to have been very much such a woman as her son afterward was a man.

I think that George Washington owed two strong traits to his mother—a governing spirit and a spirit of order and method. She taught him many lessons and gave him many rules; but, after all, it was her character shaping his which was most powerful. She taught him to be truthful, but her lessons were not half so forcible as her own truthfulness.

There is a story told of George Washington's boyhood—unfortunately there are not many stories—which is to the point. His father had taken a great deal of pride in his blooded horses, and his mother afterward took pains to keep the stock pure. She had several young horses that had not yet been broken, and one of them in particular, a sorrel, was extremely spirited. No one had been able to do anything with it, and it was pronounced thoroughly vicious, as people are apt to pronounce horses which they have not learned to master. George was determined to ride this colt, and told his companions that if they would help him catch it, he would ride and tame it.

Early in the morning they set out for the pasture, where the boys managed to surround the sorrel and then to put a bit into its mouth. Washington sprang upon its back, the boys dropped the bridle, and away flew the angry animal. Its rider at once began to command; the horse resisted, backing about the field, rearing and plunging. The boys became thoroughly alarmed, but Washington kept his seat, never once losing his self-control or his mastery of the colt. The struggle was a sharp one; when suddenly, as if determined to rid itself of its rider, the creature leaped into the air with a tremendous bound. It was its last. The violence burst a blood-vessel, and the noble horse fell dead.

Before the boys could sufficiently recover to consider how they should extricate themselves from the scrape, they were called to breakfast; and the mistress of the house, knowing that they had been in the fields, began to ask after her stock.

"Pray, young gentlemen," said she, "have you seen my blooded colts in your rambles? I hope they are well taken care of. My favorite, I am told, is as large as his sire."

The boys looked at one another, and no one liked to speak. Of course the mother repeated her question.

"The sorrel is dead, madam," said her son. "I killed him!"

And then he told the whole story. They say that his mother flushed with anger, as her son often used to, and then, like him, controlled herself, and presently said, quietly:—

"It is well; but while I regret the loss of my favorite, I rejoice in my son who always speaks the truth."

The story of Washington's killing the blooded colt is of a piece with other stories less particular, which show that he was a very athletic fellow. Of course, when a boy becomes famous, every one likes to remember the wonderful things he did before he was famous; and Washington's playmates, when they grew up, used to show the spot by the Rappahannock, near Fredericksburg, where he stood and threw a stone to the opposite bank; and at the celebrated Natural Bridge, the arch of which is two hundred feet above the ground, they always tell the visitor that George Washington threw a stone in the air the whole height. He undoubtedly took part in all the sports which were the favorites of his country at that time—he pitched heavy bars, tossed quoits, ran, leaped, and wrestled; for he was a powerful, large-limbed young fellow, and he had a very large and strong hand.

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The *Autobiography* by Benjamin Franklin (1706–1790) has become a classic in American literature. Its simple style, practical doctrine of industry and economy, and pleasing revelation of the character of one of America's greatest statesmen make it appropriate for use in the seventh and eighth grades. (See also note to No. 250.)

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

At ten years old I was taken home to assist my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler, a business he was not bred to, but had assumed on his arrival in New England, and on finding his dyeing trade would not maintain his family, being in little request. Accordingly, I was employed in cutting wick for the candles, filling the dipping mold and the molds for cast candles, attending the shop, going of errands, etc.

I continued thus employed in my father's business for two years, that is, till I was twelve years old; and my brother John, who was bred to that business, having left my father, married, and set up for himself at Rhode Island, there was all appearance that I was destined to supply his place, and become a tallow-chandler. But my dislike to the trade continuing, my father was under apprehensions that if he did not find one for me more agreeable, I should break away and get to sea, as his son Josiah had done, to his great vexation. He therefore sometimes took me to walk with him, and see joiners, bricklayers, turners, braziers, etc., at their work, that he might observe my inclination, and endeavor to fix it on some trade or other on land. It has ever since been a pleasure to me to see good workmen handle their tools; and it has been useful to me, having learned so much by it as to be able to do little jobs myself in my house when a workman could not readily be got, and to construct little machines for my experiments, while the intention of making the experiment was fresh and warm in my mind. My father at last fixed upon the cutler's trade, and my uncle Benjamin's son Samuel, who was bred to that business in London, being about that time established in Boston, I was sent to be with him some time on liking. But his expectations of a fee with me displeasing my father, I was taken home again.

From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the *Pilgrim's Progress*, my first collection was of John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. I afterward sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's *Historical Collections*. They were small chapmen's books, and cheap, 40 or 50 in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read, and have since often regretted that, at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper books had not fallen in my way, since it was now resolved I should not be a clergyman. Plutarch's *Lives* there was in which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of De Foe's, called an *Essay on Projects*, and another of Dr. Mather's, called *Essays to do Good*, which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

And after some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing-house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces; my brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads. One was called *The Lighthouse Tragedy*, and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters: the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of *Teach* (or Blackbeard) the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub-street-ballad style; and when they were printed he sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event being recent, having made a great noise. This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet, most probably a very bad one; but as prose writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I have in that way.

There was another bookish lad in the town, John Collins by name, with whom I was intimately acquainted. We sometimes disputed, and very fond we were of argument, and very desirous of confuting one another, which disputatious turn, by the way, is apt to become a very bad habit, making people often extremely disagreeable in company by the contradiction that is necessary to bring it into practice; and thence, besides souring and spoiling the conversation, is productive of disgusts and, perhaps, enmities where you may have occasion for friendship. I had caught it by reading my father's books of dispute about religion. Persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and men of all sorts that have been bred at Edinburgh.

A question was once, somehow or other, started between Collins and me, of the propriety of educating the female sex in learning, and their abilities for study. He was of opinion that it was improper, and that they were naturally unequal to it. I took the contrary side, perhaps a little for dispute's sake. He was naturally more eloquent, had a ready plenty of words; and sometimes, as I thought, bore me down more by his fluency than by the strength of his reasons. As we parted without settling the point, and were not to see one another again for some time, I sat down to put my arguments in writing, which I copied fair and sent to him. He answered, and I replied. Three or four letters of a side had passed, when my father happened to find my papers and read them. Without entering into the discussion, he took occasion to talk to me about the manner of my writing; observed that, though I had the advantage of my antagonist in correct spelling and pointing (which I owed to the printing-house), I fell far short in elegance of expression, in method and in perspicuity, of which he convinced me by several instances. I saw the justice of his remarks, and thence grew more attentive to the manner in writing, and determined to endeavor at improvement.

About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. My time for these exercises and for reading was at night, after work or before it began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house alone, avoiding as much as I could the common attendance on public worship which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care, and which indeed I still thought a duty, though I could not, as it seemed to me, afford time to practice it.

When about 16 years of age I happened to meet with a book, written by one

Tryon, recommending a vegetable diet. I determined to go into it. My brother, being yet unmarried, did not keep house, but boarded himself and his apprentices in another family. My refusing to eat flesh occasioned an inconveniency, and I was frequently chid for my singularity. I made myself acquainted with Tryon's manner of preparing some of his dishes, such as boiling potatoes or rice, making hasty pudding, and a few others, and then proposed to my brother, that if he would give me, weekly, half the money he paid for my board, I would board myself. He instantly agreed to it, and I presently found that I could save half what he paid me. This was an additional fund for buying books. But I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the printing-house to their meals, I remained there alone, and, dispatching presently my light repast, which often was no more than a biscuit or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins or a tart from the pastry-cook's, and a glass of water, had the rest of the time till their return for study, in which I made the greater progress, from that greater clearness of head and quicker apprehension which usually attend temperance in eating and drinking.

And now it was that, being on some occasion made ashamed of my ignorance in figures, which I had twice failed in learning when at school, I took Cocker's book of arithmetic, and went through the whole by myself with great ease. I also read Seller's and Shermy's books of navigation, and became acquainted with the little geometry they contain; but never proceeded far in that science. And I read about this time Locke *On Human Understanding*, and the *Art of Thinking*, by Messrs. du Port Royal.

While I was intent on improving my language, I met with an English grammar (I think it was Greenwood's), at the end of which there were two little sketches of the arts of rhetoric and logic, the latter finishing with a specimen of a dispute in the Socratic method; and soon after I procured Xenophon's *Memorable Things of Socrates*, wherein there are many instances of the same method. I was charmed with it, adopted it, dropped my abrupt contradiction and positive argumentation, and put on the humble inquirer and doubter. And being then, from reading Shaftesbury and Collins, become a real doubter in many points of our religious doctrine, I found this method safest for myself and very embarrassing to those against whom I used it; therefore I took a delight in it, practiced it continually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing people, even of superior knowledge, into concessions, the consequences of which they did not foresee, entangling them in difficulties out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserved. I continued this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence; never using, when I advanced any thing that may possibly be disputed, the words *certainly*, *undoubtedly*, or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so; it appears to me, or *I should think it so or so*, for such and such reasons; or *I imagine it to be so;* or *it is so, if I am not mistaken.* This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinion, and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engaged in promoting; and, as the chief ends of conversation are to *inform* or to be *informed*, to *please* or to *persuade*, I wish well-meaning, sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive, assuming manner, that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition, and to defeat every one of those purposes for which speech was given to us, to wit, giving or receiving information or pleasure. For, if you would inform, a positive and dogmatical manner in advancing your sentiments may provoke contradiction and prevent a candid attention. If you wish information and improvement from the knowledge of others, and yet at the same time express yourself as firmly fixed in your present opinions, modest, sensible men, who do not love disputation, will probably leave you undisturbed in the possession of your error. And by such a manner, you can seldom hope to recommend yourself in *pleasing* your hearers, or to persuade those whose concurrence you desire. Pope says, judiciously:

> "Men should be taught as if you taught them not,
> And things unknown propos'd as things forgot";

farther recommending to us

> "To speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence."

And he might have coupled with this line that which he has coupled with another, I think, less properly:

"For want of modesty is want of sense."

If you ask, Why less properly? I must repeat the lines:

"Immodest words admit of no defense,
For want of modesty is want of sense."

Now, is not *want of sense* (where a man is so unfortunate as to want it) some apology for his *want of modesty?* and would not the lines stand more justly thus?

"Immodest words admit *but* this defense,
That want of modesty is want of sense."

This, however, I should submit to better judgments.

My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the *New England Courant*. The only one before it was the *Boston News-Letter*. I remember his being dissuaded by some of his friends from the undertaking, as not likely to succeed, one newspaper being, in their judgment, enough for America. At this time (1771) there are not less than five-and-twenty. He went on, however, with the undertaking, and after having worked in composing the types and printing off the sheets, I was employed to carry the papers through the streets to the customers.

He had some ingenious men among his friends, who amused themselves by writing little pieces for this paper, which gained it credit and made it more in demand, and these gentlemen often visited us. Hearing their conversations, and their accounts of the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among them; but, being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing any thing of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and, writing an anonymous paper, I put it in at night under the door of the printing-house. It was found in the morning, and communicated to his writing friends when they called in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation, and that, in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose now that I was rather lucky in my judges and that perhaps they were not really so very good ones as I then esteemed them.

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I then thought of going to New York, as the nearest place where there was a printer; and I was rather inclined to leave Boston when I reflected that I had already made myself a little obnoxious to the governing party, and, from the arbitrary proceedings of the Assembly in my brother's case, it was likely I might, if I stayed, soon bring myself into scrapes; and farther, that my indiscrete disputations about religion began to make me pointed at with horror by good people as an infidel or atheist. I determined on the point, but my father now siding with my brother, I was sensible that, if I attempted to go openly, means would be used to prevent me. My friend Collins, therefore, undertook to manage a little for me. He agreed with the captain of a New York sloop for my passage, under the notion of my being a young acquaintance of his, that had got into trouble, and therefore could not appear or come away publicly. So I sold some of my books to raise a little money, was taken on board privately, and as we had a fair wind, in three days I found myself in New York, near 300 miles from home, a boy of but 17, without the least recommendation to, or knowledge of any person in the place, and with very little money in my pocket.

My inclinations for the sea were by this time worn out, or I might now have gratified them. But, having a trade, and supposing myself a pretty good workman, I offered my service to the printer in the place, old Mr. William Bradford, who had been the first printer in Pennsylvania, but removed from thence upon the quarrel of George Keith. He could give me no employment, having little to do, and help enough already; but says he, "My son at Philadelphia has lately lost his principal hand, Aquila Rose, by death; if you go thither, I believe he may employ you." Philadelphia was a hundred miles further; I set out, however, in a boat for Amboy, leaving my chest and things to follow me round by sea.

In crossing the bay, we met with a squall that tore our rotten sails to pieces, prevented our getting into the Kill, and drove us upon Long Island. On our way, a drunken Dutchman, who was a passenger too, fell overboard; when he was sinking, I reached through the water to his shock pate, and drew him up, so that we got him in again. His ducking sobered him a little, and he went to sleep, taking first out of his pocket a book, which he desired I would dry for him. It proved to be my old favorite author, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, in Dutch, finely printed on good paper, with copper cuts, a dress better than I had ever seen it wear in its own language. I have since found that it has been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and suppose it has been more generally read than any other book, except perhaps the Bible. Honest John was the first that I know of who mixed narration and dialogue; a method of writing very engaging to the reader, who in the most interesting parts finds himself, as it were, brought into the company and present at the discourse. De Foe in his *Crusoe*, his *Moll Flanders*, *Religious Courtship*, *Family Instructor*, and other pieces, has imitated it with success; and Richardson has done the same in his *Pamela*, etc.

When we drew near the island, we found it was at a place where there could be no landing, there being a great surf on the stony beach. So we dropped anchor, and swung around towards the shore. Some people came down to the water edge and hallooed to us, as we did to them; but the wind was so high, and the surf so loud, that we could not hear so as to understand each other. There were canoes on the shore, and we made signs, and hallooed that they should fetch us; but they either did not understand us, or thought it impracticable, so they went away, and night coming on, we had no remedy but to wait till the wind should abate; and, in the meantime, the boatman and I concluded to sleep, if we could; and so crowded into the scuttle, with the Dutchman, who was still wet, and the spray beating over the head of our boat, leaked through to us, so that we were soon almost as wet as he. In this manner we lay all night, with very little rest; but, the wind abating the next day, we made a shift to reach Amboy before night, having been thirty hours on the water, without victuals, or any drink but a bottle of filthy rum, the water we sailed on being salt.

In the evening I found myself very feverish, and went in to bed; but, having read somewhere that cold water drunk plentifully was good for a fever, I followed the prescription, sweat plentifully most of the night, my fever left me, and in the morning, crossing the ferry, I proceeded on my journey on foot, having fifty miles to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

It rained very hard all the day; I was thoroughly soaked, and by noon a good deal tired; so I stopped at a poor inn, where I stayed all night, beginning now to wish that I had never left home. I cut so miserable a figure, too, that I found, by the questions asked me, I was suspected to be some runaway servant, and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded the next day, and got in the evening to an inn, within eight or ten miles of Burlington, kept by one Dr. Brown. He entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment, and, finding I had read a little, became very sociable and friendly. Our acquaintance continued as long as he lived. He had been, I imagine, an itinerant doctor, for there was no town in England, or country in Europe, of which he could not give a very particular account. He had some letters, and was ingenious, but much of an unbeliever, and wickedly undertook, some years after, to travesty the Bible in doggerel verse, as Cotton had done Virgil. By this means he set many of the facts in a very ridiculous light, and might have hurt weak minds if his work had been published; but it never was.

At his house I lay that night, and the next morning reached Burlington, but had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone a little before my coming, and no other expected to go before Tuesday, this being Saturday; wherefore I returned to an old woman in the town, of whom I had bought gingerbread to eat on the water, and asked her advice. She invited me to lodge at her house till a passage by water should offer; and being tired with my foot traveling, I accepted the invitation. She understanding I was a printer, would have had me stay at that town and follow my business, being ignorant of the stock necessary to begin with. She was very hospitable, gave me a dinner of ox-cheek with great good will, accepting only of a pot of ale in return; and I thought myself fixed till Tuesday should come. However, walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came by, which I found was going towards Philadelphia, with several people in her. They took me in, and, as there was no wind, we rowed all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it, and would row no farther; the others knew not where we were; so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence, with the rails of which we made a fire, the night being cold, in October, and there we remained till daylight. Then one of the company knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arrived there about eight or nine o'clock on the Sunday morning, and landed at the Market Street wharf.

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it, on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

Walking down again toward the river, and, looking in the faces of people, I met a young Quaker man, whose countenance I liked, and, accosting him, requested he would tell me where a stranger could get lodging. We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners. "Here," says he, "is one place that entertains strangers, but it is not a reputable house; if thee wilt walk with me I'll show thee a better." He brought me to the Crooked Billet, in Water Street. Here I got a dinner; and, while I was eating it, several sly questions were asked me, as it seemed to be suspected from my youth and appearance that I might be some runaway.

After dinner my sleepiness returned, and being shown to a bed, I lay down without undressing, and slept till six in the evening, was called to supper, went to bed again very early, and slept soundly till next morning. Then I made myself as tidy as I could, and went to Andrew Bradford the printer's. I found in the shop the old man his father, whom I had seen at New York, and who, traveling on horseback, had got to Philadelphia before me. He introduced me to his son, who received me civilly, gave me a breakfast, but told me he did not at present want a hand, being lately supplied with one; but there was another printer in town, lately set up, one Keimer, who, perhaps, might employ me; if not, I should be welcome to lodge at his house, and he would give me a little work to do now and then till fuller business should offer.

The old gentleman said he would go with me to the new printer; and when we found him, "Neighbor," says Bradford, "I have brought to see you a young man of your business; perhaps you may want such a one." He asked me a few questions, put a composing stick in my hand to see how I worked, and then said he would employ me soon, though he had just then nothing for me to do; and, taking old Bradford, whom he had never seen before, to be one of the townspeople that had a good will for him, entered into a conversation on his present undertaking and prospects; while Bradford, not discovering that he was the other printer's father, on Keimer's saying he expected soon to get the greatest part of the business into his own hands, drew him on by artful questions, and starting little doubts, to explain all his views, what interest he relied on, and in what manner he intended to proceed. I, who stood by and heard all, saw immediately that one of them was a crafty old sophister, and the other a mere novice. Bradford left me with Keimer, who was greatly surprised when I told him who the old man was.

Keimer's printing-house, I found, consisted of an old shattered press and one small, worn-out font of English, which he was then using himself, composing an Elegy on Aquila Rose, before mentioned, an ingenious young man, of excellent character, much respected in the town, clerk of the Assembly, and a pretty poet. Keimer made verses too, but very indifferently. He could not be said to write them, for his manner was to compose them in the types directly out of his head. So there being no copy, but one pair of cases, and the Elegy likely to require all the letters, no one could help him. I endeavored to put his press (which he had not yet used and of which he understood nothing) into order fit to be worked with; and, promising to come and print off his Elegy as soon as he should have got it ready, I returned to Bradford's, who gave me a little job to do for the present, and there I lodged and dieted. A few days after, Keimer sent for me to print off the Elegy. And now he had got another pair of cases, and a pamphlet to reprint, on which he set me to work.

These two printers I found poorly qualified for their business. Bradford had not been bred to it, and was very illiterate; and Keimer, though something of a scholar, was a mere compositor, knowing nothing of presswork. He had been one of the French prophets, and could act their enthusiastic agitations. At this time he did not profess any particular religion, but something of all on occasion; was very ignorant of the world, and had, as I afterward found, a good deal of the knave in his composition. He did not like my lodging at Bradford's while I worked with him. He had a house, indeed, but without furniture, so he could not lodge me; but he got me a lodging at Mr. Read's, before mentioned, who was the owner of his house; and, my chest and clothes being come by this time, I made rather a more respectable appearance in the eyes of Miss Read than I had done when she first happened to see me eating my roll in the street.

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Of the numerous biographies of Abraham Lincoln, none seems better suited for use in the grades than *The Boy's Life of Abraham Lincoln*, by Helen Nicolay (1866—), from which the next selection was taken. John George Nicolay, father of Helen Nicolay, was private secretary to Abraham Lincoln from 1860 to 1865, and later he wrote an excellent biography of Lincoln. (The following selection is used by permission of the Century Company, New York.)

LINCOLN'S EARLY DAYS

HELEN NICOLAY

The story of this wonderful man begins and ends with a tragedy, for his grandfather, also named Abraham, was killed by a shot from an Indian's rifle while peaceably at work with his three sons on the edge of their frontier clearing. Eighty-one years later the President himself met death by an assassin's bullet. The murderer of one was a savage of the forest; the murderer of the other that far more cruel thing, a savage of civilization.

When the Indian's shot laid the pioneer farmer low, his second son, Josiah, ran to a neighboring fort for help, and Mordecai, the eldest, hurried to the cabin for his rifle. Thomas, a child of six years, was left alone beside the dead body of his father; and as Mordecai snatched the gun from its resting-place over the door of the cabin, he saw, to his horror, an Indian in his war-paint, just stooping to seize the child. Taking quick aim at a medal on the breast of the savage, he fired, and the Indian fell dead. The little boy, thus released, ran to the house, where Mordecai, firing through the loopholes, kept the Indians at bay until help arrived from the fort.

It was this child Thomas who grew up to be the father of President Abraham Lincoln. After the murder of his father the fortunes of the little family grew rapidly worse, and doubtless because of poverty, as well as by reason of the marriage of his older brothers and sisters, their home was broken up, and Thomas found himself, long before he was grown, a wandering laboring boy. He lived for a time with an uncle as his hired servant, and later he learned the trade of carpenter. He grew to manhood entirely without education, and when he was twenty-eight years old could neither read nor write. At that time he married Nancy Hanks, a good-looking young woman of twenty-three, as poor as himself, but so much better off as to learning that she was able to teach her husband to sign his own name. Neither of them had any money, but living cost little on the frontier in those days, and they felt that his trade would suffice to earn all that they should need. Thomas took his bride to a tiny house in Elizabethtown, Kentucky, where they lived for about a year, and where a daughter was born to them.

Then they moved to a small farm thirteen miles from Elizabethtown, which they bought on credit, the country being yet so new that there were places to be had for mere promises to pay. Farms obtained on such terms were usually of very poor quality, and this one of Thomas Lincoln's was no exception to the rule. A cabin ready to be occupied stood on it, however; and not far away, hidden in a pretty clump of trees and bushes, was a fine spring of water, because of which the place was known as Rock Spring Farm. In the cabin on this farm the future President of the United States was born on February 12, 1809, and here the first four years of his life were spent. Then the Lincolns moved to a much bigger and better farm on Knob Creek, six miles from Hodgensville, which Thomas Lincoln bought, again on credit, selling the larger part of it soon afterward to another purchaser. Here they remained until Abraham was seven years old.

About this early part of his childhood almost nothing is known. He never talked of these days, even to his most intimate friends. To the pioneer child a farm offered much that a town lot could not give him—space; woods to roam in; Knob Creek with its running water and its deep, quiet pools for a playfellow; berries to be hunted for in summer and nuts in autumn; while all the year round birds and small animals pattered across his path to people the solitude in place of human companions. The boy had few comrades. He wandered about playing his lonesome little games, and, when these were finished, returned to the small and cheerless cabin. Once, when asked what he remembered about the War of 1812 with Great Britain, he replied: "Only this: I had been fishing one day and had caught a little fish, which I was taking home. I met a soldier in the road, and having always been told at home that we must be good to soldiers, I gave him my fish." It is only a glimpse into his life, but it shows the solitary, generous child, and the patriotic household.

It was while living on this farm that Abraham and his sister Sarah first began going to A-B-C schools. Their earliest teacher was Zachariah Riney, who taught near the Lincoln cabin; the next was Caleb Hazel, four miles away.

In spite of the tragedy that darkened his childhood, Thomas Lincoln seems to have been a cheery, indolent, good-natured man. By means of a little farming and occasional jobs at his trade, he managed to supply his family with the absolutely necessary food and shelter, but he never got on in the world. He found it much easier to gossip with his friends, or to dream about rich new lands in the West, than to make a thrifty living in the place where he happened to be. The blood of the pioneer was in his veins too — the desire to move westward; and hearing glowing accounts of the new territory of Indiana, he resolved to go and see it for himself. His skill as a carpenter made this not only possible but reasonably cheap, and in the fall of 1816 he built himself a little flatboat, launched it half a mile from his cabin, at the mouth of Knob Creek on the waters of the Rolling Fork, and floated on it down that stream to Salt River, down Salt River to the Ohio, and down the Ohio to a landing called Thompson's Ferry on the Indiana shore.

Sixteen miles out from the river, near a small stream known as Pigeon Creek, he found a spot in the forest that suited him; and as his boat could not be made to float upstream, he sold it, stored his goods with an obliging settler, and trudged back to Kentucky, all the way on foot, to fetch his wife and children — Sarah, who was now nine years old, and Abraham, seven. This time the journey to Indiana was made with two horses, used by the mother and children for riding, and to carry their little camping outfit for the night. The distance from their old home was, in a straight line, little more than fifty miles, but they had to go double that distance because of the very few roads it was possible to follow.

Reaching the Ohio River and crossing to the Indiana shore, Thomas Lincoln hired a wagon which carried his family and their belongings the remaining sixteen miles through the forest to the spot he had chosen — a piece of heavily wooded land, one and a half miles east of what has since become the village of Gentryville in Spencer County. The lateness of the autumn made it necessary to put up a shelter as quickly as possible, and he built what was known on the frontier as a half-faced camp, about fourteen feet square. This differed from a cabin in that it was closed on only three sides, being quite open to the weather on the fourth. A fire was usually made in front of the open side, and thus the necessity for having a chimney was done away with. Thomas Lincoln doubtless intended this only for a temporary shelter, and as such it would have done well enough in pleasant summer weather; but it was a rude provision against the storms and winds of an Indiana winter. It shows his want of energy that the family remained housed in this poor camp for nearly a whole year; but, after all, he must not be too hastily blamed. He was far from idle. A cabin was doubtless begun, and there was the very heavy work of clearing away the timber—cutting down large trees, chopping them into suitable lengths, and rolling them together into great heaps to be burned, or of splitting them into rails to fence the small field upon which he managed to raise a patch of corn and other things during the following summer.

Though only seven years old, Abraham was unusually large and strong for his age, and he helped his father in all this heavy labor of clearing the farm. In after years, Mr. Lincoln said that an ax "was put into his hands at once, and from that till within his twenty-third year he was almost constantly handling that most useful instrument—less, of course, in ploughing and harvesting seasons." At first the Lincolns and their seven or eight neighbors lived in the unbroken forest. They had only the tools and household goods they brought with them, or such things as they could fashion with their own hands. There was no sawmill to saw lumber. The village of Gentryville was not even begun. Breadstuff could be had only by sending young Abraham seven miles on horseback with a bag of corn to be ground in a hand grist-mill.

About the time the new cabin was ready relatives and friends followed from Kentucky, and some of these in turn occupied the half-faced camp. During the autumn a severe and mysterious sickness broke out in their little settlement, and a number of people died, among them the mother of young Abraham. There was no help to be had beyond what the neighbors could give each other. The nearest doctor lived fully thirty miles away. There was not even a minister to conduct the funerals. Thomas Lincoln made the coffins for the dead out of green lumber cut from the forest trees with a whip-saw, and they were laid to rest in a clearing in the woods. Months afterward, largely through the efforts of the sorrowing boy, a preacher who chanced to come that way was induced to hold a service and preach a sermon over the grave of Mrs. Lincoln.

Her death was indeed a serious blow to her husband and children. Abraham's sister, Sarah, was only eleven years old, and the tasks and cares of the little household were altogether too heavy for her years and experience. Nevertheless they struggled bravely through the winter and following summer; then in the autumn of 1819 Thomas Lincoln went back to Kentucky and married Sarah Bush Johnston, whom he had known, and it is said courted, when she was only Sally Bush. She had married about the time Lincoln married Nancy Hanks, and her husband had died, leaving her with three children. She came of a better station in life than Thomas, and was a woman with an excellent mind as well as a warm and generous heart. The household goods that she brought with her to the Lincoln home filled a four-horse wagon, and not only were her own children well clothed and cared for, but she was able at once to provide little Abraham and Sarah with comforts to which they had been strangers during the whole of their young lives. Under her wise management all jealousy was avoided between the two sets of children; urged on by her stirring example, Thomas Lincoln supplied the yet unfinished cabin with floor, door, and windows, and life became more comfortable for all its inmates, contentment if not happiness reigning in the little home.

The new stepmother quickly became very fond of Abraham, and encouraged him in every way in her power to study and improve himself. The chances for this were few enough. Mr. Lincoln has left us a vivid picture of the situation. "It was," he once wrote, "a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond readin', writin', and cipherin' to the Rule of Three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard."

The school-house was a low cabin of round logs, with split logs or "puncheons" for a floor, split logs roughly leveled with an ax and set up on legs for benches, and holes cut out in the logs and the space filled in with squares of greased paper for window-panes. The main light came in through the open door. Very often Webster's "Elementary Spelling-book" was the only text-book. This was the kind of school most common in the Middle West during Mr. Lincoln's boyhood, though already in some places there were schools of a more pretentious character. Indeed, back in Kentucky, at the very time that Abraham, a child of six, was learning his letters from Zachariah Riney, a boy only a year older was attending a Catholic seminary in the very next county. It is doubtful if they ever met, but the destinies of the two were strangely interwoven, for the older boy was Jefferson Davis, who became head of the Confederate government shortly after Lincoln was elected President of the United States.

As Abraham was only seven years old when he left Kentucky, the little beginnings he learned in the schools kept by Riney and Hazel in that state must have been very slight, probably only his alphabet, or at most only three or four pages of Webster's "Elementary Spelling-book." The multiplication-table was still a mystery to him, and he could read or write only the words he spelled. His first two years in Indiana seem to have passed without schooling of any sort, and the school he attended shortly after coming under the care of his stepmother was of the simplest kind, for the Pigeon Creek settlement numbered only eight or ten poor families, and they lived deep in the forest, where, even if they had had the money for such luxuries, it would have been impossible to buy books, slates, pens, ink, or paper. It is worthy of note, however, that in our western country, even under such difficulties, a school-house was one of the first buildings to rise in every frontier settlement. Abraham's second school in Indiana was held when he was fourteen years old, and the third in his seventeenth year. By that time he had more books and better teachers, but he had to walk four or five miles to reach them. We know that he learned to write, and was provided with pen, ink, and a copy-book, and a very small supply of writing paper, for copies have been printed of several scraps on which he carefully wrote down tables of long measure, land measure, and dry measure, as well as examples in multiplication and compound division, from his arithmetic. He was never able to go to school again after this time, and though the instruction he received from his five teachers—two in Kentucky and three in Indiana—extended over a period of nine years, it must be remembered that it made up in all less than one twelvemonth; "that the aggregate of all his schooling did not amount to one year."

The fact that he received this instruction, as he himself said, "by littles," was doubtless an advantage. A lazy or indifferent boy would of course have forgotten what was taught him at one time before he had opportunity at another; but Abraham was neither indifferent nor lazy, and these widely separated fragments of instruction were precious steps to self-help. He pursued his studies with very unusual purpose and determination not only to understand them at the moment, but to fix them firmly in his mind. His early companions all agree that he employed every spare moment in keeping on with some one of his studies. His stepmother tells us that "When he came across a passage that struck him, he would write it down on boards if he had no paper, and keep it there until he did get paper. Then he would rewrite it, look at it, repeat it. He had a copy-book, a kind of scrap-book, in which he put down all things, and thus preserved them." He spent long evenings doing sums on the fire-shovel. Iron fire-shovels were a rarity among pioneers. Instead they used a broad, thin clapboard with one end narrowed to a handle, arranging with this the piles of coals upon the hearth, over which they set their "skillet" and "oven" to do their cooking. It was on such a wooden shovel that Abraham worked his sums by the flickering firelight, making his figures with a piece of charcoal, and, when the shovel was all covered, taking a drawing-knife and shaving it off clean again.

The hours that he was able to devote to his penmanship, his reading, and his arithmetic were by no means many; for, save for the short time that he was actually in school, he was, during all these years, laboring hard on his father's farm, or hiring his youthful strength to neighbors who had need of help in the work of field or forest. In pursuit of his knowledge he was on an up-hill path; yet in spite of all obstacles he worked his way to so much of an education as placed him far ahead of his schoolmates and quickly abreast of his various teachers. He borrowed every book in the neighborhood. The list is a short one: "Robinson Crusoe," "Aesop's Fables," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Weems's "Life of Washington," and a "History of the United States." When everything else had been read, he resolutely began on the "Revised Statutes of Indiana," which Dave Turnham, the constable, had in daily use, but permitted him to come to his house and read.

Though so fond of his books, it must not be supposed that he cared only for work and serious study. He was a social, sunny-tempered lad, as fond of jokes and fun as he was kindly and industrious. His stepmother said of him: "I can say, what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say, Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused . . . . to do anything I asked him. . . . . I must say . . . . that Abe was the best boy I ever saw or expect to see."

He and John Johnston, his stepmother's son, and John Hanks, a relative of his own mother's, worked barefoot together in the fields, grubbing, plowing, hoeing, gathering and shucking corn, and taking part, when occasion offered, in the practical jokes and athletic exercises that enlivened the hard work of the pioneers. For both work and play Abraham had one great advantage. He was not only a tall, strong country boy; he soon grew to be a tall, strong, sinewy man. He early reached the unusual height of six feet four inches, and his long arms gave him a degree of power as an axman that few were able to rival. He therefore usually led his fellows in efforts of muscle as well as of mind. That he could outrun, outlift, outwrestle his boyish companions, that he could chop faster, split more rails in a day, carry a heavier log at a "raising," or excel the neighborhood champion in any feat of frontier athletics, was doubtless a matter of pride with him; but stronger than all else was his eager craving for knowledge. He felt instinctively that the power of using the mind rather than the muscles was the key to success. He wished not only to wrestle with the best of them, but to be able to talk like the preacher, spell and cipher like the school-master, argue like the lawyer, and write like the editor. Yet he was as far as possible from being a prig. He was helpful, sympathetic, cheerful. In all the neighborhood gatherings, when settlers of various ages came together at corn-huskings or house-raisings, or when mere chance brought half a dozen of them at the same time to the post-office or the country store, he was able, according to his years, to add his full share to the gaiety of the company. By reason of his reading and his excellent memory, he soon became the best story-teller among his companions; and even the slight training gained from his studies greatly broadened and strengthened the strong reasoning faculty with which he had been gifted by nature. His wit might be mischievous, but it was never malicious, and his nonsense was never intended to wound or to hurt the feelings. It is told of him that he added to his fund of jokes and stories humorous imitations of the sermons of eccentric preachers.

Very likely too much is made of all these boyish pranks. He grew up very like his fellows. In only one particular did he differ greatly from the frontier boys around him. He never took any pleasure in hunting. Almost every youth of the backwoods early became an excellent shot and a confirmed sportsman. The woods still swarmed with game, and every cabin depended largely upon this for its supply of food. But to his strength was added a gentleness which made him shrink from killing or inflicting pain, and the time the other boys gave to lying in ambush, he preferred to spend in reading or in efforts at improving his mind.

Only twice during his life in Indiana was the routine of his employment changed. When he was about sixteen years old he worked for a time for a man who lived at the mouth of Anderson's Creek, and here part of his duty was to manage a ferry-boat which carried passengers across the Ohio River. It was very likely this experience which, three years later, brought him another. Mr. Gentry, the chief man of the village of Gentryville that had grown up a mile or so from his father's cabin, loaded a flatboat on the Ohio River with the produce his store had collected — corn, flour, pork, bacon, and other miscellaneous provisions — and putting it in charge of his son Allen Gentry and of Abraham Lincoln, sent them with it down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, to sell its cargo at the plantations of the lower Mississippi, where sugar and cotton were the principal crops, and where other food supplies were needed to feed the slaves. No better proof is needed of the reputation for strength, skill, honesty, and intelligence that this tall country boy had already won for himself, than that he was chosen to navigate the flatboat a thousand miles to the "sugar-coast" of the Mississippi River, sell its load, and bring back the money. Allen Gentry was supposed to be in command, but from the record of his after life we may be sure that Abraham did his full share both of work and management. The elder Gentry paid Lincoln eight dollars a month and his passage home on a steamboat for this service. The voyage was made successfully, although not without adventure; for one night, after the boat was tied up to the shore, the boys were attacked by seven negroes, who came aboard intending to kill and rob him. There was a lively scrimmage, in which, though slightly hurt, they managed to beat off their assailants, and then, hastily cutting their boat adrift, swung out on the stream. The marauding band little dreamed that they were attacking the man who in after years was to give their race its freedom; and though the future was equally hidden from Abraham, it is hard to estimate the vistas of hope and ambition that this long journey opened to him. It was his first look into the wide, wide world.

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Anna Howard Shaw (1847–1919) was national lecturer for the National American Woman Suffrage Association from 1886 to 1904, and was president of that association from 1904 to 1915. She was known as a lecturer rather than as an author, but her autobiography, entitled *The Story of a Pioneer*, is a charming book that will help us realize some of the tragedy and humor of pioneer days and some of the difficulties that had to be overcome by a woman who was determined to follow a career practically closed to women. (The selection below is from the early part of *The Story of a Pioneer*, and is used here by permission of the publishers, Harper & Brothers, New York.)

IN THE WESTERN WILDERNESS

ANNA HOWARD SHAW

My father was one of a number of Englishmen who took up tracts in the northern forests of Michigan, with the old dream of establishing a colony there. None of these men had the least practical knowledge of farming. They were city men or followers of trades which had no connection with farm life. They went straight into the thick timber-land, instead of going to the rich and waiting prairies, and they crowned this initial mistake by cutting down the splendid timber instead of letting it stand. Thus bird's-eye maple and other beautiful woods were used as fire-wood and in the construction of rude cabins, and the greatest asset of the pioneer was ignored.

Father preceded us to the Michigan woods, and there, with his oldest son, James, took up a claim. They cleared a space in the wilderness just large enough for a log cabin, and put up the bare walls of the cabin itself. Then father returned to Lawrence and his work, leaving James behind. A few months later (this was in 1859), my mother, my two sisters, Eleanor and Mary, my youngest brother, Henry, eight years of age, and I, then twelve, went to Michigan to work on and hold down the claim while father, for eighteen months longer, stayed on in Lawrence, sending us such remittances as he could. His second and third sons, John and Thomas, remained in the East with him.

Every detail of our journey through the wilderness is clear in my mind. At that time the railroad terminated at Grand Rapids, Michigan, and we covered the remaining distance—about one hundred miles—by wagon, riding through a dense and often trackless forest. My brother James met us at Grand Rapids with what, in those days, was called a lumber-wagon, but which had a horrible resemblance to a vehicle from the health department. My sisters and I gave it one cold look and turned from it; we were so pained by its appearance that we refused to ride in it through the town. Instead, we started off on foot, trying to look as if we had no association with it, and we climbed into the unwildy vehicle only when the city streets were far behind us. Every available inch of space in the wagon was filled with bedding and provisions. As yet we had no furniture; we were to make that for ourselves when we reached our cabin; and there was so little room for us to ride that we children walked by turns, while James, from the beginning of the journey to its end, seven days later, led our weary horses.

To my mother, who was never strong, the whole experience must have been a nightmare of suffering and stoical endurance. For us children there were compensations. The expedition took on the character of a high adventure, in which we sometimes had shelter and sometimes failed to find it, sometimes were fed, but often went hungry. We forded innumerable streams, the wheels of the heavy wagon sinking so deeply into the stream-beds that we often had to empty our load before we could get them out again. Fallen trees lay across our paths, rivers caused long detours, while again and again we lost our way or were turned aside by impenetrable forest tangles.

Our first day's journey covered less than eight miles, and that night we stopped at a farm-house which was the last bit of civilization we saw. Early the next morning we were off again, making the slow progress due to the rough roads and our heavy load. At night we stopped at a place called Thomas's Inn, only to be told by the woman who kept it that there was nothing in the house to eat. Her husband, she said, had gone "outside" (to Grand Rapids) to get some flour, and had not returned—but she added that we could spend the night, if we chose, and enjoy shelter, if not food. We had provisions in our wagon, so we wearily entered, after my brother had got out some of our pork and opened a barrel of flour. With this help the woman made some biscuits, which were so green that my poor mother could not eat them. She had admitted to us that the one thing she had in the house was saleratus, and she had used this ingredient with an unsparing hand. When the meal was eaten she broke the further news that there were no beds.

"The old woman can sleep with me," she suggested, "and the girls can sleep on the floor. The boys will have to go to the barn."

She and her bed were not especially attractive, and mother decided to lie on the floor with us. We had taken our bedding from the wagon, and we slept very well; but though she was usually superior to small annoyances, I think my mother resented being called an "old woman." She must have felt like one that night, but she was only about forty-eight years of age.

At dawn the next morning we resumed our journey, and every day after that we were able to cover the distance demanded by the schedule arranged before we started. This meant that some sort of shelter usually awaited us at night. But one day we knew there would be no houses between the place we left in the morning and that where we were to sleep. The distance was about twenty miles, and when twilight fell we had not made it. In the back of the wagon my mother had a box of little pigs, and during the afternoon these had broken loose and escaped into the woods. We had lost much time in finding them, and we were so exhausted that when we came to a hut made of twigs and boughs we decided to camp in it for the night, though we knew nothing about it. My brother had unharnessed the horses, and my mother and sister were cooking dough-god—a mixture of flour, water, and soda, fried in a pan—when two men rode up on horseback and called my brother to one side. Immediately after the talk which followed James harnessed his horses again and forced us to go on, though by that time darkness had fallen. He told mother, but did not tell us children until long afterward, that a man had been murdered in the hut only the night before. The murderer was still at large in the woods, and the new-comers were members of a posse who were searching for him. My brother needed no urging to put as many miles as he could between us and the sinister spot.

In that fashion we made our way to our new home. The last day, like the first, we traveled only eight miles, but we spent the night in a house I shall never forget. It was beautifully clean, and for our evening meal its mistress brought out loaves of bread which were the largest we had ever seen. She cut great slices of this bread for us and spread maple sugar on them, and it seemed to us that never before had anything tasted so good.

The next morning we made the last stage of our journey, our hearts filled with the joy of nearing our new home. We all had an idea that we were going to a farm, and we expected some resemblance at least to the prosperous farms we had seen in New England. My mother's mental picture was, naturally, of an English farm. Possibly she had visions of red barns and deep meadows, sunny skies and daisies. What we found awaiting us were the four walls and the roof of a good-sized log-house, standing in a small cleared strip of the wilderness, its doors and windows represented by square holes, its floor also a thing of the future, its whole effect achingly forlorn and desolate. It was late in the afternoon when we drove up to the opening that was its front entrance, and I shall never forget the look my mother turned upon the place. Without a word she crossed its threshold, and, standing very still, looked slowly around her. Then something within her seemed to give way, and she sank upon the ground. She could not realize even then, I think, that this was really the place father had prepared for us, that here he expected us to live. When she finally took it in she buried her face in her hands, and in that way she sat for hours without moving or speaking. For the first time in her life she had forgotten us; and we, for our part, dared not speak to her. We stood around her in a frightened group, talking to one another in whispers. Our little world had crumbled under our feet. Never before had we seen our mother give way to despair.

Night began to fall. The woods became alive with night creatures, and the most harmless made the most noise. The owls began to hoot, and soon we heard the wildcat, whose cry—a screech like that of a lost and panic-stricken child—is one of the most appalling sounds of the forest. Later the wolves added their howls to the uproar, but though darkness came and we children whimpered around her, our mother still sat in her strange lethargy.

At last my brother brought the horses close to the cabin and built fires to protect them and us. He was only twenty, but he showed himself a man during those early pioneer days. While he was picketing the horses and building his protecting fires my mother came to herself, but her face when she raised it was worse than her silence had been. She seemed to have died and to have returned to us from the grave, and I am sure she felt that she had done so. From that moment she took up again the burden of her life, a burden she did not lay down until she passed away; but her face never lost the deep lines those first hours of her pioneer life had cut upon it.

That night we slept on boughs spread on the earth inside the cabin walls, and we put blankets before the holes which represented our doors and windows, and kept our watch-fires burning. Soon the other children fell asleep, but there was no sleep for me. I was only twelve years old, but my mind was full of fancies. Behind our blankets, swaying in the night wind, I thought I saw the heads and pushing shoulders of animals and heard their padded footfalls.

We faced our situation with clear and unalarmed eyes the morning after our arrival. The problem of food, we knew, was at least temporarily solved. We had brought with us enough coffee, pork, and flour to last for several weeks; and the one necessity father had put inside the cabin walls was a great fireplace, made of mud and stones, in which our food could be cooked. The problem of our water-supply was less simple, but my brother James solved it for the time by showing us a creek a long distance from the house, and for months we carried from this creek, in pails, every drop of water we used, save that which we caught in troughs when the rain fell.

We held a family council after breakfast, and in this, though I was only twelve, I took an eager and determined part. I loved work—it has always been my favorite form of recreation—and my spirit rose to the opportunities of it which smiled on us from every side. Obviously the first thing to do was to put doors and windows into the yawning holes father had left for them, and to lay a board flooring over the earth inside our cabin walls, and these duties we accomplished before we had occupied our new home a fortnight. There was a small saw-mill nine miles from our cabin, on the spot that is now Big Rapids, and there we bought our lumber. The labor we supplied ourselves, and though we put our hearts into it and the results at the time seemed beautiful to our partial eyes, I am forced to admit, in looking back upon them, that they halted this side of perfection. We began by making three windows and two doors; then, inspired by these achievements, we ambitiously constructed an attic and divided the ground floor with partitions, which gave us four rooms.

The general effect was temperamental and sketchy. The boards which formed the floor were never even nailed down; they were fine, wide planks without a knot in them, and they looked so well that we merely fitted them together as closely as we could and light-heartedly let them go at that. Neither did we properly chink the house. Nothing is more comfortable than a log cabin which has been carefully built and finished; but for some reason — probably because there seemed always a more urgent duty calling to us around the corner — we never plastered our house at all. The result was that on many future winter mornings we awoke to find ourselves chastely blanketed by snow, while the only warm spot in our living-room was that directly in front of the fireplace, where great logs burned all day. Even there our faces scorched while our spines slowly congealed, until we learned to revolve before the fire like a bird upon a spit. No doubt we would have worked more thoroughly if my brother James, who was twenty years old and our tower of strength, had remained with us; but when we had been in our new home only a few months he fell ill and was forced to go East for an operation. He was never able to return to us, and thus my mother, we three young girls, and my youngest brother — Harry, who was only eight years old — made our fight alone until father came to us, more than a year later.

Mother was practically an invalid. She had a nervous affection which made it impossible for her to stand without the support of a chair. But she sewed with unusual skill, and it was due to her that our clothes, notwithstanding the strain to which we subjected them, were always in good condition. She sewed for hours every day, and she was able to move about the house, after a fashion, by pushing herself around on a stool which James made for her as soon as we arrived. He also built for her a more comfortable chair with a high back.

The division of labor planned at the first council was that mother should do our sewing, and my older sisters, Eleanor and Mary, the housework, which was far from taxing, for of course we lived in the simplest manner. My brothers and I were to do the work out of doors, an arrangement that suited me very well, though at first, owing to our lack of experience, our activities were somewhat curtailed. It was too late in the season for plowing or planting, even if we had possessed anything with which to plow, and, moreover, our so-called "cleared" land was thick with sturdy tree-stumps. Even during the second summer plowing was impossible; we could only plant potatoes and corn, and follow the most primitive method in doing even this. We took an ax, chopped up the sod, put the seed under it, and let the seed grow. The seed did grow, too — in the most gratifying and encouraging manner. Our green corn and potatoes were the best I have ever eaten. But for the present we lacked these luxuries.

We had, however, in their place, large quantities of wild fruit — gooseberries, raspberries, and plums — which Harry and I gathered on the banks of our creek. Harry also became an expert fisherman. We had no hooks or lines, but he took wires from our hoop-skirts and made snares at the ends of poles. My part of this work was to stand on a log and frighten the fish out of their holes by making horrible sounds, which I did with impassioned earnestness. When the fish hurried to the surface of the water to investigate the appalling noises they had heard, they were easily snared by our small boy, who was very proud of his ability to contribute in this way to the family table.

During our first winter we lived largely on cornmeal, making a little journey of twenty miles to the nearest mill to buy it; but even at that we were better off than our neighbors, for I remember one family in our region who for an entire winter lived solely on coarse-grained yellow turnips, gratefully changing their diet to leeks when these came in the spring.

Such furniture as we had we made ourselves. In addition to my mother's two chairs and the bunks which took the place of beds, James made a settle for the living-room, as well as a table and several stools. At first we had our tree-cutting done for us, but we soon became expert in this gentle art, and I developed such skill that in later years, after father came, I used to stand with him and "heart" a log.

On every side, and at every hour of the day, we came up against the relentless limitations of pioneer life. There was not a team of horses in our entire region. The team with which my brother had driven us through the wilderness had been hired at Grand Rapids for that occasion, and, of course, immediately returned. Our lumber was delivered by ox-teams, and the absolutely essential purchases we made "outside" (at the nearest shops, forty miles away) were carried through the forest on the backs of men. Our mail was delivered once a month by a carrier who made the journey in alternate stages of horseback riding and canoeing. But we had health, youth, enthusiasm, good appetites, and the wherewithal to satisfy them, and at night in our primitive bunks we sank into abysses of dreamless slumber such as I have never known since. Indeed, looking back upon them, those first months seem to have been a long-drawn-out and glorious picnic, interrupted only by occasional hours of pain or panic, when we were hurt or frightened.

Naturally, our two greatest menaces were wild animals and Indians, but as the days passed the first of these lost the early terrors with which we had associated them. We grew indifferent to the sounds that had made our first night a horror to us all — there was even a certain homeliness in them — while we regarded with accustomed, almost blase eyes the various furred creatures of which we caught distant glimpses as they slunk through the forest. Their experience with other settlers had taught them caution; it soon became clear that they were as eager to avoid us as we were to shun them, and by common consent we gave each other ample elbow-room. But the Indians were all around us, and every settler had a collection of hair-raising tales to tell of them. It was generally agreed that they were dangerous only when they were drunk; but as they were drunk whenever they could get whisky, and as whisky was constantly given them in exchange for pelts and game, there was a harrowing doubt in our minds whenever they approached us.

In my first encounter with them I was alone in the woods at sunset with my small brother Harry. We were hunting a cow James had bought, and our young eyes were peering eagerly among the trees, on the alert for any moving object. Suddenly, at a little distance, coming directly toward us, we saw a party of Indians. There were five of them, all men, walking in single file, as noiselessly as ghosts, their moccasined feet causing not even a rustle among the dry leaves that carpeted the woods. All the horrible stories we had heard of Indian cruelty flashed into our minds, and for a moment we were dumb with terror. Then I remembered having been told that the one thing one must not do before them is to show fear. Harry was carrying a rope with which we had expected to lead home our reluctant cow, and I seized one end of it and whispered to him that we would "play horse," pretending he was driving me. We pranced toward the Indians on feet that felt like lead, and with eyes so glazed by terror that we could see nothing save a line of moving figures; but as we passed them they did not give to our little impersonation of care-free children even the tribute of a side-glance. They were, we realized, headed straight for our home; and after a few moments we doubled on our tracks and, keeping at a safe distance from them among the trees, ran back to warn our mother that they were coming.

As it happened, James was away, and mother had to meet her unwelcome guests supported only by her young children. She at once prepared a meal, however, and when they arrived she welcomed them calmly and gave them the best she had. After they had eaten they began to point at and demand objects they fancied in the room—my brother's pipe, some tobacco, a bowl, and such trifles—and my mother, who was afraid to annoy them by refusal, gave them what they asked. They were quite sober, and though they left without expressing any appreciation of her hospitality, they made her a second visit a few months later, bringing a large quantity of venison and a bag of cranberries as a graceful return. These Indians were Ottawas; and later we became very friendly with them and their tribe, even to the degree of attending one of their dances, which I shall describe later.

Our second encounter with Indians was a less agreeable experience. There were seven "Marquette warriors" in the next group of callers, and they were all intoxicated. Moreover, they had brought with them several jugs of bad whisky—the raw and craze-provoking product supplied them by the fur-dealers—and it was clear that our cabin was to be the scene of an orgy. Fortunately, my brother James was at home on this occasion, and as the evening grew old and the Indians, grouped together around the fire, became more and more irresponsible, he devised a plan for our safety. Our attic was finished, and its sole entrance was by a ladder through a trap-door. At James's whispered command my sister Eleanor slipped up into the attic, and from the back window let down a rope, to which he tied all the weapons we had—his gun and several axes. These Eleanor drew up and concealed in one of the bunks. My brother then directed that as quietly as possible; and at long intervals, one member of the family after another was to slip up the ladder and into the attic, going quite casually, that the Indians might not realize what we were doing. Once there, with the ladder drawn up after us and the trap-door closed, we would be reasonably safe, unless our guests decided to burn the cabin.

The evening seemed endless, and was certainly nerve-racking. The Indians ate everything in the house, and from my seat in a dim corner I watched them while my sisters waited on them. I can still see the tableau they made in the firelit room and hear the unfamiliar accents of their speech as they talked together. Occasionally one of them would pull a hair from his head, seize his scalping-knife, and cut the hair with it—a most unpleasant sight! When either of my sisters approached them some of the Indians would make gestures, as if capturing and scalping her. Through it all, however, the whisky held their close attention, and it was due to this that we succeeded in reaching the attic unobserved, James coming last of all and drawing the ladder after him. Mother and the children were then put to bed; but through that interminable night James and Eleanor lay flat upon the floor, watching through the cracks between the boards the revels of the drunken Indians, which grew wilder with every hour that crawled toward sunrise. There was no knowing when they would miss us or how soon their mood might change. At any moment they might make an attack upon us or set fire to the cabin. By dawn, however, their whisky was all gone, and they were in so deep a stupor that, one after the other, the seven fell from their chairs to the floor, where they sprawled unconscious. When they awoke they left quietly and without trouble of any kind. They seemed a strangely subdued and chastened band; probably they were wretchedly ill after their debauch on the adulterated whisky the traders had given them.

That autumn the Ottawa tribe had a great corn celebration, to which we and the other settlers were invited. James and my older sisters attended it, and I went with them, by my own urgent invitation. It seemed to me that as I was sharing the work and the perils of our new environment, I might as well share its joys; and I finally succeeded in making my family see the logic of this position. The central feature of the festivity was a huge kettle, many feet in circumference, into which the Indians dropped the most extraordinary variety of food we had ever seen combined. Deer heads went into it whole, as well as every kind of meat and vegetable the members of the tribe could procure. We all ate some of this agreeable mixture, and later, with one another, and even with the Indians, we danced gaily to the music of a tom-tom and a drum. The affair was extremely interesting until the whisky entered and did its unpleasant work. When our hosts began to fall over in the dance and slumber where they lay, and when the squaws began to show the same ill effects of their refreshments, we unostentatiously slipped away.

During the winter, life offered us few diversions and many hardships. Our creek froze over, and the water problem became a serious one, which we met with increasing difficulty as the temperature steadily fell. We melted snow and ice, and existed through the frozen months, but with an amount of discomfort which made us unwilling to repeat at least that special phase of our experience. In the spring, therefore, I made a well. Long before this, James had gone, and Harry and I were now the only out-door members of our working-force. Harry was still too small to help with the well; but a young man, who had formed the neighborly habit of riding eighteen miles to call on us, gave me much friendly aid. We located the well with a switch, and when we had dug as far as we could reach with our spades, my assistant descended into the hole and threw the earth up to the edge, from which I in turn removed it. As the well grew deeper we made a half-way shelf, on which I stood, he throwing the earth on the shelf, and I shoveling it up from that point. Later, as he descended still farther into the hole we were making, he shoveled the earth into buckets and passed them up to me, I passing them on to my sister, who was now pressed into service. When the excavation was deep enough we made the wall of slabs of wood, roughly joined together. I recall that well with calm content. It was not a thing of beauty, but it was a thoroughly practical well, and it remained the only one we had during the twelve years the family occupied the cabin.

The second spring after our arrival Harry and I extended our operations by tapping the sugar-bushes, collecting all the sap, and carrying it home in pails slung from our yoke-laden shoulders. Together we made one hundred and fifty pounds of sugar and a barrel of syrup, but here again, as always, we worked in primitive ways. To get the sap we chopped a gash in the tree and drove in a spile. Then we dug out a trough to catch the sap. It was no light task to lift these troughs full of sap and empty the sap into buckets, but we did it successfully, and afterward built fires and boiled it down. By this time we had also cleared some of our ground, and during the spring we were able to plow, dividing the work in a way that seemed fair to us both. These were strenuous occupations for a boy of nine and a girl of thirteen, but, though we were not inordinately good children, we never complained; we found them very satisfactory substitutes for more normal bucolic joys. Inevitably, we had our little tragedies. Our cow died, and for an entire winter we went without milk. Our coffee soon gave out, and as a substitute we made and used a mixture of browned peas and burnt rye. In the winter we were always cold, and the water problem, until we had built our well, was ever with us.

When I was fifteen years old I was offered a situation as school-teacher. By this time the community was growing around us with the rapidity characteristic of these Western settlements, and we had nearer neighbors whose children needed instruction. I passed an examination before a school-board consisting of three nervous and self-conscious men whose certificate I still hold, and I at once began my professional career on the modest salary of two dollars a week and my board. The school was four miles from my home, so I "boarded round" with the families of my pupils, staying two weeks in each place, and often walking from three to six miles a day to and from my little log schoolhouse in every kind of weather. During the first year I had about fourteen pupils, of varying ages, sizes, and temperaments, and there was hardly a book in the schoolroom except those I owned. One little girl, I remembered, read from an almanac, while a second used a hymn-book.

In winter the school-house was heated by a wood-stove to which the teacher had to give close personal attention. I could not depend on my pupils to make the fires or carry in the fuel; and it was often necessary to fetch the wood myself, sometimes for long distances through the forest. Again and again, after miles of walking through winter storms, I reached the school-house with my clothing wet through, and in these soaked garments I taught during the day. In "boarding round" I often found myself in one-room cabins, with bunks at the end and the sole partition a sheet or a blanket, behind which I slept with one or two of the children. It was the custom on these occasions for the man of the house to delicately retire to the barn while we women got to bed, and to disappear again in the morning while we dressed. In some places the meals were so badly cooked that I could not eat them, and often the only food my poor little pupils brought to school for their noonday meal was a piece of bread or a bit of raw pork.

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Hero stories have a special place in the literature of childhood, and of all such stories none has ever surpassed that of Leonidas and his brave Spartans. The account of that famous event is given from Miss Yonge's *A Book of Golden Deeds* (1864), which is yet one of the best storehouses of hero stories. It is published in a variety of editions by different publishers, and teachers will find it an excellent source for usable material.

THE PASS OF THERMOPYLAE

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

B. C. 430

There was trembling in Greece. "The Great King," as the Greeks called the chief potentate of the East, whose domains stretched from the Indian Caucasus to the Aegæus, from the Caspian to the Red Sea, was marshaling his forces against the little free states that nestled amid the rocks and gulfs of the Eastern Mediterranean. Already had his might devoured the cherished colonies of the Greeks on the eastern shore of the Archipelago, and every traitor to home institutions found a ready asylum at that despotic court, and tried to revenge his own wrongs by whispering incitements to invasion. "All people, nations, and languages," was the commencement of the decrees of that monarch's court; and it was scarcely a vain boast, for his satraps ruled over subject kingdoms, and among his tributary nations he counted the Chaldean, with his learning and old civilization, the wise and steadfast Jew, the skillful Phœnician, the learned Egyptian, the wild freebooting Arab of the desert, the dark-skinned Ethiopian, and over all these ruled the keen witted, active native Persian race, the conquerors of all the rest, and led by a chosen band proudly called the Immortal. His many capitals—Babylon the great, Susa, Persepolis, and the like—were names of dreamy splendor to the Greeks, described now and then by Ionians from Asia Minor who had carried their tribute to the King's own feet, or by courtier slaves who had escaped with difficulty from being all too serviceable at the tyrannic court. And the lord of this enormous empire was about to launch his countless host against the little cluster of states, the whole of which together would hardly equal one province of the huge Asiatic realm! Moreover, it was a war not only on the men but on their gods. The Persians were zealous adorers of the sun and of fire, they abhorred the idol-worship of the Greeks, and defiled and plundered every temple that fell in their way. Death and desolation were almost the best that could be looked for at such hands—slavery and torture from cruelly barbarous masters would only too surely be the lot of numbers, should their land fall a prey to the conquerors.

True it was that ten years back the former Great King had sent his best troops to be signally defeated upon the coast of Attica; but the losses at Marathon had but stimulated the Persian lust of conquest, and the new King Xerxes was gathering together such myriads of men as should crush down the Greeks and overrun their country by mere force of numbers.

The muster place was at Sardis, and there Greek spies had seen the multitudes assembling and the state and magnificence of the king's attendants. Envoys had come from him to demand earth and water from each state in Greece, as emblems that land and sea were his, but each state was resolved to be free, and only Thessaly, that which lay first in his path, consented to yield the token of subjugation. A council was held at the Isthmus of Corinth, and attended by deputies from all the states of Greece to consider of the best means of defense. The ships of the enemy would coast round the shores of the Aegean sea, the land army would cross the Hellespont on a bridge of boats lashed together, and march southwards into Greece. The only hope of averting the danger lay in defending such passages as, from the nature of the ground, were so narrow that only a few persons could fight hand to hand at once, so that courage would be of more avail than numbers.

The first of these passes was called Tempe, and a body of troops was sent to guard it; but they found that this was useless and impossible, and came back again. The next was at Thermopylae. Look in your map of the Archipelago, or Aegean Sea, as it was then called, for the great island of Negropont, or by its old name, Eubœa. It looks like a piece broken off from the coast, and to the north is shaped like the head of a bird, with the beak running into a gulf, that would fit over it, upon the main land, and between the island and the coast is an exceedingly narrow strait. The Persian army would have to march round the edge of the gulf. They could not cut straight across the country, because the ridge of mountains called Oeta rose up and barred their way. Indeed, the woods, rocks, and precipices came down so near the sea-shore that in two places there was only room for one single wheel track between the steeps and the impassable morass that formed the border of the gulf on its south side. These two very narrow places were called the gates of the pass, and were about a mile apart. There was a little more width left in the intervening space; but in this there were a number of springs of warm mineral water, salt and sulphurous, which were used for the sick to bathe in, and thus the place was called Thermopylae, or the Hot Gates. A wall had once been built across the westernmost of these narrow places, when the Thessalians and Phocians, who lived on either side of it, had been at war with one another; but it had been allowed to go to decay, since the Phocians had found out that there was a very steep narrow mountain path along the bed of a torrent, by which it was possible to cross from one territory to the other without going round this marshy coast road.

This was, therefore, an excellent place to defend. The Greek ships were all drawn up on the further side of Eubœa to prevent the Persian vessels from getting into the strait and landing men beyond the pass, and a division of the army was sent off to guard the Hot Gates. The council at the Isthmus did not know of the mountain pathway, and thought that all would be safe as long as the Persians were kept out of the coast path.

The troops sent for this purpose were from different cities, and amounted to about 4,000 who were to keep the pass against two millions. The leader of them was Leonidas, who had newly become one of the two kings of Sparta, the city that above all in Greece trained its sons to be hardy soldiers, dreading death infinitely less than shame. Leonidas had already made up his mind that the expedition would probably be his death, perhaps because a prophecy had been given at the Temple at Delphi that Sparta should be saved by the death of one of her kings of the race of Hercules. He was allowed by law to take with him 300 men, and these he chose most carefully, not merely for their strength and courage, but selecting those who had sons, so that no family might altogether be destroyed. These Spartans, with their helots or slaves, made up his own share of the numbers, but all the army was under his generalship. It is even said that the 300 celebrated their own funeral rites before they set out lest they should be deprived of them by the enemy, since, as we have already seen, it was the Greek belief that the spirits of the dead found no rest till their obsequies had been performed. Such preparations did not daunt the spirits of Leonidas and his men, and his wife, Gorgo, was not a woman to be faint-hearted or hold him back. Long before, when she was a very little girl, a word of hers had saved her father from listening to a traitorous message from the King of Persia; and every Spartan lady was bred up to be able to say to those she best loved that they must come home from battle "with the shield or on it"—either carrying it victoriously or borne upon it as a corpse.

When Leonidas came to Thermopylae, the Phocians told him of the mountain path through the chestnut woods of Mount Oeta, and begged to have the privilege of guarding it on a spot high up on the mountain side, assuring him that it was very hard to find at the other end, and that there was every probability that the enemy would never discover it. He consented, and encamping around the warm springs, caused the broken wall to be repaired, and made ready to meet the foe.

The Persian army were seen covering the whole country like locusts, and the hearts of some of the southern Greeks in the pass began to sink. Their homes in the Peloponnesus were comparatively secure—had they not better fall back and reserve themselves to defend the Isthmus of Corinth? But Leonidas, though Sparta was safe below the Isthmus, had no intention of abandoning his northern allies, and kept the other Peloponnesians to their posts, only sending messengers for further help.

Presently a Persian on horseback rode up to reconnoiter the pass. He could not see over the wall, but in front of it and on the ramparts, he saw the Spartans, some of them engaged in active sports, and others in combing their long hair. He rode back to the king, and told him what he had seen. Now, Xerxes had in his camp an exiled Spartan Prince, named Demaratus, who had become a traitor to his country, and was serving as counselor to the enemy. Xerxes sent for him, and asked whether his countrymen were mad to be thus employed instead of fleeing away; but Demaratus made answer that a hard fight was no doubt in preparation, and that it was the custom of the Spartans to array their hair with especial care when they were about to enter upon any great peril. Xerxes would, however, not believe that so petty a force could intend to resist him, and waited four days, probably expecting his fleet to assist him, but as it did not appear, the attack was made.

The Greeks, stronger men and more heavily armed, were far better able to fight to advantage than the Persians with their short spears and wicker shields, and beat them off with great ease. It is said that Xerxes three times leapt off his throne in despair at the sight of his troops being driven backwards; and thus for two days it seemed as easy to force a way through the Spartans as through the rocks themselves. Nay, how could slavish troops, dragged from home to spread the victories of an ambitious king, fight like freemen who felt that their strokes were to defend their homes and children?

But on that evening a wretched man, named Ephialtes, crept into the Persian camp, and offered, for a great sum of money, to show the mountain path that would enable the enemy to take the brave defenders in the rear! A Persian general, named Hydarnes, was sent off at night-fall with a detachment to secure this passage, and was guided through the thick forests that clothed the hillside. In the stillness of the air, at daybreak, the Phocian guards of the path were startled by the crackling of the chestnut leaves under the tread of many feet. They started up, but a shower of arrows was discharged on them, and forgetting all save the present alarm, they fled to a higher part of the mountain, and the enemy, without waiting to pursue them, began to descend.

As day dawned, morning light showed the watchers of the Grecian camp below a glittering and shimmering in the torrent bed where the shaggy forests opened; but it was not the sparkle of water, but the shine of gilded helmets and the gleaming of silvered spears. Moreover, a Cimmerian crept over to the wall from the Persian camp with tidings that the path had been betrayed, that the enemy were climbing it, and would come down beyond the Eastern Gate. Still, the way was rugged and circuitous, the Persians would hardly descend before midday, and there was ample time for the Greeks to escape before they could thus be shut in by the enemy.

There was a short council held over the morning sacrifice. Megistias, the seer, on inspecting the entrails of the slain victim, declared, as well he might, that their appearance boded disaster. Him Leonidas ordered to retire, but he refused, though he sent home his only son. There was no disgrace to an ordinary tone of mind in leaving a post that could not be held, and Leonidas recommended all the allied troops under his command to march away while yet the way was open. As to himself and his Spartans, they had made up their minds to die at their post, and there could be no doubt that the example of such a resolution would do more to save Greece than their best efforts could ever do if they were careful to reserve themselves for another occasion.

All the allies consented to retreat, except the eighty men who came from Mycenae and the 700 Thespians, who declared that they would not desert Leonidas. There were also 400 Thebans who remained; and thus the whole number that stayed with Leonidas to confront two million of enemies were 1400 warriors, besides the helots or attendants on the 300 Spartans, whose number is not known, but there was probably at least one to each. Leonidas had two kinsmen in the camp, like himself, claiming the blood of Hercules, and he tried to save them by giving them letters and messages to Sparta; but one answered that "he had come to fight, not to carry letters"; and the other, that "his deeds would tell all that Sparta wished to know." Another Spartan, named Dienices, when told that the enemy's archers were so numerous that their arrows darkened the sun, replied, "So much the better, we shall fight in the shade." Two of the 300 had been sent to a neighboring village, suffering severely from a complaint in the eyes. One of them, called Eurytus, put on his armor, and commanded his helot to lead him to his place in the ranks; the other, called Aristodemus, was so overpowered with illness that he allowed himself to be carried away with the retreating allies. It was still early in the day when all were gone, and Leonidas gave the word to his men to take their last meal. "To-night," he said, "we shall sup with Pluto."

Hitherto, he had stood on the defensive, and had husbanded the lives of his men; but he now desired to make as great a slaughter as possible, so as to inspire the enemy with dread of the Grecian name. He therefore marched out beyond the wall, without waiting to be attacked, and the battle began. The Persian captains went behind their wretched troops and scourged them on to the fight with whips! Poor wretches, they were driven on to be slaughtered, pierced with the Greek spears, hurled into the sea, or trampled into the mud of the morass; but their inexhaustible numbers told at length. The spears of the Greeks broke under hard service, and their swords alone remained; they began to fall, and Leonidas himself was among the first of the slain. Hotter than ever was the fight over his corpse, and two Persian princes, brothers of Xerxes, were there killed; but at length word was brought that Hydarnes was over the pass, and that the few remaining men were thus enclosed on all sides. The Spartans and Thespians made their way to a little hillock within the wall, resolved to let this be the place of their last stand; but the hearts of the Thebans failed them, and they came towards the Persians holding out their hands in entreaty for mercy. Quarter was given to them, but they were all branded with the king's mark as untrustworthy deserters. The helots probably at this time escaped into the mountains; while the small desperate band stood side by side on the hill still fighting to the last, some with swords, others with daggers, others even with their hands and teeth, till not one living man remained amongst them when the sun went down. There was only a mound of slain, bristled over with arrows.

Twenty thousand Persians had died before that handful of men! Xerxes asked Demaratus if there were many more at Sparta like these, and was told there were 8,000. It must have been with a somewhat failing heart that he invited his courtiers from the fleet to see what he had done to the men who dared to oppose him, and showed them the head and arm of Leonidas set up upon a cross; but he took care that all his own slain, except 1,000, should first be put out of sight. The body of the brave king was buried where he fell, as were those of the other dead. Much envied were they by the unhappy Aristodemus, who found himself called by no name but the "Coward," and was shunned by all his fellow-citizens. No one would give him fire or water, and after a year of misery, he redeemed his honor by perishing in the forefront of the battle of Platæa, which was the last blow that drove the Persians ingloriously from Greece.

The Greeks then united in doing honor to the brave warriors who, had they been better supported, might have saved the whole country from invasion. The poet Simonides wrote the inscriptions that were engraved upon the pillars that were set up in the pass to commemorate this great action. One was outside the wall, where most of the fighting had been. It seems to have been in honor of the whole number who had for two days resisted—

"Here did four thousand men from Pelops' land
Against three hundred myriads bravely stand."

In honor of the Spartans was another column—

"Go, traveler, to Sparta tell
That here, obeying her, we fell."

On the little hillock of the last resistance was placed the figure of a stone lion, in memory of Leonidas, so fitly named the lion-like; and Simonides, at his own expense, erected a pillar to his friend, the seer Megistias—

"The great Megistias' tomb you here may view,
Who slew the Medes, fresh from Spercheius fords;
Well the wise seer the coming death foreknew,
Yet scorn'd he to forsake his Spartan lords."

The names of the 300 were likewise engraven on a pillar at Sparta.

Lion, pillars, and inscriptions have all long since passed away, even the very spot itself has changed; new soil has been formed, and there are miles of solid ground between Mount Oeta and the gulf, so that the Hot Gates no longer exist. But more enduring than stone or brass—nay, than the very battle-field itself—has been the name of Leonidas. Two thousand three hundred years have sped since he braced himself to perish for his country's sake in that narrow, marshy coast road, under the brow of the wooded crags, with the sea by his side. Since that time how many hearts have glowed, how many arms have been nerved at the remembrance of the Pass of Thermopylae, and the defeat that was worth so much more than a victory!

SECTION XII

HOME READING LIST AND GENERAL INDEX

". . . . Forsooth he cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such others as have a pleasant taste. . . . ."

—Sir Philip Sidney, *An Apologie for Poetrie.*

SECTION XII. HOME READING LIST AND GENERAL INDEX

A HOME READING LIST

Children are such omnivorous readers that teachers and parents are constantly at their wit's end, not only in naming enough books to supply their demands, but in grouping these books according to the order of difficulty. Most public libraries can furnish such lists based upon their experience with children. In fact no modern public library can carry on its work successfully without an especially prepared librarian in charge of the books for children. The arrangement of any list by grades must at best be only approximate, but if done in the light of a wide experience may be of the greatest practical help to the young teacher or to the parent. The following list is one issued by the Chicago Public Library, and is used here through the great kindness of Miss Adah F. Whitcomb, supervisor of the children's room and director of the training class. Any well-selected collection for children will contain a large proportion of these titles, and the list is extended enough and varied enough to furnish attractive reading material for any young person. At need it may be supplemented by the more elaborate lists found in some of the guides mentioned in the General Bibliography (p. 2).

FIRST GRADE

Banta, N. Moore, and Benson, Alpha B., *Brownie Primer.*
Blaisdell, Mary Frances, *Mother Goose Children.*
Brooke, Leonard Leslie, *Johnny Crow's Garden.*
———, *Johnny Crow's Party.*
Buffum, Katharine G., *Mother Goose in Silhouettes.*
Craik, Georgiana Marion, *So-fat and Mew-mew.*
Crane, Walter, *Beauty and the Beast Picture Book.*
———, *Bluebeard's Picture Book.*
———, *Cinderella's Picture Book.*
———, *Goody Two Shoes Picture Book.*
———, *Mother Hubbard, Her Picture Book.*
———, *Red Riding Hood's Picture Book.*
———, *Song of Sixpence.*
———, *This Little Pig, His Picture Book.*
———, *Buckle My Shoe.*
Fox, Florence Cornelia, *The Indian Primer.*
Gaynor, Mrs. Jessie Love, and Riley, Alice C. D., *Songs of the Child-World.*
Greenaway, Kate, *Under the Window.*
Haaren, John Henry, *Rhymes and Fables.*
Howard, Frederick Ward, *Banbury Cross Stories.*
Lansing, Marion Florence, *The Child's World Garden.*
Le Fèvre, Felicité, *The Cock, the Mouse, and the Little Red Hen.*
Lucas, Edward Verrall, *Four and Twenty Toilers.*
Mother Goose, *The Real Mother Goose* (illus. by Blanche Fisher Wright).

Noyes, Marion, *The Sunshine Primer.*
Saxby, Lewis, *Life of a Wooden Doll.*
Seton, Ernest Thompson, *Wild Animal Play for Children.*
Skinner, A. M., and Lawrence, L. N., *Little Dramas for Primary Grades.*
Smith, Elmer Boyd, *Chicken World.*
Varney, A. S., *The Robin Reader.*
Welsh, Charles, (ed.), *Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes.*
Wiltse, Sara E., *Folklore Stories and Proverbs.*

SECOND GRADE

Adelborg, Ottilia, *Clean Peter and the Children of Grubbylea.*
Æsopus, *Fables* (Dalkeith ed.).
Bannerman, Mrs. Helen, *Story of Little Black Sambo.*
Bass, Florence, *Nature Stories for Young Readers: Animal Life.*
———, *Nature Stories for Young Readers: Plant Life.*
Bryce, Catherine Turner, *Stevenson Reader.*
Burgess, Gelett, *Goops, and How to Be Them.*
———, *More Goops, and How Not to Be Them.*
Caldecott, Randolph, *Come Lasses Picture Book.*
———, *Hey Diddle Diddle Picture Book.*
Coe, Ida, *Story Hour Readers.* Vols. 3, 4.
Cooke, Flora J., *Nature Myths and Stories for Little Children.*
Craik, Georgiana Marion, *Bow-wow and Mew-mew.*
Crane, Walter, *Baby's Own Æsop.*
Deming, Therese Osterheld, *Little Indian Folk.*
———, *Little Red People.*
Dodge, Mary Mapes, *Rhymes and Jingles.*
Greenaway, Kate, *Marigold Garden.*
Haaren, John Henry, *Songs and Stories.*
Hix, Melvin, *Once-upon-a-Time Stories.*
Ivimey, John William, *Three Blind Mice.*
McCullough, Annie Willis, *Little Stories for Little People.*
Moore, Annie E., *Pennies and Plans.*
Murray, Clara, *The Child at Play.*
Poulsson, Emilie, *The Runaway Donkey and Other Rhymes.*
———, *Through the Farmyard Gate.*
Smith, Elmer Boyd, *Farm Book.*
———, *Santa Claus Book.*
———, *Seashore Book.*
Smith, Gertrude, *Lovable Tales of Janey and Josey and Joe.*
———, *Roggie and Reggie Stories.*
Tileston, Mary Wilder Foote, *Sugar and Spice and All That's Nice.*
Tolman, Stella Webster Carroll, *Around the World*, Vol. 1.
Turpin, Edna Henry Lee, *Classic Fables.*
Weatherly, F. E., *The Book of Gnomes.*

THIRD GRADE

Aspinwall, Mrs. Alicia, *Short Stories for Short People.*
Bailey, Carolyn Sherwin, *Boys and Girls of Colonial Days.*

Brocks, Dorothy, *Red Children.*
Brooke, Leonard Leslie, *Golden Goose Book.*
Brown, Abbie Farwell, *Christmas Angel.*
———, *Lonesomest Doll.*
Browning, Robert, *Pied Piper of Hamelin* (illus. by Hope Dunlap).
Chisholm, Louey, *Nursery Rhymes.*
Deming, Mrs. Therese Osterheld, *Children of the Wild.*
———, *Little Brothers of the West.*
Dodge, Mrs. Mary Mapes, *New Baby World.*
Field, Eugene, *Lullaby-land: Songs of Childhood.*
Foulke, Elizabeth E., *Braided Straws.*
———, *Twilight Stories.*
Francis, Joseph Greene, *Book of Cheerful Cats and Other Animated Animals.*
Gates, Mrs. Josephine Scribner, *Story of Live Dolls.*
Gerson, Virginia, *Happy Heart Family.*
Grimm, Jacob L. K., and Wilhelm, K., *Fairy Tales* (Lucas ed.).
———, *Fairy Tales* (Wiltse ed.).
Haaren, John Henry, *Fairy Life.*
Lang, Andrew, *Prince Darling, and Other Stories.*
Lansing, Marion Florence, *Rhymes and Stories.*
McMurry, Mrs. Lida Brown, *Classic Stories for the Little Ones.*
Morley, Margaret Warner, *Seed-Babies.*
Peary, Mrs. Josephine Diebitsch, *Snow Baby.*
Perkins, Lucy Fitch, *Dutch Twins.*
———, *Japanese Twins.*
Pierson, Clara Dillingham, *Among the Farmyard People.*
Pyle, Katharine, *Careless Jane, and Other Tales.*
Shute, Katherine H., *Land of Song*, Vol. 1.
Tappan, Eva March, *Dixie Kitten.*
———, *Golden Goose.*
Thorne-Thomsen, Mrs. Gudrun, *East o' the Sun.*
Trimmer, Mrs. Sarah K., *History of the Robins.*
Valentine, Mrs. Laura Jewry, *Aunt Louisa's Book of Fairy Tales.*
Woodward, Alice B., *Peter Pan Picture Book.*

FOURTH GRADE

Alden, Raymond Macdonald, *Why the Chimes Rang.*
Andersen, Hans Christian, *Fairy Tales* (Lucas ed.).
Barrie, James Matthew, *Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens.*
Brown, Abbie Farwell, *John of the Woods.*
Brown, Helen Dawes, *Little Miss Phoebe Gay.*
Browne, Frances, *Granny's Wonderful Chair, and Its Tales of Fairy Times.*
Campbell, Helen LeRoy, *Story of Konrad, the Swiss Boy.*
Carryl, Charles Edward, *Davy and the Goblin.*
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